FOR THE MIDDLE GRADES

BOOK ONE

READING AND LIVING

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READING AND LIVING

FOR MIDDLE GRADES

BOOK I

THE THREE PRINCES STARTED OUT TO FIND THE MOST PRECIOUS TREASURE OF THE KINGDOM.

[See page 117]

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READING AND LIVING

FOR MIDDLE GRADES
BOOK I

BY

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202023

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the following authors and publishers for permission to use selections from their copyrighted publications: The American Book Company, for a selection from *Lives and Stories Worth Remembering*, by Grace A. Kupfer, and for a selection from *Stories of Our Humble Friends*, by Katherine Pyle. American Education Press, for a selection, "Friendship Dolls." Barse and Hopkins, for a selection from *The Men Who Found America*, by F. W. Hutchinson. Bobbs-Merrill Company, for two poems, "The Raggedy Man" and "Little Orphan Annie," by James Whitcomb Riley. Boni and Liveright, for a selection from *Ancient Man*, by H. W. Van Loon. Milton Bradley, for a story from *Sitka*, by Allen Chaffee; and for "Dust under the Rug," from *Mother Stories*, by Maud Lindsay. The Century Company, for "Pet Shows of the West," by Stella G. Perry, and for a story from *More Jataka Tales*, by E. C. Babbitt. F. E. Compton and Company, for the fable, "The Fairy Calf of Tipperary," and for "A Brave Soldier," by Edna V. Riddleberger. *Everygirls' Magazine*, for a story by Mary Maynard. Ginn and Company, for selections from *Town and City*, by F. G. Jewett, and from *Health and Good Citizenship*, by J. M. Andrews and W. A. Evans. Harcourt, Brace and Company, for a selection from *Wonder Tales of the World*, by Constance S. Armfield. Harper and Brothers, for a selection from *Harper's Round Table*, by Henry G. Paine, and for a selection from *The Iron Horse*, by G. C. Hookin. By special permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers, a fable from *The Tortoise and the Geese*, by Maud B. Dutton, and a story by Nora A. Smith. *Junior Red Cross News*, for "Bor, the Shepherd Girl," by E. C. Miller. Laurel Book Company, for a selection from *Modern Americans*, by C. M. Sanford and G. A. Evans. J. B. Lippincott Company, for "The Spirit of the Willow Tree," by M. S. Haviland. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, for a selection from *The True Story of Benjamin Franklin*, by E. S. Brooks. H. C. McClurg & Company, for a selection from *Widow*

O'Callaghan's Boys, by Gulielma Zollinger, and for a selection from *Old Indian Days*, by C. A. Eastman. The Macmillan Company, for a poem by Ella Higginson. Charles E. Merrill Company, for "Cleanville," by C. E. A. Winslow. My Bookhouse Company, for a tale, "The Foolish, Timid Hare," and for three selections by Olive B. Miller. *New York Times*, for a poem, "April's Order," by Nan T. Reed. *Oregon Teachers Monthly*, for "Living in a Story-Book," by J. N. Barry. The Pilgrim Press, for a selection from *Stories for Sunday Telling*, by Carolyn S. Bailey, and for a selection from *Johnny Blossom*, by Dirken Zwilgmeyer. Charles Scribner's Sons, for "The Duel," by Eugene Field, "Raggylug," by Ernest T. Seton, and for "Foreign Lands," by Robert Louis Stevenson. Frederick A. Stokes Company, for a selection from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, by Lewis Carroll. The University Society, for "Lincoln's Kindness," by H. W. Mabie, and for "What Became of the Water," by A. A. Bell. *The Youth's Companion*, for stories by Katherine G. Hurlburt and by Ralph D. Paine.

PREFACE

Reading and Living, a series of basal readers for the middle and upper grades, is designed to outline instruction based on the following principles.

Good Books Help Us to Live Together

At home or at school, at work or at play, we spend most of our waking hours with other people. Happiness depends largely upon our success in getting along with companions; problems and difficulties usually come from human associations. Indeed, a successful life is chiefly the result of living well with other folk.

Books help us to understand the meaning of life and aid us in getting along well with other people. Stories, poems, essays, and novels usually deal with the lives of men and women, and with the ways in which they live together. Books give us pictures of boys and girls, of men and women as they play and work together, and help us to understand the problems of life. In short, good books are the mirrors of life.

Units of Instruction Are Determined by Life Values

Reading and Living brings out the values of literature in portraying life by grouping selections in thought units. Grouping selections merely in accord with their factual content, as for example, Dog Stories, Animal Literature, Tales of Fancy, and the like, is of secondary importance. Instead, units of thought based on the fundamental meanings of selections, on their interpretations of life as intended by the writers themselves, are substituted.

Reading and Living for the middle grades has for its organization the following themes of happy and successful living:

MAJOR THEMES	BOOK I	BOOK II	BOOK III
1. *Adventure:*	Discovering	Adventuring	Inventing
2. *Stability:*	Being Reliable	Steadiness	Being Steadfast

MAJOR THEMES	BOOK I	BOOK II	BOOK III
3. *Helpfulness:*	Friendliness and Kindness	Comradeship	Good Will
4. *Happiness:*	Fun and Fancy	Good Times	Enjoying Life
5. *Security:*	Keeping Well and Strong	Safety	Saving
6. *Heroism:*	Pluck	Bravery	The Roll of Honor
7. *Duty:*	Being Faithful	Being Loyal	Citizenship and Service

These twenty-one units are presented by means of children's literature of high order. Without being unduly emphasized, ideals of right living are developed through carefully chosen selections and through a rich variety of pupil activities centering about the foregoing themes. Literary materials and pupil activities are thus closely associated with training in ideals, character, and citizenship.

Systematic Training Is Given in Reading Abilities

Reading and Living definitely continues training in the fundamental reading skills begun in the first three grades. Growing command over printed symbols is systematically provided for throughout the series. In the middle-grade books reading becomes in the main a succession of overlapping mental activities which are best considered in three main divisions: adequacy in rate, in comprehension, and in appreciation. The first is primarily a matter of economy of time; the last two involve fundamental processes of thinking; all three are essential in effective reading.

Reading and Living for the middle grades treats comprehension and appreciation in an elementary way, through practice always, and only occasionally through explanation and analysis. Pupil experiences are systematically planned to develop the following reading capacities.

I. Adequacy of Recognition and Reading Rate.
   1. Ability to recognize instantly printed or written symbols.
   2. Ability to make suitable adjustments in rate of reading.

II. Adequacy of Comprehension and Interpretation.
   1. Ability to discover purpose and motive in reading.
   2. Ability to grasp the organization of an author's ideas.

3. Ability to choose or select the outstanding elements of an author's thought.
4. Ability to visualize, to picture, to recreate in imagination scenes read.
5. Ability to supplement what the author says.

III. Adequacy of Appreciation and Application.

1. Ability to find enjoyment in reading.
2. Ability to evaluate an author's thought.
3. Ability to apply what is read to life situations.

Guidance of Pupil Activities Is Systematic

Reading and Living provides many questions, challenges and projects, based upon scientific studies in this field, and designed to arouse the pupils' thought, stimulate worthwhile discussion, and to focus attention upon the meaning of selections. Memory questions are reduced to a minimum. Instead, throughout the series, a carefully planned distribution has been made of elementary problems involving selective recall, application of principles, causal reasoning, comparison and contrast, imagination, and other thought-provoking types.

Reading and Living does not depend merely upon questions and problems for discussion in the study program, but motivates a variety of activities in related fields. Oral activities, such as floor talks, dramatization, committee meetings; written activities, such as making outlines, writing reports, letters, and original poems; manual activities, such as constructing models, performing experiments; general activities, such as collecting materials, maintaining a bulletin-board, holding exhibits, keeping records, and making excursions, are suggested throughout the series. The projects provide for variety in individual tastes and abilities, and insure a desirable minimum of co-operative group activities.

Provisions Are Made for Independent Reading

Reading and Living helps schools supplement the "recitation" with laboratory exercises and work-shop procedures. For this purpose the series employs three methods to make possible a wide variety of independent reading by individual pupils, the use of which is desirable, but not indispensable.

A *Class Library* of carefully selected titles is suggested for each book. The contents of the books have been analyzed, and suitable reading references given for each of the units of the respective volumes. This means that every pupil in the class can dip repeatedly into the class-library books.

Independent reading may also be secured through a series of *Read-a-Book* lists, one of which is placed at the opening of each unit. The books listed are found in many public and school libraries. Through the lists "free reading" is carefully selected and is correlated with class reading.

Suggestions for *Volunteer Readings* are also placed after specific selections. A large number of such readings are provided in order that pupils may choose stories along the lines of their special interests.

It is not necessary that all of the books suggested in the three lists be available. The small outlay required for the *Class Library* will provide a departure from the "one book" English class. Schools desiring to build up their libraries may to advantage consult the book lists. All titles have been compiled from scientific studies of children's interests in reading.

The Outgrowth of Classroom Experience

Reading and Living is the outgrowth of years of experience in English classes. The series is offered as basal reading textbooks in the belief that their modern program will meet the needs of middle and upper grade instruction. The *correlation* with life problems, the indirect training in *character traits*, the *socialization* through co-operating groups of pupils, the *individualization* of reading and expressional projects, the wide provisions for *free, independent reading*, the systematic *training in the higher reading processes*, the *integration* of expressional experiences with reading are all suitably subordinated to two major objectives: (1) The *introduction* of boys and girls *to the fascinating world of books*, and (2) by this means the development in them of the fundamental *traits of good conduct and citizenship*.

TO THE TEACHER

Reading and Living is designed to furnish instruction in line with modern progressive thought concerning the teaching of reading. The outstanding features in the series are given below, with suggestions as to how the materials may be used to provide instruction in accordance with this thought.

I. The chief value of literature lies in its content and message.

1. Ask your pupils to turn to the Table of Contents on page xv. Talk over with them the titles of the units. Call attention to the fact that each selection has a definite relation to the central thought of the unit. In this way pupils will get an idea of the book as a whole, made up of related parts, rather than of unrelated stories and poems.
2. Ask the pupils to turn to the beginning of the first unit, "Discovering." Examine the picture, read together the foreword and the introductory paragraphs on pages 1–4. In this way lead the pupils to understand the meaning of the theme of the first unit. Have the pupils again look over the Contents of Discovering on page xv, noticing that all the selections develop the basal theme, Discovering.

II. Silent reading needs emphasis in the middle grades; whenever oral reading is introduced, it should be looked upon as *interpretative reading*.

1. Most of the directions throughout the text call for silent reading; but ample opportunity is also given for *selective* oral reading for the purpose of clarifying or verifying points raised in class discussion. Use such opportunities frequently; see examples in this book, on pages 19, 27, 90, and in the Manual.

III. Reading does not consist of one general ability, but of many specific abilities. Classroom experiences should give regular and progressive training in the different reading skills and study habits.

1. Increased speed in silent reading should be developed in the middle grades.
   a. The primary grades train pupils to recognize the fundamental printed vocabulary. Practice which tends to improve this skill is continued throughout the middle grades in *Reading and Living*. For rapid recognition utilize such games as are given on pages 40, 134 of the text and similar ones given in the Manual.
   b. Have pupils practise recognizing phrases and clauses as single groups. Use the games suggested in class activities, text, pages 67, 80, and in the Manual.

c. Give occasional practice in recognizing whole sentences or paragraphs at a single glance. See the Manual.

2. The reading rate should vary in accordance with the reader's purpose and with the nature of the selection. Use exercises to develop a habit of adjusting the reading rate to varying situations; see text, pages 28, 264, and the Manual.
3. Reading is a process of thinking; emphasis in teaching reading should be given to adequate comprehension, interpretation, and realization of the ideas presented by the author. Utilize the abundant exercises, which are arranged in series and gradually increase in difficulty, to develop the different reading abilities in comprehending, interpreting, and realizing what is read.
   a. Ability to discover purpose and motive in reading; see text, pages 68, 128, and the Manual.
   b. Ability to grasp the organization, the sequence, of an author's thought; see text, pages 73, 80, 121, and the Manual.
   c. Ability to choose or select the outstanding elements of an author's thought; see text, pages 7, 81, and the Manual.
   d. Ability to visualize, to picture, to recreate in imagination scenes read; see text, pages 104, 206, and the Manual.
   e. Ability to supplement what the author says; see text, pages 27, 45, 221, and the Manual.
4. Reading should provide experiences in which the reader finds enjoyment, forms opinions, and makes applications of what he reads. Have pupils participate in such activity through the exercises provided in the text.
   a. Finding enjoyment in new facts, people, lands, and life experiences found in books; see text, pages 34, 313, and the Manual.
   b. Estimating the reliability or the validity of the author's information or reasoning; see text, pages 216, 295, and the Manual.
   c. Tying up reading with personal problems and with life situations; see text, pages 262, 274, and the Manual.

IV. The middle grades should provide opportunity for wide and varied reading experiences with materials suited to the different capacities and interests of the pupils.

1. Read a Book. Have the class examine the book list before beginning the reading of any unit. Suggest that each pupil obtain from the library a book which appeals to him and read it while the class is studying that particular unit. Provide a class period for informal conversation about the books read; plan occasional assembly programs in which book reports, posters, and dramatizations are used. See Read-a-Book lists on pages 5, 55 of text, and recommend easy books for the more backward readers as provided in the Manual.

2. Class Library. At the beginning of each unit, you will find specific references to the books called Class Library (p. xiv). Secure as many of these books as you can for use in the classroom. When you introduce a new unit to the class, call attention to the class library references. Assign references to different pupils, ask for volunteers to read the references, or use the references for additional reading for fast-reading groups. Provide opportunity for telling the stories read in these books.
3. Additional reading. On pages 90 and 142 you will find examples of lists called "Additional Readings," consisting of references to reading matter closely related to the selections to which they are attached. When possible, have pupils volunteer to look up such references and report their findings to the class. Such practice encourages pupils to work more nearly up to capacity.

V. Greater progress is made in the development of any skill when the learner notes his own progress and is conscious of his successes and his failures. Pupils should be kept informed of their progress in the development of reading skills and habits. To this end utilize the informal tests provided in *Reading and Living* and the accompanying Manual. Encourage pupils to keep their own records of rate and comprehension. See text, pages 33, 142, and the Manual.

VI. Reading should result in free expression in the form of reports, floor talks, debates, written compositions, and dramatizations. Use the suggestions for correlating oral and written expression with the reading program; see text, pages 45, 99.

VII. A unit of learning embodies an idea to be grasped, or a principle to be understood. The themes of each unit should be "rounded out" at the end of the study of the unit. Through the rounding-out exercises lead the pupils to summarize the principles of living, pictured in the selections of the unit; set up with the pupils the study-habit of reviewing units of work; and secure for yourself greater insight into the tastes, ideals, abilities, and efforts of your pupils. Use a variety of rounding-out exercises; see text, page 50.
1. Summarize the principles of happy and successful living and train in forming judgments through discussion and class voting; see text, pages 172, 286–287.
2. Provide for pupil leadership in committee work for completing the study of a unit; see suggestions on pages 173, 246 of text.
3. Give opportunity for enlarging the understanding of the theme of a unit through individual reports of additional readings, and display of projects completed during the study of the unit. See suggestions on pages 244–246 of text.

CLASS LIBRARY

These books have been selected because of their interest and value as supplementary reading material. Many direct references to them appear throughout this book. It is recommended but not required that at least one copy of each book be in the school or the class library.

1. Dickinson, A. D., and Skinner, A. M., *The Children's Book of Christmas*. Doubleday, Page and Company: Garden City, 1913.
2. Edgar, Madalen G., *A Treasury of Verse for Little Children*. T. Y. Crowell Company: New York, 1909.
3. Frentz, Edward W., *Uncle Zeb and His Friends*. Atlantic Monthly Press: Boston, 1919.
4. Grimm, J. L., and Grimm, W. K., *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York, 1920.
5. Kent, Frances, *Puppy Dog's Tales, and Stories of Other Animal Friends*. The Macmillan Company: New York, 1924.
6. Miller, Olive B. (Editor), *Up One Pair of Stairs of My Bookhouse*. My Bookhouse Company: Chicago, 1920.
7. Pyle, Katherine, *Stories of Our Humble Friends*. American Book Company: New York, 1902.
8. Thomsen, G. Thorne, *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*. George H. Doran and Company: New York, 1912.
9. Wickes, Frances, *Happy Holidays*. Rand-McNally and Company: Chicago, 1921.
10. One or both of these:
    The Book of Knowledge. 20 vols. Grolier Society: New York, 1928.
    Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia. 10 vols. F. E. Compton and Company: Chicago, 1928.

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READING AND LIVING

FOR MIDDLE GRADES

BOOK I

THE INDIANS GAVE COLUMBUS FRESH FRUITS AND BEAUTIFUL RED AND GREEN PARROTS [*See p.* 14]

DISCOVERING

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

—Alfred Tennyson.

DISCOVERING

The world is full of secrets. All around us we see things that arouse our curiosity. We wonder where dew comes from, what light is, why the wind blows, how snow flakes are formed, what makes the days grow short in winter, whether people live on the stars. We are eager to hear about strange tribes, to travel in distant countries, and to find out about unknown lands and hidden seas.

Our desire to learn the secrets of the world has led to all sorts of discovery and has brought many kinds of interesting and useful results. James Watt wanted to know why steam lifted the lid of a tea kettle and when he found the answer to the question he was able to invent the steam engine. Isaac Newton wondered why apples fall to the ground, and in solving the problem he discovered great natural laws,—the laws of gravity. Eagerness to know led Columbus to discover America, Livingstone to explore Africa, and Magellan to make the first voyage around the world. All our comforts and conveniences and knowledge have come from discoverers.

READ A BOOK

Find the book which looks most interesting to you and read it at home while you are studying this unit.

1. *Gulliver's Travels into Lilliput and Brobdingnag,* by Jonathan Swift. Dodd.
   Gulliver's adventures in the land of the dwarfs and the land of the giants.
2. *Viking Tales,* by Jennie Hall. Rand.
   The Viking explorers, their voyages and adventures in the sea and in distant lands.
3. *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon,* by G. W. Dasent. Putnam.
   Norse tales of travels and adventures in the land of fairies, witches, and bears.
4. *The Voyagers,* by Padraic Colum. Macmillan.
   Stories and legends of voyages of discovery in the Atlantic.
5. *Peter Pan,* by James M. Barrie. Scribners.
   Peter and Wendy, pirates, and the Never Never Land.
6. *Voyages of Dr. Dolittle,* by Hugh Lofting. Stokes.
   Dr. Dolittle in Africa and how he cured all of the sick monkeys.
7. *The Men Who Found America,* by Frederick W. Hutchinson. Barse.
   Twelve discoverers and explorers,—Columbus, Balboa, Cortez, Pizarro, De Soto, and others.
8. *The Outline of Science,* by J. Arthur Thompson. Putnam.
   The discoveries of great scientists.
9. *The Age of Discovery,* by Ramon Coffman. Owen.
   The voyages of the Northmen, Columbus and his sailors, Cortez and the conquest of Mexico.
10. *New World Settlement,* by Ramon Coffman. Owen.
    The adventures of Cartier; Champlain and New France; Captain John Smith and Jamestown; the Pilgrims and Plymouth.

CLASS LIBRARY READINGS

1. "The Owl's Answer to Tommy," J. H. Ewing, *Up One Pair of Stairs of My Bookhouse*, 25–34.
2. "The Story of Christopher Columbus," Elizabeth Harrison, *ibid.*, 204–216.
3. "The Pony Engine and The Pacific Express," William D. Howells, *ibid.*, 343–352.
4. "Don and Dash," John Hood, *Puppy Dogs' Tales*, 31–34.
5. "How a Cat Played Robinson Crusoe," C. G. D. Roberts, *ibid.*, 159–167.
6. "The Outstretched Hand," E. W. Frentz, *Uncle Zeb and His Friends*, 1–4.
7. "The Little Path," *ibid.*, 57–60.
8. "Johnnie's Bright Idea," *ibid.*, 140–144.
9. "The Little Boy of Genoa," Frances G. Wickes, *Happy Holidays*, 31–34.
10. "A Dream That Came True," *ibid.*, 34–39.
11. "Knotty Problems to Solve," *ibid.*, 2:624–625.
12. "A Fairy-Fountain Experiment," *ibid.*, 2:627.
13. "Finding the Way to India by Sea," *Book of Knowledge*, 1:89.
14. "The First Voyage Round the World," *ibid.*, 1:90.
15. "How Benjamin Franklin Brought Down Electricity," *ibid.*, 4:1248–1250.
16. "The Lad Who Went to the North Wind," G. Thorne-Thomsen, *East of the Sun and North of the Moon*, 79–84.
17. "The Voyage of the Wee Red Cap," Ruth S. Durant, *The Children's Book of Christmas Stories*, 86–95.

1. THE MAN WHO FOUND AMERICA

FREDERICK W. HUTCHINSON

Read the selection carefully. Try to remember the main points in the story.

I. COLUMBUS TRIES TO GET HELP

More than four hundred years ago, when King Ferdinand and gentle Queen Isabella ruled over Spain, there came to the court one day a man named Christopher Columbus. He was a poor man, but very wise. He had a great plan, a plan to get heaps of shining pearls, and red rubies, and diamonds, and soft blue and white and yellow silks, and many other wonderful things for Spain. Columbus came to tell the King and Queen about his plan, and to ask them to help him.

In those days, many people believed that the earth was flat, like a table. They thought that if a ship sailed far across the ocean, the ship would fall off the edge of the earth, down into a black hole that was so big and deep that it had no bottom. When Columbus was a small boy, he would often lie in the warm sand by the seashore and listen to the talk of the

sailors, who came together and whispered stories of this far-off ocean.

Once a sailor with long black hair and a big black beard told Christopher that his ship had sailed into a sea so hot that it sometimes boiled up like water in a tea-kettle. Another big sailor, with only one eye, said that he had seen a huge serpent gliding through the water, and ugly black demons lying in wait for ships and men. Another sailor told of a bird as big as the tallest house.

"This bird," he said, "lifted ships in its claws and dropped them down into the ocean with a great splash, and all the sailors were drowned."

An old sailor said that he had seen a big, black hand come up out of the sea and catch the ships and drag them down into the deep ocean. This sailor had a big, sharp knife in his belt. Once he whispered to little Christopher that he had sailed and sailed to the edge of the earth and had looked over the edge into the deep, black hole.

"I was so frightened," he said, "that my hair, which was as brown as a tree before, got quite white."

After many years Christopher grew up to be a brave man. Like the educated people of the day he said, "These stories are foolish. They are not true." He had often sailed on the ocean and had never seen the great black bird, or the big hand that came out of the sea, or any of the terrible monsters the sailors

had told him of when he was a child. He had read books, and had thought all night about the sea and the earth. "The earth has no edge," he said at last; "the earth is round."

One of the books that Columbus liked to read was about a man named Marco Polo. This brave traveler had gone far away from his home by the sea. He went always toward the rising sun, sometimes walking, sometimes riding on queer-looking camels with humps on their backs. The book told how Marco Polo had found in that far-off country beautiful, shining cities, in a country called the Indies. Marco Polo had brought home with him white pearls and soft silks, and spices that smelled strange and sweet; he said that any one who could reach the Indies could get these beautiful things. But since years and years were needed to get there, and since fierce robbers were on the road, the people were afraid to go.

Columbus, too, wanted to reach this wonderful land. But he thought of an easier way than the long journey Marco Polo had taken. Columbus believed that the earth was round, like an orange, because he was very wise. And he said, "If the earth is round, I can sail around it and I won't fall off the edge, because there is no edge. I will sail around the earth until I reach the Indies."

Then Columbus told the King and Queen about his plan. They were much surprised at the strange

stories and called around them their wise men to discuss the matter. The wise men of Spain laughed at Columbus. They said: "Columbus says the earth is round. If it is round, how do the people on the other side live? They would have to stand on their heads; the rain and snow would fall up instead of down; the sun would never shine, and it would always be dark. People could not live like that." The wise men told the King and Queen not to help Columbus, because he was crazy. The little boys and girls made fun of him and touched their foreheads when he passed them in the street, because their fathers had told them that Columbus was insane.

The King and Queen told Columbus that they would not help him. Although this made Columbus sad, he knew that he was right, and he kept on trying. He followed the King and Queen wherever they went, going with them from city to city, asking for help. But a great war was going on in Spain, and the King and Queen were too busy with the war to listen to him.

At last Columbus said: "If the King and Queen of Spain will not help me, I will go to some other king," and he started to leave Spain. He had almost reached France when he heard a man calling him.

"Good news! Good news!" cried the man. "Queen Isabella has promised to help you. She says that she will give you ships and men, even if she has to sell

her golden crown and her beautiful rings to get the money!"

How glad Columbus was! He had waited a long, long time, and now, at last, he could go on his voyage. Queen Isabella gave him three ships, and men to sail them, and made him commander of the expedition. Columbus thanked her and kissed her hand. The King and Queen and all the great lords, with their shining swords and velvet coats, and the beautiful ladies came down to the sea to say good-by to Columbus, as he sailed away into the strange ocean.

II. Columbus Sails across the Ocean

For many days Columbus sailed and sailed and sailed. At first the sailors were happy and obedient, for Columbus said, "I will give you many beautiful things when we reach the Indies." But as they sailed day after day into the strange ocean, they grew very much afraid. At night, when Columbus could not see them, they whispered to each other stories of the big black hand that pulled ships down into the sea, and of the great bird that lifted ships high into the air and then dropped them deep into the ocean. Even the gentle wind that blew always from the east frightened them. "How can we ever get back to Spain," they cried, "if the wind blows away from Spain?" For in those days they had no steamers, with engines that can send ships anywhere.

At last the sailors begged Columbus to go back. "We shall die in this strange sea," they cried, "we shall never see our wives and children. Let us go back." But Columbus would not return. Every day he told them stories of the rich, beautiful country which they would find.

After a while they would not listen any more. When they found that Columbus would not go back, some of them said: "Let us throw Columbus into the sea. Then we can go back to Spain, and if any one asks us, 'Where is Columbus?' we will say that he fell into the ocean." Columbus knew what they said, but he was not afraid. He believed that if he sailed far enough he would reach the beautiful Indies.

Then, one day, they saw something on the far-off ocean, and the sailors joyfully shouted, "Land! Land!" But when they sailed near, they saw only a cloud. Then the sailors were sad again. Every day they all looked for land. Queen Isabella had promised a handful of shining gold to the man who first saw land, and Columbus said that he would also give a fine velvet coat.

How fearful the sailors were! Every day they saw nothing but the wide ocean. At last, one day, some birds flew over the ships. "Look! Look!" the sailors shouted joyfully. "If there are birds, there must be land for them to rest on." But although they looked and looked, and sailed quickly after the birds, they could not find land.

Another day, Columbus fished out of the sea a hawthorn branch with berries on it, and a carved stick. The sailors crowded around to look at the branch and the stick, and laughed and sang for joy. "Land must be near for the hawthorn to grow on," they said, "and the people who carved this stick must live close by." Every one was happy and watched eagerly for land.

Columbus watched too. One night he stood alone on his ship, looking out over the black ocean. All at once he saw in the darkness a light so small that he could not be sure it was a light. Calling two of his men, he asked them whether they could see the light. "Yes! yes!" they cried, "we can see it. It seems to move up and down." Still, they could not be sure until, two hours afterward, when the morning began to grow brighter, one of the other ships fired a gun. This meant that some one had seen land.

III. Columbus Finds America

When the sun came up, every one could see a beautiful land, with trees and flowers. It seemed even more beautiful than it really was to Columbus and his tired sailors, because they had seen nothing but the ocean for many days. They quickly rowed their boats to the shore and landed. Columbus was dressed in shining steel, with a beautiful red cloak. In his

hand he carried the red and yellow flag of Spain. His captains also carried flags. Together they knelt down on the shore and thanked God for bringing them to this beautiful place.

They did not see the cities that Marco Polo had written about, but men came out of the woods and ran up to them on the beach. These men had straight black hair and brown skins, with bright-colored feathers in their hair.

"Look! Look at the people from heaven!" they cried, when they saw Columbus and his men, with their white skins and beautiful clothes, and their ships, which looked like big white birds.

The people were Indians. Columbus had never seen an Indian before, and the Indians had never seen a white man. Both Columbus and the Indians were very much surprised and looked at each other a long time. Columbus was kind to the Indians, giving them red caps and pretty glass beads and little tinkling bells. The Indians liked the gifts, and gave Columbus fresh fruits and beautiful red and green parrots and little bits of gold.

Columbus called the people Indians because he thought the country was part of the Indies that Marco Polo had written about. He did not know that he had discovered a new world, richer and more beautiful than the golden Indies. This new world was our own America, the land where we live now.

IV. Columbus Is Welcomed Home

After a while, Columbus went back to Spain to tell the King and Queen about his discovery. When Columbus sailed up to the city by the sea, the people in Spain cheered and rang bells and fired guns to show their joy. When Columbus came to the throne, the King and Queen made him sit down beside them. This was a great honor, because no one is allowed to sit down when a king or queen is in the room. Columbus told them how he had sailed across the Sea of Darkness and at last found this beautiful country.

The good Queen Isabella was glad that she had sent Columbus. She made him a great lord in Spain and gave him gold and jewels. She kept his son Diego with her, to hold up her silken train and to carry her fan and handkerchief.

V. The Last Days of Columbus

Columbus was happy now. Desiring to see more of the new land, he sailed across the ocean three times. Once, while he was away, wicked men told the King and Queen lies about Columbus. Believing what the wicked men said, the King and Queen ordered the soldiers to put big iron chains on Columbus' hands and feet and send him back to Spain.

Poor Columbus! He felt very sad. When the ship came to Spain and Columbus saw Queen Isabella, she soon found that he was a good man and that the stories about him were not true. She told the soldiers to take off his chains, and said that she was sorry for the wrongs he had suffered.

Several years later another thing happened that was not fair to Columbus. When a man finds a new country, it is usually named after him. But the new region was never called Columbia. Seven years after Columbus found the new land, an Italian named Amerigo Vespucci sailed across the ocean and wrote a little book about the new region. Since he did not say anything about Christopher Columbus being there first, many people thought that Amerigo was the man who had found the new country, and they called the country America in his honor. This is its name to-day.

Columbus was an old man when he died, and very poor. Good Queen Isabella had died, and the King, forgetting that Columbus had found a new country for him, gave Columbus no money. After his death people learned that the country he had found was not the Indies, but a new land unknown before. This is why Americans love and honor the name of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what most people believed about the earth in the days of Columbus. What did Columbus and other educated people believe?
2. Why did Columbus want to go to the Indies? Tell what Marco Polo said about the East. Why did Columbus think he could reach the Indies by sailing west? Show with the use of a globe of the earth.
3. Tell about Columbus' efforts to get help. Give two reasons why the King and Queen of Spain did not help him at first.
4. Describe the voyage of Columbus across the ocean. Why did the sailors want to turn back?
5. Tell about the discovery of America. Who saw land first? Do you think Columbus and his men were disappointed in what they found? Explain.
6. How was Columbus welcomed when he went back to Spain? Tell about his last days.
7. How did America get its name? Mention places that have been named after the discoverers. Tell how your school and your community got their names.

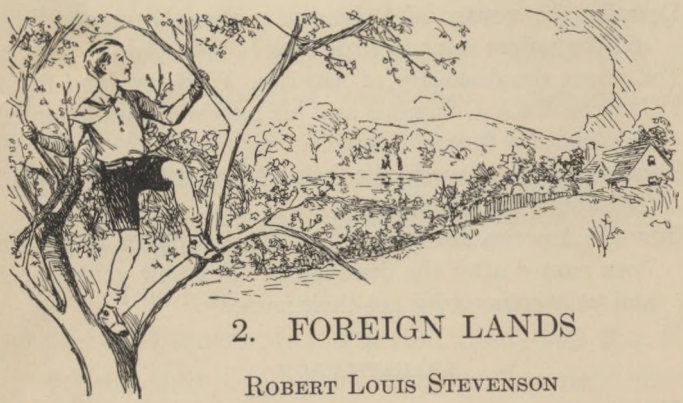
DRAMATIZATION

1. *Planning the Play.*—Below you will find titles for seven different scenes in the story. Reread the story to find the part belonging in each scene. Talk over these parts in class.
    1. Sailors tell the boy Columbus tales of the sea.
    2. Columbus tells the King and Queen of Spain his plan.
    3. The King and Queen discuss Columbus's plan with the wise men.
    4. Columbus thanks the Queen for her assistance.

5. The sailors see signs of land.
6. The Indians meet the white men.
7. Columbus tells the story of his voyage to the King and Queen.

Choose committees to plan a dramatization for each scene. Each committee meet, reread the scene assigned it, plan the stage setting, make up the speeches wherever necessary, and select pupils to take the character parts.

2. *Giving the Play.*—(1) The committees take turns in presenting the scenes to the class. (2) After all scenes have been presented, suggest improvements which might be made. (3) Committees make the changes suggested and give the play for another class or for an assembly program.



2. FOREIGN LANDS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

What does the title of this poem mean? As you read, look for lines that answer the question.

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree,
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairyland,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Read lines which tell what the title of the poem means.
2. Tell about "foreign lands" you have seen during the past week.
3. How is a river or a lake a looking-glass for the sky? What is a "grown-up" river? How can you tell when a person is "grown-up"?
4. Choose members of the class to read the poem aloud.

3. THE PHŒNICIANS WHO SAILED BEYOND THE HORIZON

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON

The Phœnicians (fē nĭsh′yănz) were a famous trading people who lived hundreds of years ago on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean Sea. (Find the place on the map.) The "horizon" is the line where the earth and the sky seem to meet.

Read the selection to find (1) what it means to sail "beyond the horizon"; (2) where the Phœnicians sailed; and (3) why they made such long voyages.

A pioneer is a brave fellow, with the courage of his own curiosity.

Perhaps he lives at the foot of a high mountain.

So do thousands of other people. They are quite contented to leave the mountain alone.

But the pioneer does not feel satisfied. He wants to know what the mountain hides from his eyes. Is there another mountain behind it, or a plain? Does the mountain suddenly rise with its steep cliffs from the dark waves of the ocean or does it overlook a desert?

One fine day the true pioneer leaves his family and the comfort of his home to go and find out what is behind the mountain. Perhaps he will come back and tell his experience to his neighbors. Or perhaps he will be killed by falling stones or a bad storm. In that case he does not return and the neighbors will

shake their heads and say, "He got what he deserved. Why did he not stay at home with the rest of us?"

But the world needs pioneers. After they have been dead for many years and others have reaped the benefits of their discoveries, men put up statues in their honor.

More terrifying than the highest mountain is the thin line of the distant horizon where the land and the sky or the water and the sky seem to meet. It seems to be the end of the world itself. Heaven have mercy upon those who pass beyond the meeting place of sky and water, where all is silent and unknown.

For centuries and centuries after men had built their first clumsy boats, they remained within the pleasant sight of the shore and kept away from the horizon.

Then came the Phœnicians who knew no such fears. They passed beyond the sight of land and turned the sea into a peaceful highway of commerce. From that time on the dangers of the horizon became fairy tales.

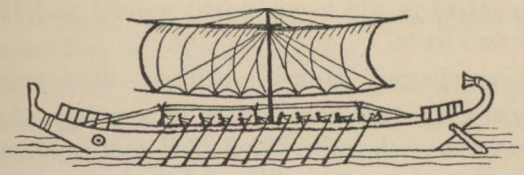
There were two Phœnician centers of trade.

One was called Tyre and the other was called Sidon. Both cities were built upon high cliffs and rumor said that no enemy could take them. Far and wide the ships of the Phœnicians sailed to gather the products of the Mediterranean.

At first the sailors visited only the distant shores

FAR AND WIDE THE SHIPS OF THE PHŒNICIANS SAILED TO GATHER THE PRODUCTS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

of France and Spain to trade with the natives and hastened home with their grain and metal. Later they built trading posts along the coasts of Spain



A PHŒNICIAN SHIP

In small ships rowed by slaves the Phœnicians explored the coasts of the Mediterranean and even journeyed as far as the island of Britain

and Italy and Greece and the far-off British Isles where valuable tin was found.

To the savages of Europe, a trading post appeared as a dream of beauty. They asked to be allowed to live close to the walls of the settlement, to see the wonderful sights when the ships entered the harbor, carrying the silks and spices of the unknown East. Gradually they left their huts to build themselves small wooden houses around the Phœnician fort. In this way many a trading post grew into a market place that served all the people of the surrounding country.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. This selection has two parts. Read it a second time to find the places in which you might write I and II to show the two parts.
2. What is a pioneer? How is a pioneer a discoverer?
3. Did you ever climb a mountain or any high place to see what was on the other side? Tell your experience to the class. Did you ever go "beyond the horizon"? Explain.
4. Tell how the Phœnicians were like people who climb mountains.
5. Show on the map where the Phœnicians sailed. Why did they take such long voyages?
6. What is a fort? Why did the Phœnicians build their trading-posts as forts? What effect did the trading-posts have on the people who lived in the region?

A GAME WITH WORDS

Choose the correct ending for each statement below:

1. A pioneer is
   a. one who goes before to prepare the way.
   b. one who lives in a wilderness.
   c. one who lived long ago.
2. A plain is
   a. wet land.
   b. a hot region.
   c. level land.
3. Experience means
   a. something one dislikes.
   b. something one has lived through.
   c. something that is of no use.

4. A benefit to a place is
   a. something which injures it.
   b. something which adds to its value.
   c. something which destroys it.
5. A discovery is
   a. something which has been known for a long time.
   b. something which is of no value.
   c. something which is brought to light for the first time.
6. Commerce is
   a. trade on a large scale.
   b. a landing place for ships.
   c. the ocean.
7. A savage is
   a. a foreign citizen.
   b. an animal.
   c. an uncivilized person.
8. A harbor is
   a. a port for ships.
   b. a lake.
   c. a lighthouse.
9. The horizon is
   a. a vertical line.
   b. one of the stars.
   c. the circular line where the sky and earth or sea appear to meet.
10. A century is
   a. ten years.
   b. one hundred years.
   c. one year.

Correct your work by looking up the words given above in the glossary of this book on page 425. Then reread the sentences in the story which contain the words to see whether the meanings are clear.

4. THE ROAD TO CHINA

Olive B. Miller

Where is China? How would you go there? Why not use the road tried by the speaker in this poem?

I learned to-day the world is round
Like my big rubber ball,
With China on the other side,
Down there below us all.

And so I went and dug a hole—
I started in at eight—
And dug and dug and dug and dug,
Beside the garden gate.

And oh, I thought what fun 'twill be
To get a ladder tall,
And climb right down to China through
The hole behind the wall!

What fun to walk through little streets
All lit with lanterns queer!
Each man will have a pig-tail, and
How strange the talk I'll hear!

To think the road to China lies
Just by the garden wall!
Then Daddy came and said "Ho! Ho!
That's not the way at all!

"To get to China, you must sail
For days across the sea!"—
Why there's no short cut through the earth
Seems very queer to me!

And still I sit beside my hole
And dream and dream away,
Of that strange far-off country where
They've night-time in our day!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Where is China? What is the quickest way there from your home? Why not use the road tried by the speaker in the poem?
2. Why did the speaker want to go to China? Read lines that give the answer.
3. Does this poem belong under Discovering? Give reasons.
4. Tell the class about a journey you would like to make.

5. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND THE KITE

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

Read the selection quickly, but do not miss the points in the story. Begin to read when you hear the signal, "Go!" Notice how many minutes you use in reading the selection.

Eager to discover anything new, Benjamin Franklin was greatly interested in electricity, which was then attracting the attention of wise men all over the world. Electricity was not a new discovery, but no one could understand it or capture it.

To-day electricity is no longer even a wonder. It lights our streets and houses, draws us along without horses in street cars or trains, helps us to talk with people miles away, and sends the news of each day's happenings around the earth. We have only just begun to learn its value and power; but it has already become one of the greatest aids to man. For this the world owes a great deal to the daring of Benjamin Franklin.

Franklin tried all sorts of experiments and ran all sorts of risks, in order to learn about electricity. An electric current is dangerous even to those who understand it. In Franklin's day trifling with electricity was like playing with matches around a barrel of gunpowder or drumming a rat-tat-too upon a keg of dynamite.

But Franklin was ready to take risks—and he did. He killed turkeys by electricity to find its strength; he let himself be knocked down by electric shocks simply to be able to know and explain how it felt; he made electric games, played electric jokes, and had his house ringing with electric bells much to the distress of his good wife.

He tried electricity on sick people; he tried it on well people. At last, by his experiment with a kite and his invention of lightning rods, he passed from playing with electricity to working with it. He attracted the attention of wise men all over the world.

Franklin tried his experiment with the kite in the summer of 1752. He had come to believe that lightning was electricity, and he thought that if he could only get up into a thunder cloud he would prove it.

But no balloons were at hand; no high hill was near Philadelphia; not a single church spire rose in all the town. If there had been anything of the sort—anything at all like the high buildings that are now plentiful in Philadelphia—Franklin would have put up a stand on it, run out his piece of sharpened wire and waited for a low-sailing thundercloud to pass over it. If electricity were in the thunder cloud, he believed that it would then send its fire down the pointed wire.

But there was no high point in Philadelphia,—neither hill, nor roof, nor spire. So Franklin said to

himself, "If the thunder clouds can't come down to me, I'll go up to the clouds." And he made his famous kite.

The frame of the kite was made of two strips of cedar in the shape of a cross. Franklin covered this with a large thin silk handkerchief; for the thin silk, he knew, would stand the wind and rain while paper would soak and tear, and cloth would be too heavy. At the top of the kite he fastened a long piece of sharp-pointed wire, sticking out a foot or more above the kite. To the end of the kite-string he tied a piece of silk ribbon. This he held in his hand. From the point where the silk ribbon was tied to the string, he hung a big door-key.

Then one day, when it looked as if a thunder-storm were certain to come up, he and his son William carried the kite to the edge of the city. They hurried off into the open country outside the town. They went as quietly as possible; for Franklin did not wish any one to know of his experiment, and his son probably did not wish to see any of the girls, for fear that they would make fun of "Billie Franklin," going off with his father to fly a kite in a thunder-storm, just like two foolish boys.

Very near to the place where the City Hall of Philadelphia stands to-day they raised the kite. To keep both himself and the silk ribbon dry, Franklin stood just inside the doorway of a big cowshed that was

close by. Here they waited anxiously for the thunder cloud.

The kite flew well and pulled hard, but the thunder

THE WETTER THE KITE STRING BECAME THE MORE HEAVILY WAS IT CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY

clouds brought no storm. One cloud passed over the kite and another covered it; but neither cloud contained any electricity. At last, just as Franklin was about to give up, another black cloud swept across the silken kite.

Suddenly Franklin's heart gave a leap. The fibers on the kite string, which he was watching intently,

began to move and rise. Then they stood out in all directions. Franklin touched his knuckle to the hanging key. Zip! came a spark, tingling and stinging. Zip! zip! came another and yet another as he knuckled the key again and again.

"I've proved it, Billie," he said triumphantly to his son. "I've proved that lightning is electricity." The wetter the kite string became, the more heavily was it charged with electricity. Connecting the key with a sort of storage battery which he had brought along, Franklin soon had stored away all the electricity he needed. Both the father and son took from the storage battery the most satisfying shocks that they could desire,—shocks that nearly knocked them over.

Then Franklin pulled in the silken kite and went back home through the rain proud and triumphant; he had proved his theory. He had brought lightning down from heaven; he had shown that lightning is electricity!

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

READING RATE

How many minutes did you use in reading the selection? Divide 930, the number of words in the story, by the number of minutes you used in reading it. The answer is your reading rate, or the number of words you read each minute. Copy the form given below in your notebook. Put your score in the right place and keep for later use. Now find how well you read by taking the following test.

READING TEST

Write the numbers from one to ten in a column on a sheet of paper. Opposite each number put the right word for the blanks in the following sentences.

1. Franklin was greatly interested in .....
2. Franklin used a kite for his experiment because there was no ..... in Philadelphia.
3. Franklin's kite was shaped like a .....
4. The frame of Franklin's kite was covered with .....
5. At the top of the kite Franklin fastened a sharp-pointed .....
6. Franklin tied a ..... to the kite string.
7. In making his experiment Franklin was helped by his .....
8. Lightning was not found until the ..... cloud came along.
9. During the storm Franklin touched the key to his knuckles and got a .....
10. Franklin proved that lightning is .....

READING SCORES

Read the selection again to see if you filled the blanks right. Give yourself one point for each correct word. Copy the following form in your notebook, filling the spaces properly.

DATE	TITLES	RATE OF READING	THOROUGHNESS OF READING

6. LIVING IN A STORY-BOOK

J. Neilson Barry

How would you like to live in a story-book? Here is a selection that tells how each of us may have such a home if he wishes it. As you read, notice the way one "find" led to another.

The lonely crippled girl on the ranch wept bitter tears as she realized that she could never again run and play like other children. She had tried hard to be brave when the doctor told her. She had managed to control herself until she reached her own room. Then she laid aside her crutch, and throwing herself upon her bed, sobbed into the pillow until it was wet with her tears.

To be crippled was hard, not only because of the pain, but also because she had so loved to romp and play. Now such fun was over, perhaps for years, perhaps forever. So hard did she find the thought that she cried herself to sleep.

She was awakened by a gentle tap at the door. Her mother entered, kissed her softly, and told her that the old man who was doing the plowing had asked to see her. Did she feel able to hobble down stairs?

Thinking anything better than the lonely room, she grasped her crutch and managed to get to the kitchen, where the kind old man tried to tell her how

HE THEN HANDED HER A GREEN STONE HE HAD JUST PLOWED UP IN THE FIELD

sorry he felt. He then handed her a queer stone he had just plowed up in the field, a sort of sympathy present, the only thing he had which he thought might interest her.

When she returned to her room, she smiled at the trifle, but the longer she looked at it the more interesting it became. She had seen similar stones before, but had never paid much attention to them. Now she examined the stone carefully, wondering what it was, and how it came to be in the field.

Taking her crutch, she hobbled out to find her father, who might be able to tell her. Putting on his glasses he studied the stone carefully. It was probably an Indian stone, he said, such as he had often plowed up, but beyond this he could tell her nothing; he had always considered such things mere "truck."

The next day her teacher drove up to express her sorrow at the news of the accident. Before she left, the lame girl showed the queer stone and asked about it. The teacher was greatly interested, but beyond saying that she thought it was an Indian stone, was not able to help her. She suggested, however, that the stone be sent to the state museum, for some one there would be able to tell all about it. And so the relic was wrapped up and mailed, with a note of inquiry.

The next week came a friendly letter from the curator of the museum. He said that he was greatly

interested in Indian relics, and that he found the stone she sent very unusual. He wished to know where, and when, and how, the relic was found, and asked so many other questions that the lame girl persuaded her father to take her to the spot where the stone had been plowed up. Here she found other pieces of stone lying about, some chipped, and some smooth, but all unlike ordinary stones. She brought a number of the stones to the house. When she answered the letter, she also sent some of the smaller samples.

The following week a stranger drove up to the house, and introduced himself as the curator, or keeper, of the museum. He was greatly interested in the "find," as the specimens were most unusual. He asked permission to collect other relics, and when he returned from the field he had a sack over his shoulder containing twenty or more pounds of stones.

The crippled girl was much interested in his account of the Indians and their manner of making stone tools. She was surprised to learn that the tribe which had formerly lived in the region had the same name as the county. She had never thought of such matters before, and was greatly interested to find that the name of her own state, and the names of two adjoining states, were Indian words.

The visit of the curator started her thinking. She had always felt that the ranch was a lonely and an

uninteresting place. Now she found that she was living in a story-book.

From that time on, not a day passed without some member of the family, or one of the neighbors, bringing her a piece of rock, and sometimes an old rusty bit of iron. She wrote to the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington, D. C., sending some of the specimens, and received courteous letters in reply. From her congressman and senator, she obtained a number of interesting and instructive books. Soon she had a small library, and became an amateur expert on Indian matters. Each piece of rock brought to her had a meaning; she could tell which were valuable, how they had been made, and how they were used.

Although her lameness kept her in the house, it did not prevent her studying. One day she wrote a short article for the newspaper in her community. She felt very happy when she saw it published, and when the editor told her that he would be glad to have other articles.

Soon she was writing an article every week. Other people began to show an interest in their farms. She learned the early history of the community, how the first settlers had come into the region, and the struggles they had had in making homes and fighting the wilderness. She recognized many of the old names in the villages, streams, and hills around her, and soon felt as though she knew them all.

One day the teacher asked her to give a talk to the children at the school. She found it hard to go, for her crutch embarrassed her, but as soon as she began her story, she found every one so attentive, that she forgot all about herself.

The pupils became so enthusiastic after her talk that the teacher decided to organize a society called the "Trail Seekers." To become a member a boy or girl had to discover a "trail" by bringing some specimen, an old relic, or by finding why some name had been given to a place. A great many articles belonging to the old days were found in attics and woodsheds. Queer lanterns, flint and steel to make fire, rusty weapons, quaint garments, were discovered in such numbers that some of the older people succeeded in having a room at the court-house set apart as a county museum.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS

1. How did the crippled girl begin to live in a story-book? Tell about relics you have at home that suggest stories to you. If possible, bring a relic to school, and point out what you find interesting in it.
2. Why was the curator interested in the relics? Are relics of any use? Explain.
3. What Indians used to live where your community now stands? Find stories about them and report to the class.

PROJECTS

1. Form a society or club like the "Trail Seekers," with requirements for membership like those in the selection.
2. Begin an exhibit of strange, interesting things for your room.
3. Write letters to the pupils in another room or school telling things of interest about your community.

GAME WITH WORDS

The first list of words or phrases below contains expressions used in this story. The second list contains words or phrases which mean the same or nearly the same as those in the first list. Show on your paper the phrases which mean the same by matching the numbers and letters. For example, "a trifle" and "a thing of little value" mean the same. You may show this on your paper by writing 1-d.

List I	*List II*
1. a trifle	*a.* a manager
2. a relic	*b.* an old treasure
3. an inquiry	*c.* eager
4. a museum	*d.* a thing of little value
5. unusual	*e.* strange
6. a specimen	*f.* department of government dealing with races of man.
7. enthusiastic	*g.* a beginner
8. a curator	*h.* a sample
9. quaint	*i.* uncommon
10. an amateur	*j.* a place where objects of interest are kept
11. a cripple	*k.* a question
12. Bureau of Ethnology	*l.* one who cannot walk

Find the sentences in the story which have the words in the first column. Read the sentences putting in the new meanings. Is the thought clear? If not, look up the words you do not understand, in the glossary, page 425.

7. JAMES WATT AND THE TEA KETTLE

OLIVE B. MILLER

What discovery did James Watt make? How did he find it out?

Jamie Watt, a little Scotch boy, sat by the great open fireplace in his grandmother's kitchen. Above the glowing flames hung an old-fashioned tea kettle.

Jamie had been whittling a piece of wood in order to make a cart with wheels, but now he dropped his work in his lap. Something that happened to the tea kettle had caught his eye. He began to watch the kettle closely, for he never let anything strange pass by without finding the reason for it.

The water in the kettle had begun to boil and a little white column of steam came puffing out from its spout. Pretty soon, S-s-s! S-s-s! Piff! Piff! Piff! the lid of the tea kettle began to rattle. S-s-s! S-s-s! Piff! Piff! Piff! something lifted the lid right up in the air!

"O Grandma!" cried the boy in great excitement. "What is inside your tea kettle?"

The grandmother was busy laying the table for supper.

"Nothing, Jamie! Nothing's in there but water," she answered.

S-s-s! S-s-s! Piff! Piff! Piff! Up popped the lid again.

The boy watched it, breathless with interest.

"But, Grandma, something must be inside the kettle," he insisted. "See! Something keeps lifting the lid!"

"Ho, ho!" laughed his grandmother. "Perhaps it's a brownie or a fairy you're thinking is in the kettle! No, no! It's only the steam that does the lifting! You can see little clouds of it puffing out all around the lid."

Now Jamie wasn't thinking at all that a brownie or a fairy was in the kettle. He was thinking that he wanted very much to know what this thing called steam was that had so much strength. Carefully he leaned over and lifted the lid to look inside. He could see nothing but boiling, bubbling water.

"Grandma," he asked, "where does the steam come from? How did it get into the kettle?"

Grandmother was used to his questions. He was always wondering about things.

"Why, laddie," she answered, "steam always rises from water whenever water boils."

The boy stood and studied the kettle a little longer; then he sat down again. While he was thinking and thinking, he began absent-mindedly to spin the wheels on the toy cart he was making. At last he burst out:

"O GRANDMA! WHAT IS INSIDE YOUR TEA KETTLE?"

"Grandma, if the steam in that kettle is strong enough to lift the lid, why couldn't steam from a great deal more water lift much heavier things? Why—why couldn't it push wheels around?"

"Push wheels around!" The grandmother did not even try to answer so absurd a question. Jamie had strange dreams, she thought; she wished he would spend his time thinking of something more useful than pushing wheels around with steam.

But Jamie never left off wondering about the steam. Nor was his wondering so idle and useless as his grandmother supposed.

"That steam has the strength of a giant," he said to himself. "If I could only find out how to make use of it, steam would not only lift heavy weights, but it would also make all kinds of machinery go, and would do all sorts of work for men."

So Jamie studied and worked as he grew to be a man. Many times he experimented with steam engines. Although his engines failed to go, he always learned something new from each failure. Many people thought him foolish and laughed at him.

"Ho, ho! Jamie Watt is going to harness up the clouds that puff out of his granny's tea kettle and make them do the work of a giant!" they would say. But in spite of their laughter, Jamie worked on year after year until at last he did indeed make what no one had thought he could—a steam engine that was

a success. That was the Scotch boy's great gift to the work of the world.

Jamie's engine made possible the engines that draw trains, push steamboats, turn machinery, and do all the useful things that steam engines do to-day. Men had lived for thousands of years beside the great giant, Steam, but none of them ever learned how to harness it and make it serve man, until James Watt began to think and ask how it lifted the lid of the tea kettle in his grandmother's kitchen.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what James Watt discovered. Did he see a "foreign land" (read page 18)?
2. Name uses of steam that you have noticed in your community.
3. In what ways were James Watt and Benjamin Franklin alike? Reread the story of Franklin (page 28).
4. Tell about inventions you have made,—toys, words, signs, or secret ways to write.

REPORTS FOR VOLUNTEERS

1. Find out how a steam engine works. Does it work like a gas engine? Explain to the class, with the help of diagrams on the blackboard.
2. Find out what causes a telephone bell to ring? Explain to the class, using a diagram on the blackboard.

WORKING OUT PROBLEMS

When you work out a problem do you make a discovery? The next two stories contain problems. Can you work them out?

8. WHAT WILL FOUND OUT

MRS. E. M. TERRY

Will was a wide-awake boy. He liked to ask questions about all kinds of things and to try all sorts of experiments. Nothing made him happier than to discover some new fact for himself.

In the backyard of his home stood a tall hickory tree. Will had spent many a happy hour playing in its shadow. He had asked his mother how tall she thought the tree was. She answered by guessing, but Will never felt satisfied with a guess. He wanted to know exactly, and wondered how he could find out.

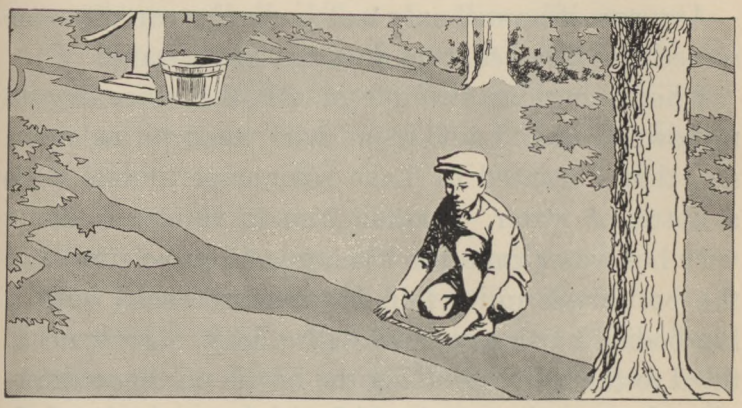
One afternoon he ran into the house and exclaimed, "Mother, I've found out how tall Old Hickory is."

"How did you find out?" asked his mother, eager to know what he had discovered. "Tell me about it."

"It was this way, mother. I was looking at the clothes post and its shadow, and I wondered which was greater, the length of the shadow or the height of the post. I took my ruler and measured them, and discovered that each was exactly six feet and six inches. Next I measured the gate post, and found the same thing true there. Then, I thought, if I measure the length of the shadow of Old Hickory,

I'll get the height of the tree itself, and here it is—eighty-one feet and nine inches."

"Well done, Will. You have reasoned correctly. That is splendid! That's a rule worth knowing.



I MEASURED THE LENGTH OF THE SHADOW

Now, since you are interested in measuring shadows, here are some other questions right along that line:

"1. What time of day was it when you made your measurements?

"2. Would your rule hold good an hour later?"

"3. If not, would there be an hour in the forenoon when the shadow and the tree would be the same length?

"4. At what time of day will the shadow be twice as long as the tree is tall?"

"Oh, mother!" shouted Will, "that will keep me on the watch all day. But I'll find out." And he did.

9. WHAT BECAME OF THE WATER?

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

Any one, if he will only watch closely, can discover some little thing that he does not understand.

I had a curious example of this the other day in my own house. I told a lad who was waiting upon me, that I wanted to make some experiments with a bottle of water. I asked him to bring me some very hot water from the kitchen, and to be sure that the bottle was quite full. He soon returned with a big-bodied bottle provided with a long, narrow neck, filled to the brim. Putting the bottle on the mantelpiece, he went downstairs. After the water had cooled, I rang the bell for John.

"John," I said, "I thought I told you to fill that bottle quite full."

"So I did, sir," he replied.

"Well, look at it now. It's not nearly full. The neck is quite empty."

John assured me that he had not touched the bottle since he put it on the mantelpiece, and I assured him that I had not poured any of the water out.

"Well," I said, "what has become of the water?"

He was completely puzzled at first. Then he began to think and scratch his head. Finally he said: "The water was very hot when I put it in the bottle; steam

was coming from it. The water must have evaporated."

I made no comment, but looked at him and said: "Let's try it again. Fill the bottle chock full of hot water; then *cork it* so that no steam can escape."

He did so and again placed the bottle on the mantelpiece. Soon I rang the bell and up came John.

"John," I said, "I thought you filled that bottle quite full."

"So I did, sir," he replied.

"Well, look at it now; it's not nearly full."

John assured me that he had not touched the cork.

I replied: "Well, what has become of the water?"

John said he didn't know. He admitted that some of it had evidently gone, but where it had gone he couldn't for the life of him tell,—and he hasn't found out yet.

I am sorry now that I didn't think to tell John to weigh the bottle when he first brought it up to me, for by weighing it later he could have found out exactly how much water had disappeared.

If John hadn't given up, he might have discovered the principle upon which a thermometer works.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

Which problems in the last two selections did you solve? Show how you worked them out. Which was the hardest to solve? Is a person who works out a problem a discoverer? Explain.

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF DISCOVERING

1. Learn the foreword on page 3. Tell what it means. How does it relate to Discovering?
2. Name characters mentioned in the unit that illustrate each part of the foreword. You may name the same character more than once if he illustrates the idea. Arrange your answer like this:

   a. To strive: Christopher Columbus, James Watt.

   b. To seek:

   c. To find:

   d. Not to yield:

3. Tell the story of a discoverer whose work is not described in this unit.
4. Which selection in Discovering did you like best? Which did you like least? Which was the easiest to read? Which was the hardest to read? Which gave you the most information? Choose a committee to collect the votes of the class and report the results. Copy the report in your notebook in the following form, placing the number of votes in the right columns.

TITLES	LIKED BEST	LIKED LEAST	EASIEST TO READ	HARDEST TO READ	MOST INFORMING

5. Which selection in this unit is most like the following poem:

FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone forever.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

6. Look through the selections and make a list of the different kinds of discovering described in the unit. Here are two examples: (1) discovery of unknown lands, (2) discovery of a way to measure heights.
7. Tell the class about one of the books you read from the Read-a-Book list on page 5.

NORTH TEXAS STATE
COLLEGE LIBRARY
DENTON, TEXAS

"NOW, BEAUTY, DO YOUR BEST" [*See p.* 69]

NORTH TEXAS STATE
COLLEGE LIBRARY
DENTON, TEXAS

BEING RELIABLE

Work while you work, play while you play;
This is the way to be cheerful and gay.
All that you do, do with your might;
Things done by halves are never done right.

—Richard H. Stoddard.

BEING RELIABLE

One of the hardest things any person has to do is to stay by a hard task when he would rather be doing something else. Play time often seems so much more fun than work time. Recess sometimes seems more enjoyable than classes.

But everybody knows that a reliable person works hard while he works and plays hard when he plays. The boy who makes a good team captain puts his whole heart into the game. His teammates know that they can rely on him every minute. He never quits. When the chances for victory seem darkest, he does his best playing, and cheers the other fellows on to do their best. In short, he is reliable.

And if this lad is that kind of a player, he probably carries the same spirit into his home work and his school work. A hard problem in arithmetic does not beat him. He keeps on until he solves it. His father knows that the boy will do a thorough job in caring for the lawn or washing the car. He is reliable.

Being reliable is one of the best qualities any one can have. It is the quality that makes parents and friends and teachers say: "Jim or Mary will do that task. Both of them always do their best. We can count on either of them."

READ A BOOK

Find the book that looks most interesting to you and read it at home while you are studying this unit.

1. *Moufflou*, by Louise de la Ramée. Educational.
   The dog, Moufflou, was faithful to his master.
2. *Silverfoot*, by Maude Lindsay. Lothrop.
   The adventures of three children in protecting a colt.
3. *The True Story of Abraham Lincoln*, by Elbridge S. Brooks. Lothrop.
   How Lincoln lived and died for liberty and union in America.
4. *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*, by Edward Eggleston. American.
   Boyhood stories of famous men.
5. *The Monkey That Would Not Kill*, by Henry Drummond. Dodd.
   The pranks of a mischievous monkey who would not be hanged, or be drowned, or be shot.
6. *Stories of the Pilgrims*, by Margaret B. Pumphrey. Rand.
   The Pilgrim children in their homes in Holland and England, and their exciting experiences in their new American homes.
7. *Wonders of the Jungle*, by Sarath K. Ghost. Heath.
   How the animals of the jungle make laws for themselves and live by them.
8. *Children of the Cold*, by Frederick Schwatka. Educational.
   The home life and the games of Eskimo children which prepare them to live in the far north.
9. *Rose Child*, by Johanna Spyri. Crowell.
   A little Swiss orphan girl finds a way to help a friend.
10. *Lisbeth Longfrock*, by Hans Aanrud. Ginn.
    Lisbeth was faithful and finally her wish came true.
11. *The Nurnberg Stone*, by Louise de la Ramée. Lippincott.
    August, a little German boy, became a great painter because of his faithfulness.
12. *Two Little Confederates*, by Thomas N. Page. Scribners.
    Adventures of two boys during the Civil War.
13. *Dandelion Cottage*, by Carroll W. Rankin. Holt.
    Four girls keep house in a tiny cottage.

CLASS LIBRARY READINGS

1. "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," Jane Taylor, *A Treasury of Verse for Little Children*, 25.
2. "How Doth the Busy Bee," Isaac Watts, *ibid.*, 30–31.
3. "Discontent," Sarah O. Jewett, *ibid.*, 72–73.
4. "Piccola," *Up One Pair of Stairs of My Bookhouse*, 303–307.
5. "Rosa Bonheur, The Little Girl Who Loved Animals," D. Calhoun, *Puppy Dogs' Tales*, 15–20.
6. "Our Bob as a Puppy," A. Ollinant, *ibid.*, 25–27.
7. "Sheep Dogs," E. Grierson, *ibid.*, 28–30.
8. "Little Wolff's Wooden Shoes," F. Coppée, *The Children's Book of Christmas Stories*, 139–145.
9. "The Little Brown Hen," Katherine Pyle, *Stories of Our Humble Friends*, 13–23.
10. "Bianca," *ibid.*, 23–29.
11. "The Story of a Slave," *ibid.*, 77–98.
12. "The Fisherman and His Wife," *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, 46–52.
13. "Cinderella," *ibid.*, 214–221.
14. "The Water of Life," *ibid.*, 214–221.
15. "On Salt-Water Ice," E. W. Frentz, *Uncle Zeb and His Friends*, 54–56.
16. "A Prisoner Set Free," *ibid.*, 92–95.
17. "Pedro's Wooden Leg," *ibid.*, 123–127.
18. "How Grant Earned His Calf," *ibid.*, 136–139.
19. "His Task," *ibid.*, 186–189.
20. "The Story of Li'l Hannibal," C. S. Bailey, *Happy Holidays*, 8–15.
21. "The Stone Cutter," *ibid.*, 26–29.
22. "A Little Lad of Long Ago," Alice E. Allen, *ibid.*, 148–152.
23. "Antonia's Wonderful Lion," *Book of Knowledge*, 5 : 1689–1690.
24. "Little Goody Twoshoes," *ibid.*, 9 : 3077–3078.
25. "Talking in Their Sleep," *ibid.*, 9 : 3111.
26. "The Sad Heart of Little Trott," *ibid.*, 14 : 4945–4946.

II. BEING RELIABLE

1. FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

ELLA HIGGINSON

Every one knows that a four-leaf clover stands for good luck. Find the part of the poem which tells how the four-leaf clover, bringing luck, is to be found.

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another one in for luck—
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong—and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Does the poet think that finding a four-leaf clover means that luck will come? Explain.

2. Read aloud the stanza that seems to you most important. Read the line which seems most important. Read three or four words which seem most important.

MEMORIZING THE POEM

Listen.—As the poem is read aloud listen to fix in mind the main thought in each stanza, (1) A picture of the place where the clovers grow, (2) Meanings of the four leaves, (3) How you may find the place.

Read.—Read the first stanza silently. Picture in your mind the place where the clovers grow. Look away and repeat softly the poet's exact words in describing (1) the sun, (2) the cherry blooms, (3) the nook. Reread softly the stanza noticing the rhyming words, snow—grow.

Repeat.—As the poem is read aloud again, try to repeat the first stanza with the reader.

Study.—Reread silently the first stanza. Read very carefully the parts you could not repeat with the reader.

Read.—Read silently the second stanza. Fix in mind in the proper order the names given the four different leaves.

Repeat.—As the poem is read aloud again, try to repeat the first and second stanzas with the reader.

Study.—Read carefully any parts of stanzas one and two which you could not repeat with the reader.

Read.—Read silently stanza three. Notice the order for the different leaves is the same as in stanza two—hope, faith, love. Luck would be last. Study carefully just how the poet says you may find luck. Notice the rhyming words, so—grow.

Repeat.—As the poem is read aloud again, try to repeat with the reader.

Study.—Reread the poem to fix in mind any parts that you could not repeat.

Test.—Take turns in repeating the poem while the class listen to correct mistakes.

2. A STORY OF THE FOREST

NORA A. SMITH

The title of the story might be "The Steadfast Fir-Tree." Find what the word *steadfast* means in the story.

Far away, in the depths of a great, green, rustling wood, there lived a Fir-tree. She was tall and dark and fragrant; so tall that her topmost plumes seemed waving about in the clouds; her branches were so thick and strong and close set that down below them on the ground it was dark almost as night.

Many other trees stood near her in the forest, as tall and grand as she, and when they bent and bowed to each other, as the wind played in their branches, you could hear a wonderful lovely sound, like the great organ when it plays softly in the church.

Down below, under the trees, the ground was covered with a glossy brown carpet of the sharp, needle-like leaves the fir-tree had let fall, and on this carpet many pointed brown fir cones were lying, looking dry and withered, and yet bearing under their scales many little seeds, hidden away like very precious letters in their dainty envelopes.

Even on bright summer days the wood was cool and dark. As you walked about on the soft brown carpet, you could hear the wonderful song the pine needles made as they rubbed against each other;

perhaps far away in the top of some tall tree you could hear the wood-thrush sing out gladly.

All around the great Fir-tree, where her cones had dropped, a family of young firs was growing up,—very tiny yet, so tiny you might have crushed them as you walked, and not have felt them under foot.

The Fir-tree spread her thick branches over them, and kept off the fierce wind and the bitter cold, and under her shelter they were growing strong.

They were all fine little trees, but one of them, that stood quite apart from the rest, was the finest of all, very straight and well shaped and handsome. Every day he looked up at the mother-tree, and saw how straight and strong she grew,—how the wind bent and waved her branches, but did not stir her great trunk; and as he looked, he sent his own rootlets farther down into the dark earth, and held his tiny head up more proudly.

The other trees did not all try to grow strong and tall. Indeed, one of them said, "Why should I try to grow? Who can see me here in this dark wood? What good will it do for me to try? I can never be as fine and strong as the mother-tree."

So he was unhappy and hung his head, and let the wind blow him farther and farther over toward the ground; and as he did not care for his rootlets, they lost their hold in the earth, and by and by he withered quite away.

But our brave little Fir-tree grew on. When a long time had gone by, his head was on a level with his mother's lowest branches, and he could listen and hear all the whispering and talking that went on among the great trees. So he learned many things, for the trees were old and wise; and the birds, who are such great travelers, had told them many wonderful things that had happened in far-off lands.

And the Fir-tree asked his mother many, many questions. "Dear mother-tree," he said, "shall we always live here? Shall I keep on growing until I am a grand tree like you? And will you always be with me?"

"Who knows!" said the mother-tree, rustling in all her branches. "If we are stout-hearted, and grow strong in trunk and perfect in shape, then perhaps we shall be taken away from the forest and made useful somewhere,—and we want to be useful, little son."

It was about this time that the young Fir-tree made himself some music that he used to whisper when the winds blew and rocked his branches. This is the little song, but I cannot sing it as he did.

"Root, grow thou longer,
Heart, be thou stronger;
Let the sun bless me,
Softly caress me;
Let raindrops patter;

Wind, my leaves scatter.
My root must grow longer,
My heart must grow stronger."

And one day, when he was singing this song to himself, some birds fluttered near, pleased with the music, and as he seemed kind they began to build their nest in his branches.

Then what a proud Fir-tree, that the birds should choose him to take care of them! He would not play now with the wind as it came frolicking by, but stood straight, that he might not shake the pretty soft nest. And when the eggs were laid at last, all his leaves stroked each other for joy, and the noise they made was so sweet that the mother-tree bent over to see why he was so happy.

The mother-bird sat patiently on the nest all day, and when, now and then, she flew away to rest her tired legs, the father-bird came to keep the eggs warm.

So the Fir-tree was never alone; and now he asked the birds some of the many questions he had once asked his mother. "Tell me, dear friends," he said, "what does the mother-tree mean? She says if I grow strong, I shall be taken away to be useful somewhere. How can a Fir-tree be useful if he is taken away from the forest where he was born?"

So the birds told him how he could be useful: how perhaps men might take him for the mast of a ship,

and fasten to him, strong and firm, the great white sails that send the ship like a bird over the water; or how he might be used to hold a bright flag, as it waved in the wind. Then the mother-bird thought of the happy Christmas time, for the birds and flowers and trees know all about it; and she told the Fir of the Christmas greens that were cut in the forest; of the branches and boughs that were used to make the houses fresh and bright; and of the Christmas trees, on which gifts were hung for the children.

Now the Fir-tree had seen some children one day, and he knew about their bright eyes, and their rosy cheeks, and their soft little hands. The day they came into the woods, they had made a ring and danced about him. One little girl had held up her finger, and asked the others to hush and hear the song he was singing.

So of all the things the birds told him, the sweetest to him was about the Christmas tree. If only he might be a Christmas tree, and have the children dance about him again, and feel their presents among his green branches!

So he did all that a little tree could do to grow strong in every part, and each day he sang his song:

"Root, grow thou longer,
Heart, grow thou stronger;
Sweet sunshine, bless me,
Softly caress me;
Cold raindrops, patter;

Wind, my leaves scatter.
My roots must grow longer,
My heart must grow stronger."

Soon the days began to grow cold. The birdlings who had been born in the Fir-tree's branches had gone far away to the South. The father and mother bird had gone too, and on the way had stopped to say good-by to the brave tree.

The white snow had fallen in gentle flakes, and covered the cones and the glossy carpet of pine needles. All was still and shining and cold in the forest, and the great trees seemed taller and darker than ever.

One day some men came into the wood with saws and ropes and axes, and cut down many of the great trees, and among these was the mother-fir. They fastened oxen to all the trees, and dragged them away, rustling and waving, over the smooth snow.

The mother-tree had gone,—"gone to be useful," said the little Fir; and though he missed her very much, and the world seemed very empty when he looked up and no longer saw her thick branches and her strong trunk, yet he was not unhappy, for he was a brave little Fir.

Still the days grew colder, and often the Fir-tree wondered if the children who had made a ring and danced about him would remember him when Christmas time came.

He could not grow, for the weather was too cold, and so he had the more time for thinking. He thought of the birds, of the mother-tree, and, most of all, of

"IT IS MY VERY TREE, MY VERY SINGING TREE"

the little girl who had lifted her finger, and said, "Hush! hear the Fir-tree sing."

Sometimes the days seemed long, and he sighed in all his branches, and almost thought he would never be a Christmas tree.

But suddenly, one day, he heard something far away that sounded like the ringing of Christmas

bells. It was the children, laughing and singing, as they ran over the snow.

Nearer they came, and stood beside the Fir. "Yes," said the little girl, "this is my very tree, my very singing tree!"

"Indeed," said the father, "it will be a good Christmas tree. See how straight and well shaped it is."

Then the tree was glad; not proud, for he was a good little Fir, but glad that they saw he had tried his best.

So they cut him down and carried him away on a great sled, away from the tall dark trees, from the white shining snow-carpet at their feet, and from all the murmuring and whispering that go on within the forest.

The little trees stood on tiptoe and waved their green branches for "Good-by," and the great trees bent their heads to watch him go.

"Not all firs can be Christmas trees," said they; "only those who grow their best."

. . . . . .

The good Fir-tree stood in the children's own room. Round about his feet were flowers and mosses and green boughs. From his branches hung toys and books and candies, and at the end of each glossy twig was a bright Christmas candle.

The doors were slowly opened; the children came

running in; and when they saw the shining lights, and the Christmas tree proudly holding their presents, they made a ring, and danced about him, singing.

And the Fir-tree was very happy!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What does the word *steadfast* mean? Prove by words from the story that the tree was steadfast.
2. Tell how the Fir-tree differed from the other small trees that grew below the mother-tree.
3. Tell the class about trees in your town that whisper in the wind. In what season of the year do they whisper the loudest?
4. Tell the class about something other than a Christmas tree that the steadfast Fir-tree might have become.
5. Try to make up another song that the Fir-tree might have sung.
6. What do you think might have happened to the mother-tree?
7. Name all the uses of trees that you can think of.

READING GROUPS OF WORDS

Look at one of these lines for an instant; close your eyes and say the whole line.

1. in the depths
2. bowed to each other
3. a family of young pines
4. the finest of all
5. at the mother-tree
6. waved her branches
7. in the earth
8. who can see me
9. among the great trees
10. let the sun bless me
11. white shining snow-carpet
12. the good Fir-tree
13. from his branches
14. stood on tiptoe

3. HOW BLACK BEAUTY BROUGHT THE DOCTOR

ANNA SEWELL

Black Beauty is a horse which is supposed to be telling his own story. As you read decide whether the story belongs in the unit Being Reliable.

One night, a few days after James had left, I had eaten my hay and was lying down in my straw fast asleep, when I was suddenly roused by the stable bell ringing loudly. I heard the door of John's house open, and his feet running up to the Hall. He was back again in no time. He unlocked the stable door and came in, calling out, "Wake up, Beauty, you must go well now, if ever you did." Almost before I could think, he had placed the saddle on my back and the bridle on my head. He ran around for his coat, and then took me at a quick trot up to the Hall door. The Squire stood there with a lamp in his hand.

"Now, John," he said, "ride for your life—that is, for your mistress's life. You have not a moment to lose. Give this note to Dr. White. Give Beauty a rest at the inn, and be back as soon as you can."

John said, "Yes, sir," and was on my back in a minute.

The gardener, who lived at the lodge, had heard

the bell ring and was ready with the gate open. We hurried through the park and through the village, and down the hill till we came to the tollgate. John called very loud and thumped upon the door; the man flung open the gate.

"Now," said John, "keep the gate open for the Doctor. Here's the money," and off we went again.

Before us lay a long piece of level road by the riverside. John said to me, "Now, Beauty, do your best," and so I did. I wanted no whip nor spur, and for two miles I galloped as fast as I could lay my feet to the ground. I don't believe that my old grandfather, who won the race at Newmarket, could have gone faster. When we came to the bridge, John pulled me up a little and patted my neck.

"Well done, Beauty! good old fellow," he said. He would have let me go slower, but my spirit was up, and I was off again as fast as before. The air was frosty, the moon was bright. The night was very pleasant. We came through a village, then through a dark wood, then uphill, then downhill, till after an eight-mile run we came to the town, through the streets, and into the market place. All was still except for the clatter of my feet on the stones. Everybody was asleep.

The church clock struck three as we drew up at Dr. White's door. John rang the bell twice and knocked loudly at the door. A window was thrown

up, and Dr. White, in his nightcap, put his head out and said, "What do you want?"

"Mrs. Gordon is very ill, sir; master wants you to go at once. He thinks she will die if you cannot get there. Here is a note."

"Wait," he said; "I will come."

He shut the window, and was soon at the door. "The worst of it is," he said, "that my horse has been out all day and is quite worn out. My son has taken the other. What is to be done? May I have your horse?"

"Beauty has come at a gallop nearly all the way, sir, and I was to give him a rest here, but I think my master would not be against it, if you think fit, sir."

"All right," he said; "I will soon be ready."

John stood by me and stroked my neck. I was very hot. The Doctor came out with his riding whip.

"You need not take that, sir," said John. "Black Beauty will go till he drops. Take care of him, sir, if you can. I should not like any harm to come to him."

"No! no! John," said the Doctor, "I hope not," and in a moment we had left John far behind.

I will not tell about our way back. The Doctor was a heavier man than John and not so good a rider. However, I did my very best. The man had the tollgate open. When we came to the hill, the Doctor drew me up. "Now, my good fellow," he said, "take

some breath." I was glad he did, for I was nearly spent; but that breathing helped me on, and soon we were in the park.

Joe was at the lodge gate; my master was at the Hall door, for he had heard us coming. He spoke not a word. The Doctor went into the house with him, and Joe led me to the stable. I was glad to get home; my legs shook under me, and I could only stand and pant. I had not a dry hair on my body, the water ran down my legs, and I steamed all over—as Joe used to say—like a pot on the fire.

Poor Joe! he was young and small, and as yet he knew very little. His father, who would have helped him, had been sent to the next village; but I am sure Joe did the very best he knew. He rubbed my legs and my chest, but he did not put my warm cloth on me; he thought I was so hot I should not like it. Then he gave me a pailful of water to drink; it was cold and very good, and I drank it all. Then he gave me some hay and some corn, and thinking he had done right, he went away.

Soon I began to shake and tremble and turn deadly cold. My legs ached, my loins ached, and my chest ached; I felt sore all over. Oh, how I wished for my warm, thick cloth as I stood and trembled! I wished for John, but he had eight miles to walk, so I lay down in my straw and tried to go to sleep.

After a long while I heard John at the door. I gave

a low moan, for I was in great pain. He was at my side in a moment, stooping down by me. I could not tell him how I felt, but he seemed to know. He covered me up with two or three warm cloths and then ran to the house for some hot water. He made me drink warm gruel, and then I think I went to sleep.

John seemed to be very much put out. I heard him say to himself, over and over again, "Stupid boy! stupid boy! no cloth put on, and I dare say the water was cold, too; boys are no good." But Joe was a good boy, after all.

I was now very ill. A strong inflammation had attacked my lungs, and I could not draw my breath without pain. John nursed me night and day; he would get up two or three times in the night to come to me. My master, too, often came to see me. "My poor Beauty," he said one day, "my good horse, you saved your mistress's life, Beauty; yes, you saved her life!"

I was very glad to hear that. The Doctor said that if we had been a little longer, we should have been too late. John told my master that I seemed to know what was the matter, and that he had never seen a horse go so fast in his life. Of course I knew; at least I knew that John and I must go at the top of our speed, for the sake of the mistress.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Do you think the story belongs under "Being Reliable"? Give reasons.
2. From the list of words below choose the words that describe Black Beauty; those that describe John; those that describe Joe; those that describe the master.

kind	ignorant	thoughtful
grateful	thoughtless	intelligent
dependable	loyal	unreliable

   Be ready to read aloud lines from the story to prove each of your choices.
3. The story may be divided into six parts. These titles might be used for these parts. The titles are not in the proper order. Decide the correct order and select the part of the story which belongs under each title.

   John's careful nursing of Beauty.
   Joe's neglect.
   The Doctor's ride.
   John's mission.
   The Doctor's reply to John.
   John's ride.
4. Choose a different pupil to tell each part of the story. Listen to the stories to see that each pupil keeps to his own topic.

STORY TELLING

1. Tell of horses you know that have proved to be reliable.
2. Tell of acts of horses you have known which make you believe that they understand people.
3. A volunteer read and tell other stories from *Black Beauty*, by Anna Sewell.
4. Make up a story about getting a doctor into the country in 1930 to show how life in the country has changed since Black Beauty's days.

4. THE TORTOISE AND THE GEESE

MAUDE B. DUTTON

Find out what caused the tortoise in this fable to lose self-control.

A tortoise and two geese lived together in a pond for many years. At last a drought dried up the pond. Then the geese said to each other:

"We must seek a new home quickly, for we cannot live without water. Let us say farewell to the tortoise and start at once."

When the tortoise heard that they were going, he trembled with fear, and begged them by their friendship not to desert him.

"Alas," the geese replied, "we cannot help it. If we stay here, we shall all three die; we cannot take you with us, for you cannot fly."

Still the tortoise begged so hard not to be left behind that the geese finally said:

"Dear friend, if you will promise not to speak a word on the journey, we will take you with us. But know beforehand, that if you open your mouth to say one single word, you will be in danger of losing your life."

"Have no fear," replied the tortoise; "I shall be silent until you give me permission to speak again.

"DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A FUNNY SIGHT IN ALL YOUR LIFE!"

I would rather never open my mouth again than be left to die alone here in the dried-up pond."

The geese brought a stout stick and bade the tortoise grasp it firmly in the middle with his mouth. Then they took hold of either end of the stick and flew off with him. They had gone several miles in safety, when their course lay over a village. As the country people saw the curious sight of a tortoise carried by two geese, they began to laugh and cry out:

"Did you ever see such a funny sight in all your life!" They laughed loud and long.

The tortoise grew more and more indignant. At last he could stand their jeering no longer. "You stupid . . ." he snapped. Before he could say more he had fallen to the ground and was dashed to pieces.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. What caused the tortoise to lose self-control?
2. Explain why the geese left the pond. Tell why the tortoise wanted to go too. What promise did he make?
3. Make other titles for the story, like these: "He Talked Too Much," or "Chatter, Chatter."
4. Tell the class about a picture you might draw for this story.

CARRY OUT INSTRUCTIONS

1. If the geese wanted to take the tortoise with them, turn your head to the left. If not, turn your head to the right.

2. If the tortoise begged to be taken, sit up in your seat as straight as you can. If he did not, turn to the aisle at your right side.
3. If the tortoise "snapped" with his fingers, raise your right hand; if he "snapped" with words, raise your left hand.
4. If the tortoise lived to be wiser another time, copy the word, *saved;* if he did not live afterward, copy, *dashed to pieces.*

5. A WISE MEADOW LARK

GRACE A. KUPFER

Read the story to find why the meadow lark is called wise.

In a meadow bordered by a grassy lane lived a meadow lark and her family. The wheat in the meadow, which grew higher and thicker day after day, made a very good hiding place for the nest of grasses. There the mother bird had laid her pretty eggs, white spotted with brown, and had brooded over them, until at last five baby larks came out of the shells. After that Mother Meadow Lark had to keep the hungry mouths filled, until the birds grew old enough to look out for themselves.

The field in which the family lived was owned by a farmer. One day, when Mother Lark had been busy as usual, finding worms for her children to eat, she returned to her nest to find the little birds greatly excited. "Oh, mama," they chirped, "a big man was here, who said he was going to cut down the wheat in this field. We were so frightened that we hid way down in the nest. Now we shall have to move away from our lovely home, shan't we?"

"Did the farmer say *he* was going to cut down the wheat?" asked Mother Lark.

"Oh, no," answered her chicks, "he said he was going to ask his neighbors, Farmer Smith and Farmer Jones, to come and help him do it."

"Oh!" cried Mother Lark, much relieved. "Then

"NOW WE SHALL HAVE TO MOVE AWAY FROM OUR LOVELY HOME"

there is nothing to worry about. Farmer Smith and Farmer Jones have too many other things to do to find time to cut down their neighbor's wheat."

So the birds lived on happily in their pleasant home. But one day, when Mother Lark came home, the little ones met her with the same outcry as before. This time they told her that the farmer had looked a long time at his wheat, and then had said: "Dear me, my wheat will be spoiled if I do not gather it in. I shall ask my hired man to come and begin to cut it very soon."

Mother Lark only smiled. "My chickies," she said, "we have nothing to worry about. The hired man has so many things to do that he will not have time to disturb us in our home."

Sure enough, it happened just as Mother Lark had foretold. The days passed quietly until the little larks, big and strong, were able to go in search of their own food.

Then one day came Farmer Brown, and, looking at his field, cried in dismay: "To-morrow morning at sunrise, I shall come myself and cut down this wheat."

When Mother Lark heard this, she gathered her flock together and said: "Children, now the time has come to fly away. So long as a man waits for others to do his work, there is little chance that much will be accomplished. But now that the farmer has decided to gather in his wheat himself, it is high time for us to look out for a new home."

So the larks all flew away to a field across the river. Any one passing the next day might have seen Farmer Brown hard at work, with nearly all his grain cut. Mother Lark was right. Fortunately for her family, Farmer Brown had not taken matters into his own hands until the larks were so well grown that they no longer needed the protection of his long grass.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Tell why the meadow lark was called wise.
2. Where did the larks make their nest? Did the farmer know that the nest was in his field?
3. What benefit did the lark family receive from the farmer's delay?
4. Tell any part of the story which does not seem true to you.
5. Tell about birds' nests you have seen. Tell about young birds you have watched learning to fly. Tell about mother birds you have seen caring for their chicks.

READING GAME

Arrange and number these sentences to show the order in which the events took place in the story.

Farmer Brown took matters in his own hands.
The lark raised her family in a meadow.
The lark told her chicks not to be frightened.
Farmer Brown told his hired man to cut the wheat.
Farmer Brown asked the neighbors to cut the wheat.
The lark and her family moved away.

READING GROUPS OF WORDS

Look at each of the groups of words as if they were single words. Close your eyes and say them.

1. in a meadow
2. by a grassy lane
3. day after day
4. out of the shells
5. by a farmer
6. busy as usual
7. to her nest
8. in great excitement
9. to cut down the wheat
10. in this field
11. nothing to worry about
12. so many things to do
13. in their pleasant home
14. hard at work

6. THE INDUSTRIOUS CATERPILLAR

KATHERINE PYLE

Notice the four parts into which this story is divided. What is each part about?

I

A caterpillar had crawled up on a twig. It fastened itself tightly on the twig by its hind legs and began twisting itself and weaving its head up and down. Every time the caterpillar's head moved, it left something behind that looked like a glistening thread of silk.

An ant that was crawling along the branch stopped and asked with wonder, "What in the world are you doing?"

The caterpillar paused to rest for a moment. Bending and doubling itself in that way was hard work. "I'm making a house," it said.

"Making a house!" cried the ant.

A bee that had lighted close by began to buzz with laughter. "Will you tell me, if you please, what sort of house that is?" he cried.

"The only sort of house I know how to make," the caterpillar answered humbly.

"I never heard of anything so absurd. Why don't you hunt about and find a hollow tree, or a good hive, and live in that? Then you would be safe."

"Or you might find a hole under a stone," added the ant. "That's a very good place."

The caterpillar shook his head. "This is the only sort of house I know how to make," it repeated. Then it set to work again.

The bee and the ant went their ways.

"A poor sort of house indeed," each thought to himself.

But the caterpillar went on working.

Up and down, up and down its head moved, weaving and weaving. Now the silk was like a thin, silvery veil. Through the veil the caterpillar could still be seen working away.

At last the veil grew so thick that the caterpillar could not be seen at all. One could only guess that it might still be at work inside.

II

After a while the bee came by that way again. It stopped and looked the little house all over. Then it flew down to the ant-hill. "Miss Ant, Miss Ant, come out here," it buzzed. "I've such a joke to tell you."

The ant stuck its head up from the hill.

"Such a joke! That caterpillar we were watching has finished its house, and has forgotten to leave any door," and the bee buzzed very loud.

"That's too bad," said the ant, "I'm afraid it will starve."

But the caterpillar did not die. It was not even hungry. It was fast asleep in its tiny cocoon house. While it slept, the sun shone or the rain beat, but the snug and dark house let in neither sun nor rain.

If any one had opened the cocoon he would have found a wonderful thing. Inside the hard, gray outside shell was a lining as soft as silk, and still inside of this was something—what was it? Not a caterpillar, not a moth either. If one looked carefully, he could see tiny wings folded closely down each side of folded legs, and the shape of feathery antennæ such as moths have, but these, too, folded closely down. All were sealed together in a brown, soft skin. This thing was what we call a pupa.

Days and nights passed. At last what had once been the caterpillar began to stir and wake.

"How strange I feel! How strange I feel!" said the thing to itself. "I must have light and air."

One end of the cocoon was very soft and loose. Through this end that which had once been the caterpillar pushed its way out into the air.

III

Oh, how weak it felt! Fastened to it on each side were two crumpled wet things, which it began to move feebly up and down. As it moved them it felt

its strength growing and the crumpled things began to spread and dry. Broader and broader they spread until they were strong velvety wings, two on each side. They were of the most beautiful soft brown color, with a pinkish border along the edges. In the middle of each of the lower wings was a glistening spot like the "eye" spot on a peacock's feather.

This was no caterpillar; it was a beautiful winged moth.

Presently the moth walked from the twig down upon the gray cocoon, within which it had lain so long. Then it spread its wings and floated softly off through the air and down to the earth. It did not fly far, for it did not yet have its full strength.

IV

When the moth alighted, where should it be but on the ant-hill. The little ant was very busy there, tugging at twigs and leaves, and hunting for food. The ant stopped work to stare with awe at the wonderful stranger. "You beautiful thing, where did you come from?"

"Don't you remember the caterpillar that made a house on the twig above?"

"Oh, yes, poor thing, it must have died long ago," said the ant. "I went up there once or twice to see if I could help, but I heard no sound nor stir."

"I am that caterpillar," said the moth gently.

"WELL, WELL! SO THAT WAS WHAT YOU WERE ABOUT"

The ant stared and wondered. "I was once a pupa myself," it cried. "But I did not hatch out with such wings as those."

Just then who should come buzzing by but the very bee that had laughed at the caterpillar's house. The bee, too, stopped to gaze at the wonderful stranger. When the bee learned that this moth was that very caterpillar, it buzzed for wonder: "Well, well! so that was what you were about, growing wings in your queer house!"

But the moth stirred itself, "Now I must go. I must find a shelter under a rock or in some hollow tree until the sun goes down. But to-night—ah, to-night! Then I shall come out to fly wheresoever I will."

So the moth waved its great wings and flew softly and noiselessly away out of sight.

The ant and the bee sat looking after it. "And to think," cried the bee, "that we should not have understood what the caterpillar was doing! After all, every one knows his own business best."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Read Part I again, and make a title for it. Do the same with the other parts.
2. What does the moth change into? Find pictures of a moth to show the class. Tell about moths you have seen.

3. Tell what the ant thought. Tell what the bee said to the caterpillar.
4. How did the caterpillar show that he was industrious?
5. Ask one of the teachers in your school to draw a picture of a caterpillar's house. Show it to the class.

READING TEST

Put the figures 1 to 5 on your paper. After each figure write the word or words which fit in the blanks below. Look over the selection as much as you need.

a. The caterpillar fastened itself to the twig by its (1) .....
b. The silk made by the caterpillar was like a (2) .....
c. The caterpillar did not leave any (3) ..... in its house.
d. Inside the house the caterpillar turned into a (4) .....
e. The moth began to move its (5) ..... up and down.

VOLUNTEER READING

The Autobiography of a Butterfly, Agnes M. Daulton. Rand.

7. YOUNG DANDELION

DINAH M. MULOCK

If you have ever helped to keep dandelions out of the lawn, you may not think that this is a pleasant poem, but you will know that it is true. Be ready to tell the meaning of the poem.

Young dandelion
On a hedge side;
Said young Dandelion,
"Who'll be my bride?

"I'm a bold fellow
As ever was seen,

With my shield of yellow,
In the grass green.

"You may uproot me
From field and from lane,
Trample me, cut me,—
I spring up again.

"I never flinch, sir,
Wherever I dwell;
Give me an inch, sir,
I'll soon take an ell.

"Drive me from garden
In anger and pride,
I'll thrive and harden
By the roadside.

"Not a bit fearful,
Showing my face,
Always so cheerful
In every place."

Said young Dandelion,
With a sweet air,
"I have my eye on
Miss Daisy fair.

"Though we may tarry
Till past the cold,

Her will I marry
  Ere I grow old.

"I will protect her
  From all kinds of harm,
Feed her with nectar,
  Shelter her warm.

"Whate'er the weather,
  Let it go by;
We'll hold together,
  Daisy and I.

"I'll ne'er give in,—no!
  Nothing I fear:
All that I win, oh!
  I'll keep for my dear."

Said young Dandelion
  On his hedge side,
"Who'll me rely on?
  Who'll be my bride?"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Read the foreword on page 54, and explain whether or not "Young Dandelion" belongs in this unit.
2. You have heard a violet called a "modest" flower. Miss Mulock calls the dandelion a "bold" flower. Try to tell why one is "modest" and the other "bold."

3. Tell about other flowers that are very hard to kill. What flowers or plants or weeds in your town spring up again, no matter how many times uprooted?
4. Do dandelions and daisies grow in your community? Do they grow near each other? Why would Daisy be a fitting wife for Dandelion?

READING ALOUD

Think of young Dandelion as a brave, strong fellow. Read these lines as he might have said them:

1. I am a bold fellow.
2. Who'll be my bride?
3. I never flinch, sir.
4. I will protect her.
5. I'll never give in.
6. Who'll me rely on?

Read them as if Dandelion were a weak, timid, shrinking little fellow.

Read the entire poem to bring out the bold spirit of Dandelion.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—Fairy Stories, Myths, and Fables.

"Christmas Cuckoo," by Frances Browne, in *Granny's Wonderful Chair*. Macmillan.

"Peter and the Witch of the Wood," by Anna Wahlenberg, in *Old Swedish Fairy Tales*. Penn.

"The Gold Ducat," by Anna Wahlenberg, *ibid.*

"How Jack Found the Giant Riverrath," by Eunice Fuller, in *The Book of Friendly Giants*. Century.

"The Fisherman and His Wife," by The Brothers Grimm, in *Popular Stories*. Oxford.

The Wind Boy. Ethel Cook Eliot. Doubleday.

"The Wild Swans," by Elizabeth V. Quinn, in *Stokes' Wonder Book of Fairy Tales*. Stokes.

"The Twelve Wild Ducks," by Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen, in *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon*. Rowe.

8. THE LITTLE MINUTE-MAN

HENRY C. PAINE

This story is written about the war in which our country won its independence. Some of the soldiers in that war were called "minute-men," because they were ready to fight at a minute's notice. See why the boy in the story is called a minute-man.

All during the winter Brinton had said what he would do if the enemy came. He had grieved because his age, which was eight, prevented him from going with his father to fight under General Washington.

Every night, when his mother tucked him in his bed and kissed him good-night, he told her not to be afraid, because he had promised his father to protect her.

His plan of action, if the enemy suddenly appeared, changed somewhat from day to day, but in general consisted of a bold show of force at the front gate and an attack by Towser, the dog. Should this fail to frighten the enemy, he planned to retire behind a stone fort he had built on the lawn, between the two tall elms, and to fire stones at the invaders until they fell back, while his mother would look on and encourage him from the front porch.

When the redcoats unexpectedly appeared in the distance one afternoon in May, what Brinton really did was to run helter-skelter down the road, up the

broad path to the house, through the front hall into the library, close the door, and then peep out of the window to watch them go by.

When he first caught sight of the soldiers, Brinton was sure that there was at least a regiment of them. When they were opposite the front gate, he could see only a corporal and three privates. Instead of keeping on their way, however, they turned up the path toward the house. It seemed to Brinton that they were the largest men he had ever seen.

His mother was away for the day and had taken Towser with her. This, together with the fact that the enemy was now between him and his fort, entirely spoiled Brinton's plan of campaign. He decided to seek at once some safer spot, and there to plan something to meet the changed conditions. When he started to run out of the room, he found that in his hurry he had left the front door open; any one in the hall would be in plain sight of the soldiers, who were now very near.

Unfortunately there was no other door by which Brinton could leave the room. What was worse, there was no closet in which he could hide. The soldiers were now so near that he could hear their voices. A glance through the window showed him that two of them were going to the back of the house, as if to cut off any possible escape in that direction.

His mother would not be back until six o'clock!

His eyes sought the face of the tall timepiece in the corner. It was just three o'clock. He could hear the soldiers' steps on the front porch!

The clock!

Surely there was room within it for a small boy. In less time than it takes to write it, Brinton was inside and had turned the button with which the door was fastened. As he pressed himself close against the door, so that the pendulum might have enough space to swing behind him, he heard the corporal enter the room. He knew the soldier must be the corporal, because he ordered the other man to go upstairs and look around while he himself searched the room on the other side of the hall.

Brinton could hear the footsteps of the men as they walked about the house, and their voices as they talked to each other. Then all was quiet for a long time. He was just on the point of peeping out when all four men entered the room.

"Well," said the voice of the corporal, "it is plain that no one is here. He's probably started back for camp, and the wife and the boy with him. I don't believe in paying attention to what those Tories say. How did they know the Major was coming home today, anyhow?"

No one answered him. Perhaps he didn't expect an answer.

The Major! Brinton's own father! He must be

coming home! This, then, was the surprise that his mother had said she would bring him when she went off with Towser in the morning to Colonel Shepard's. Those redcoats were going to sit there and wait until father came, and then—Brinton did not know what would happen, whether he would be shot on the spot, or only put in prison for the rest of his life.

If he could only get out and run to meet his father and warn him! But the men seemed to give no signs of leaving the room.

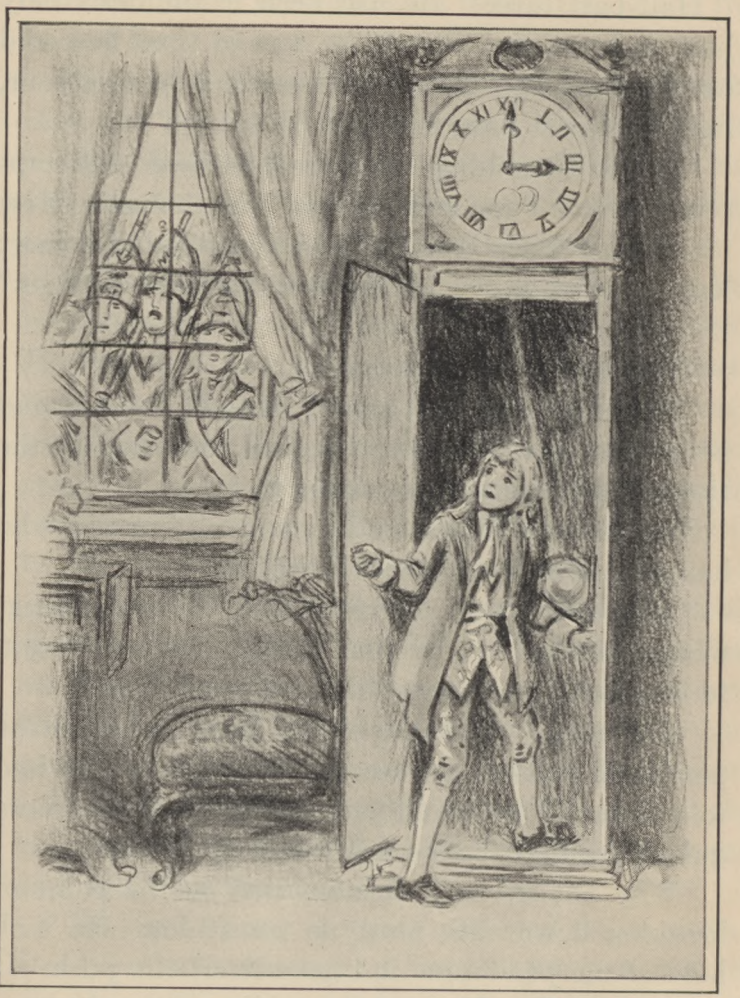
"Perhaps he hasn't come at all yet," suggested one of the privates.

"Perhaps he hasn't," answered the voice of the corporal; "but why, then, wouldn't his folks be here waiting for him? However, I'll give him every chance. It's now twenty-five minutes after three. I'll give him until six, but if he doesn't turn up by then, we'll start away without him."

"Six o'clock!" thought the boy in the clock. The very time his mother had told him she was going to be home again "with something very nice for him." Now his mother and father would walk right into the arms of the dreadful British soldiers, and he could not stop them!

Whang!

A loud noise startled Brinton so much that he nearly knocked the clock over; then he realized that the clock was only striking half-past three.



IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO WRITE IT, BRINTON WAS INSIDE

Half-past three! He had been in the clock only half an hour, and already he was so tired he could hardly stand up. How could he ever stay until four, until half-past four, five, six?

"If only something, some accident even, will happen to detain Papa and Mamma!" he thought. How much more likely that his father, having but a short leave of absence, would hasten and arrive before six?

"Tick-tock," went the clock.

"How slow, how very slow!" thought Brinton, and he wished there was some way of hurrying up the time so that the soldiers would go away.

Still the men stayed in the room, all but one, who had gone into the kitchen to watch.

"Tick-tock," went the clock, and "Whang-whang-whang-whang!" Only four o'clock. Brinton began to fear that he could not hold out much longer.

"Tick-tock!" went the clock. Each swing of the pendulum marked one second, Brinton's mother had told him. If he could only make it swing more quickly, so that the seconds would fly faster!

"Why not try to?" Brinton was on the point of breaking down. He must do something. He took hold of the pendulum and gave it a little push. It yielded readily. None of the soldiers seemed to notice. He gave the pendulum another push. The result was the same. Beginning to pick up courage,

Brinton pushed the pendulum to and fro, to and fro, to and fro.

He tried to keep it swinging at a perfectly even rate, and apparently he succeeded. At any rate the soldiers seemed to notice nothing different. Yet Brinton was sure that he was causing the clock to tick off its seconds much faster than usual.

Half-past four came almost before he knew it, but by five o'clock Brinton began to be very, very tired. He had been standing two hours in the cramped, dark case. He had pushed the pendulum first with one hand and then with the other in that narrow space until both felt sore and lame. Yet now that he had once begun, he did not dare leave off, and still he did not think that he could keep it up.

The soldiers had kept very quiet for a long time. Brinton thought that two of them must be napping. At five o'clock the soldier who was awake aroused the corporal and the other private, whom the corporal sent to relieve the man on guard in the kitchen.

"I must have slept mighty sound," remarked the corporal. "I'd never believe I'd been asleep an hour, if I didn't see the clock."

"No signs of any one yet," reported the man who had been in the kitchen. "Are you going to wait till six o'clock?"

"Yes," answered the corporal. "But no longer."

Then they began talking about the British fleet in

Long Island Sound, and about the ship on which they were living until they could join the main body of the army. They spoke of a neighbor of Brinton's father and mother who had been down at the store when a ship's boat had put in for water. They told how the neighbor had explained what a fine chance they would have to make an important capture.

The clock struck half-past five.

"H'm!" grunted the corporal. "It doesn't seem that late! but, you know, you can't tell about anything in this country."

Brinton now began to be very much afraid that his father would come before the soldiers left. He wanted to move the pendulum faster and faster, but after what the corporal had said he did not dare to. Then, when the men lapsed into silence, the thought suddenly came over Brinton how dreadfully weary he was, how all his bones ached, and how much, how very much, he wanted to cry. But he felt that his father's only chance for safety lay in keeping the pendulum swinging to and fro, to and fro.

At last, came the welcome sound of the corporal's voice bidding the men get ready to start.

Whang-whang-whang-whang-whang-whang!

"Fall in!" ordered the corporal. "Forward march!"

As the sound of their footsteps died away, Brinton opened the door of the clock and stumbled out. He knelt at the window and watched the redcoats.

As they disappeared down the road, he heard a noise behind him and jumped up with a start.

There stood his father!

The next instant Brinton was sobbing in his arms.

Brinton's mother came into the room. "Dear me!" she said; "what ever came to be the matter with the clock? It's half an hour fast."

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Explain why Brinton is called a minute-man. Tell about the danger to his father.
2. How long did the soldiers plan to wait?
3. Explain what Brinton did to the clock. What was his chief difficulty?
4. Was Brinton frightened? Read parts to prove your answer. Read parts to prove that he controlled himself.
5. What was the real time when the soldiers left? Tell how you decided the time.
6. If any of you know about grandfathers' clocks in your town, tell about them. Can you find when they were made?
7. Close your eyes and see the picture of Brinton in the clock. First think of the *size* of the clock; then of the *darkness;* then of the *pendulum;* then of how Brinton *stood* to move the pendulum faster. What other details can you *see?*

LETTERS TO WRITE

1. A letter by Brinton's father telling the events in the story.
2. A letter by Brinton himself telling how frightened he was.
3. A letter by Brinton's mother to her mother, telling about the boy's pluck.

9. THE HONEST WOODMAN

AN OLD PARABLE

This fable, as the title says, is about honesty. Find how the honest man showed self-control, and how the dishonest man failed to show self-control.

Start reading at a given signal, and try to read this story in two and one-half minutes.

A woodman, while felling a tree on the bank of a river, by chance let his axe slip into the water. The poor woodman was greatly distressed and cried aloud, "What shall I do? What shall I do? Poor man that I am!"

Instantly the god, Mercury, who was guarding the river, appeared before him and inquired the cause of his distress.

"My axe!" cried the woodman. "It has fallen into the river."

Upon hearing this Mercury dived to the bottom of the river and soon reappeared bearing a beautiful golden axe. Showing it to the woodman, he asked, "Is this your axe?"

"Alas, no," exclaimed the poor man. "My axe was not so fine as this one."

Placing the golden axe on the bank of the river, Mercury again dived to the bottom of the river in search of the lost axe. This time he brought up with him a shining silver axe. "Here is your axe!" he cried

HE WAS DELIGHTED AND CRIED OUT EAGERLY, "THAT IS MINE!"

as he neared the woodman. But the woodman shook his head and looked very sad.

Mercury, placing the silver axe beside the golden one, bade the woodman be of good cheer and dived a third time into the river. This time he returned bearing the very axe which the man had lost. When the woodman saw his own axe, he was delighted and cried out eagerly, "That is mine!"

Mercury gave him his axe and, pleased with the man's honesty, picked up the other two—the gold one and the silver one—and carried them to him also, saying, "These are yours also. Take them as gifts from the gods."

Overwhelmed with joy, the woodman clasped the wonderful new treasures in his arms. When he looked up to thank his benefactor, Mercury was gone. The woodman hastened into the village and told his friends of his good fortune, displaying his treasures with pride to prove the truth of his story.

Early the next day one of the men who had heard the story hurried away to the bank of the river at which the woodman had received his good fortune and pretended to be cutting down a tree. Very soon he purposely let his axe fall into the river. Then he sat down on the bank and began to make a great show of weeping. Mercury immediately appeared, as he had in the woodman's story, and asked, "Why do you weep, my good man?"

"My axe slipped into the river," wailed the man.

Mercury dived at once into the water and returned with a golden axe such as he had brought to the first woodman. "Is this your axe?" he inquired.

The man eagerly grasped for the treasure crying, "Aye, indeed this is my very axe!"

Mercury, angry at his deceit, tossed the golden axe back into the stream and disappeared. Thus the greedy man lost both the golden treasure he so desired and his own axe as well.

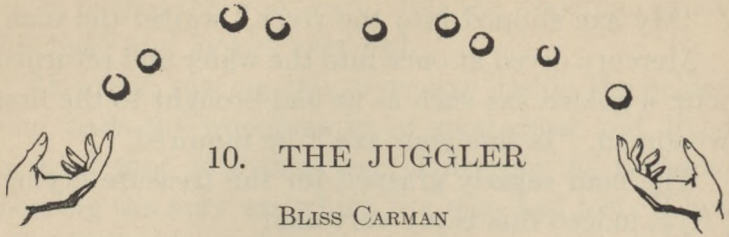
CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Describe the difference between the first and the second man in the parable. What did one control, and what did the other fail to control?
2. Express the meaning of the parable in one sentence.

THINGS TO DO

1. Read one of the parables in the Bible.
2. Make up a parable, using one of these suggestions:
   (*a*) Kindness: two girls playing "house."
   (*b*) Fair play: two boys playing "marbles."
   (*c*) Steadfastness: two pupils studying "geography,"
   (*d*) Honesty: making change after a purchase.
   (*e*) Hard work: solving a hard arithmetic problem.
   (*f*) Thrift: boys distributing newspapers.
   (*g*) Courage: players in a football game.
3. Form committees, and dramatize any of the parables you make up, under 2.



10. THE JUGGLER

BLISS CARMAN

Make pictures of the juggler in your mind's eye as you read this poem.

Look how he throws them up and up,
The beautiful golden balls!
They hang aloft in the purple air,
And there never is one that falls.

He sends them hot from his steady hand,
He teaches them all their curves;
And whether the reach be little or long,
There never is one that swerves.

Some, like the tiny red one there,
He never lets go far;
And some he has sent to the roof of the tent,
To swim without a jar.

So white and still they seem to hang,
You wonder if he forgot
To reckon the time of their return
And measure their golden lot.

Can it be that, hurried or tired out,
The hand of the juggler shook?
O never you fear, his eye is clear,
He knows them all like a book.

And they will home to his hand at last,
For he pulls them by a cord
Finer than silk and strong as fate,
That is just the bid of his word.

Was there ever such a sight in the world?
Like a wonderful winding skein,—
The way he tangles them up together
And ravels them out again!

He has so many moving now,
You can hardly believe your eyes;
And yet they say he can handle twice
The number when he tries.

You take your choice and give me mine,
I know the one for me,
It's that great bluish one low down
Like a ship's light out at sea.

It has not moved for a minute or more.
The marvel that it can keep
As if it had been set there to spin
For a thousand years asleep!

If I could have him at the inn
All by myself some night,—
Inquire his country, and where in the world
He came by that cunning sleight!

Where do you guess he learned the trick
To hold us gaping here,
Till our minds in the spell of his maze almost
Have forgotten the time of year?

One never could have the least idea.
Yet why be disposed to twit
A fellow who does such wonderful things
With the merest lack of wit?

Likely enough, when the show is done
And the balls all back in his hand,
He'll tell us why he is smiling so,
And we shall understand.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Tell the class of the clearest picture you made of the juggler, with your mind's eye, as you read.
2. See how many colors you can find in the poem; how many sounds?
3. Show the class a trick you know.
4. Tell about jugglers you have seen in a circus.

5. Make up a question to ask your classmates about this poem. Make a class list of questions on the black board.

WORDS TO EXPLAIN

Look up the meaning of the following words, in the glossary on page 425: swerves, reckon, skein, marvel, sleight, gaping, maze, twit, wit.

Write five sentences, using in each sentence one of the nine words in the list. Compare results.

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF BEING RELIABLE

1. Number the lines on your page 1–10.
   Write *no* after each number which, in the list below, heads a false statement: write *yes* after each number that heads a true statement. When you have finished compare your answers.
   1. The steadfast fir tree became a flag pole.
   2. The birds were friendly to the steadfast pine tree.
   3. The geese talked too much and were killed.
   4. The wise meadow lark was frightened when the farmer asked his neighbors to cut his grass.
   5. The ant and the bee did not know what a good home is.
   6. The ant and the bee admired the caterpillar.
   7. The young dandelion did not care for the daisy.
   8. The juggler never dropped a ball.
   9. Brinton's father hid in the clock.
   10. Mercury rewarded the two woodmen in the same way.
2. *Choose the right meaning.* Play this game with words that you have read in this unit, Being Reliable. Write the sentences, choosing the word which makes the correct meaning.
   1. *A dandelion* is a grain a flower an animal a star.
   2. *Steadfast* means happy strong swift steady.

3. *Rustling* means running laughing sounding leaping.
4. *Boughs* grow on houses churches trees roofs.
5. *Sunrise* comes at night at noon in the morning at evening.
6. *A caterpillar* is a worm an animal a bird an insect.
7. *A peacock* is a mansion a barn a fowl a beast.
8. *Nectar* is something red sweet loud sour.
9. *A treasure* is a burden a rich gift a puzzle a monster.
10. *A benefactor* is one who does harm sings too loudly speaks crossly helps others.

3. Arrange in alphabetical order twenty of the words in the lists given in 2 above. If you know the alphabet this is easy. When must you look at the second letters in two words to decide which word should be written first?

4. Read again one of the stories named below. Select the story that you enjoyed most. Then carry out the suggestion made.
   1. "A Story of the Forest," p. 59. What happened to the tree after the Christmas celebration was over?
   2. "The Tortoise and the Geese," p. 74. Tell the story as one of the geese might have told it.
   3. "The Industrious Caterpillar," p. 81. Tell the story as the ant, or as the bee, might have told it.
   4. "Young Dandelion," p. 85. Write a stanza or two telling how Miss Daisy might have refused to be the bride of Dandelion.
   5. "The Little Minute-Man," p. 91. Tell the story as the clock might have told it.

5. *Write a letter.*—Imagine that the author of the selection you enjoyed most lived in your city. Write a letter to the author, telling him what you liked in his poem or story.

Perhaps your class can make a portfolio of these letters to hang up on the school bulletin-board.

6. *What sounds can you hear?* Play the game of finding *sounds* by keeping a list of sounds, like this:

"A Story of the Forest," page 59.

1. The rustling of the forest, line 1.
2. The wind in the branches of the trees, like the sound of an organ, line 3.
3. The dropping of the pine cones, line 5.
4.
5.
6.

Find other groups of words which tell about sounds in any selection in this unit.

7. See how many *colors* you can find in "A Story of the Forest," page 59, and in "A Wise Meadow Lark," page 77. Divide the class into two teams, and each team try to find the most colors in one of the selections. A color may be *named*, or something in the story may make you *think of a color*. Use both kinds in your contest.
8. Which story in this unit shows best:

1. Speaking truthfully.
2. Keeping quiet.
3. Waiting patiently.
4. Being dependable—always the same.
5. Doing one's own work, not leaving it for others.
6. Correcting one's own mistakes.
7. Staying on a hard job.
8. Practising to gain skill.

Number your papers 1–8, and write the titles of the stories you select.

"PRINCE GREAT HEART HAS BROUGHT ME THE TREASURE OF GREATEST WORTH" [*See p.* 119]

FRIENDLINESS

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

FRIENDLINESS AND KINDNESS

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed:
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt.
But I'll help you and you'll help me,
Then what a splendid drift we'll be."

So it is with people. "Help one another;" then what a splendid world we'll have.

We see many acts of helpfulness around us each day. A kind boy protects a younger child or aids a wounded animal; a generous girl shares her toys or books with others; a thoughtful child is quick to make another comfortable; a cheerful person smiles and sings when everything seems to go wrong: all these are helpful.

Of course bigger opportunities for helpfulness come all the while, but the plan of the snowflakes, "I'll help you and you'll help me," never fails to make the world a happier place; for "in seeking the pleasure of others we fill to the full our own measure."

READ A BOOK

1. *Mother West Wind's Neighbors*, by Thornton W. Burgess. Little.
   Stories of animals who behave like human beings.
2. *Sitka*, by Allen Chaffee. Bradley.
   A polar bear is the chief character in this story of Alaska.
3. *In Field and Pasture*, by Maude B. Dutton. American.
   Stories about a Pueblo girl, children of the Nile, a Navajo boy, a Cuban boy, and children of Tibet, Russia, Norway, and the Alps.
4. *Greylight*, by Anne Bosworth Greene. Century.
   The story of a Shetland pony and his friends.
5. *Book of Friendly Giants*, by Eunice Fuller. Century.
   The kindly giants are very good humored—friends in fairy land.
6. *Doctor Dolittle's Zoo*, by Hugh Lofting. Stokes.
   Dr. Dolittle established an ideal town in which great interest centers around the Rat and Mouse Club.
7. *Chi-Wee and Loki*, by Grace P. Moon. Doubleday.
   The adventures of an Indian girl and boy who live on the mesa.
8. *Nicholas, a Manhattan Christmas Story*, by Anna C. Moore. Putnam.
   A story of New York City, a fairy land as seen by a Dutch boy who had recently come to America.
9. *Hollow Tree and Deepwoods Book*, by Albert B. Paine. Harper.
   A crow, a coon, and a 'possum have adventures in the deepwood.
10. *Magic Forest*, by Stewart E. White. Macmillan.
    Adventures of a small boy among friendly Indians in a Canadian forest.
11. *The Black-Eyed Puppy*, by Katherine Pyle. Dutton.
    Many misfortunes befell the puppy before he became Tommy's dog.
12. *The Irish Twins*, by Lucy Fitch Perkins. Houghton.
    The Irish twins found a way to help earn money enough to come to America to live.
13. *Uncle Remus and His Friends*, Joel C. Harris. Houghton.
    Uncle Remus's animals talk and act much like people.
14. *Jataka Tales*, by Ellen C. Babbitt. Century.
    Tales in which kindness of animals is shown.

CLASS LIBRARY READINGS

1. "I Would Like You for a Comrade," Judge Parry, *A Treasury of Verse for Little Children*, 36.
2. "The Four Sunbeams," M. K. B., *ibid.*, 96–97.
3. "A Friend in the Garden," Juliana H. Ewing, *ibid.*, 107.
4. "Why the Robin's Breast is Red," *Up One Pair of Stairs in My Bookhouse*, 35–38.
5. "Friends," Abbie F. Brown, *ibid.*, 160.
6. "Old Johnny Appleseed," *ibid.*, 323–327.
7. "Gessing Comes Home," C. Morley, *Puppy Dogs' Tales.* 35–36.
8. "The Runaway Puppies," L. Wennington, *ibid.*, 53–56.
9. "Squanto and His Friends," Frances Kent, *ibid.*, 73–74.
10. "How a Lamb Made Friends," L. A. Large, *ibid.*, 217–221.
11. "Lumpety," Katherine Pyle, *Stories of Our Humble Friends*, 138–156. American.
12. "Graywings," *ibid.*, 183–188.
13. "An Interrupted Vacation," E. W. Frentz, *Uncle Zeb and His Friends*, 35–39. Atlantic.
14. "Phœbe Ann's Christmas Tree," *ibid.*, 40–45.
15. "Lemonade Sandy," *ibid.*, 71–74.
16. "The Telltale Tile," Olive T. Miller, *Children's Book of Christmas Stories*, 36–47. Doubleday.
17. "The Bird's Christmas," F. E. Mann, *ibid.*, 120–125.
18. "The Philanthropist's Christmas," James W. Linn, *ibid.*, 216–229.
19. "The First Thanksgiving," Margaret Pumphrey, *Happy Holidays*, 68–76.
20. "The Soldier's Reprieve," *ibid.*, 155–160.
21. "The Selfish Giant," Oscar Wilde, *ibid.*, 224–231.
22. "What the Crawfishes Had to Say," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 3 : 916–917.
23. "The Story of Fleetfoot, the Deer," *ibid.*, 3 : 982–985.
24. "How to be Good to your Pets," *ibid.*, 7 : 2755–2756.

III. FRIENDLINESS AND KINDNESS

1. THE MOST PRECIOUS TREASURE

CAROLYN S. BAILEY

Before you read the story discuss treasures of great worth. Read to see what the king in the story considered of most worth. Do you agree with him?

Once upon a time, an important king was growing old and gray. He had three sons, Prince Proud, Prince Charming, and Prince Great Heart, all fine, good boys. For that reason it was hard to decide which should wear the crown after the king was gone.

Prince Proud stood up very straight as he held a standard beside his father's throne on days of the council. His eyes were blue and his golden hair was bright and shining in the sunlight. Prince Proud would make a very good king indeed, the court thought.

Prince Charming was very kind and thoughtful of the happiness and comfort of every one. Dressed in a red velvet suit and holding his brown head high, he went about the throne room upon the days of the council, saying pleasant words to all the lords and ladies. Every one thought that Prince Charming would make a very gracious king.

Prince Great Heart was the youngest and smallest of the three Princes. Sometimes his father thought that he was strangely different from his brothers. Prince Great Heart once changed his beautiful blue silk suit for the brown cotton smock of a little plowboy because, as he explained, he wanted to see if the plowboy's clothes would fit him. On the days of the King's council, which, every one knew, were the most important days of all, it was often hard to find Prince Great Heart. He would be off with the court pages, playing with the plowboys, or watching the ways of the brown squirrels and red foxes that lived in the forest about the palace. "Little wandering Great Heart will not make a king at all," said certain people of the court; and at times his father wondered if they were not right.

One morning at sunrise the king called his sons into his bedchamber.

"I am growing older each day, my Princes," he said, "and less able to rule over my kingdom. I must choose one of you to take my place. To do this, I will test you. Start out at once, Prince Proud, Prince Charming, and Prince Great Heart. Take with you only your day's food; search the kingdom for the most precious treasure. What this is, you must discover; whichever of you finds the most precious treasure and brings it to me shall wear my crown and rule in my stead."

The three Princes started out to find the most precious treasure of the kingdom. They were all greatly puzzled, for they had not the slightest idea what the treasure would be.

Prince Proud searched in the great city which was the capital of the kingdom, for he thought that everything of importance must be stored there.

Prince Charming went to the neighboring castles, for he thought that his friends would tell him how to find the most precious treasure of the kingdom.

But Prince Great Heart went away from the city and away from the court and down to the fields where the country people lived. No one could tell what he was thinking, for Great Heart's thoughts were very strange.

The day was long and busy for the three Princes. When night came, they hurried back to the palace, where the King waited for them on his great, shining throne. They knelt down at his feet, first, and then he bade them rise.

"Who has brought me the most precious treasure?" the King asked of the three.

"I have," shouted Prince Proud.

"No, I have," smiled Prince Charming.

But Prince Great Heart did not say a word.

"We shall see," said the King. "Show me." He pointed to Prince Proud, who drew from beneath his

cloak a gold casket. When the casket was opened, the light of a hundred precious stones flashed red, white, and violet.

"That is the treasure of the oldest miser in your kingdom," explained Prince Proud. "He instructed me to bring it to you."

"I HELPED HIM ALL DAY WITH THE PLOWING"

The King took the casket of jewels and laid it aside, shaking his head sorrowfully. Then he motioned to Prince Charming.

The Prince came forward and held up a gorgeous bit of filmy lace. It was as soft as a cloud and as fine as a spider's web and as beautiful in pattern as a snowflake.

"One of the Princesses made it with her own hands," Prince Charming said. "She'll wear it when

she is presented to you. I could find nothing more valuable."

The King touched the lace gently, but he shook his head again. "What has Great Heart brought?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Prince Great Heart, holding out two empty hands. "I had no time to search. I stopped at a plowboy's farm and helped him all day with the plowing. His father is sick and furrows must be dug for the wheat." Tears welled up in Great Heart's eyes.

"Come nearer, Great Heart," said the King. He took Great Heart's hands in his. In the palm was a large blister where he had held a plow handle all day.

"Prince Great Heart has brought me the treasure of greatest worth," said the King as he touched the spot tenderly. "He brings to the kingdom the marks of unselfish work."

So Great Heart wore the King's crown. Although, at first, the crown was very large for him, every one said that this did not matter in the least, for he would soon grow to it.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. From the list of treasures which follow, choose the three which the brothers brought before the king: beauty, strength, courage, kindness, wealth.

Prove your choices were correct by reading aloud parts of the story.

2. Which treasure did the king think of most worth? Do you agree with him? Give reasons.
3. Find the three statements in the list below which describe the ways the brothers went about their search. Name the prince who is described in each.
   a. He forgot self in being helpful.
   b. He was bold and daring.
   c. He depended upon others to think for him.
   d. He was selfish.
   e. He was too sure of himself.

STORY TELLING

Imagine that you are one of the three princes and tell about your search.

DRAMATIZATION

Plan a dramatization of the scene in the palace when the gifts are brought before the king.

1. Find that part of the story and reread it. Find out what characters you will need and the order of their appearance.
2. Choose pupils to take the character parts and suggest something in the room to be the gifts for the princes.
3. Ask the committee to go to a part of the room where they can work alone and decide the speeches and the way they will act the parts. They may reread the scene as many times as they need to.
4. As the committee acts the scene, think of ways to improve the play.
5. Discuss how the speeches and the acting may be improved. Reread parts of the story to explain your suggestions. Choose a committee to act the story for another class or for an assembly program.

2. LINCOLN'S KINDNESS

HAMILTON W. MABIE

Four stories about Lincoln's helpfulness are told in this selection. Place 1, 2, 3, 4, at the proper places to show where each new story begins.

"Six of us," says Mr. Speed, a boyhood friend of Mr. Lincoln, "were riding along a country road. We were passing through a thicket of wild plum and apple trees, and were strung along the road two and two together. Abraham Lincoln and his partner were behind. A violent wind storm had just occurred. Two young birds, too young to fly, blown from their nest by the storm, were lying by the roadside. The old bird was fluttering about and wailing as a mother ever does for her babies. Lincoln stopped, hitched his horse, caught the birds, hunted the nest, and placed them in it. The rest of us rode on to a creek, and while our horses were drinking, Lincoln's partner rode up. 'Where is Lincoln?' asked one.

" 'When I saw him last,' the friend replied, 'he had two little birds in his hand hunting for their nest.'

"In a few minutes Lincoln joined us. We laughed at him. But he said with much emphasis, 'Gentlemen, you may laugh, but I could not have slept well to-night if I had not saved those birds. Their cries would have rung in my ears.' "

When the Lincoln family moved to Illinois, they

plodded through muddy prairies and forded swollen streams in a big covered wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen. One afternoon about dusk, after they had waded through a creek filled with broken ice, they discovered that they had left behind them a little dog, a pet of the children. All the family, except Abraham, wanted to go on and leave the dog behind, as it was already late, and to go back with the oxen was out of the question. But Abraham saw the dog on the other bank, running up and down and yelping in distress; he would not go on and leave the animal. In speaking of this incident later, he said: "I could not endure the idea of deserting even a dog. So I pulled off my shoes and socks, waded across the stream, and returned with the shivering puppy under my arm. The dog's frantic leaps of joy and other signs of gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone."

Once, while Lincoln was a captain in the Black Hawk War, he stepped in and kept some soldiers, who believed that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian," from shooting an old redskin as a spy. When the angry soldiers threatened Lincoln for interfering, he replied, as he rolled up his sleeves: "I'll tell you what—I'll fight you all. You shan't touch this Indian. When an innocent man comes to me for help he's going to get it, if I have to lick all Sangamon County."

One morning when Lincoln was walking from his home to the state house at Springfield, he saw a child weeping at a gate. The girl had been promised a ride on the railroad. All had been arranged for her to meet a companion for the ride. The child had been

TOGETHER THEY "STEPPED OUT"

detained and found no one about to carry her trunk. Thinking that she must lose her train, she burst into fresh tears.

Her trunk was a small, toy box such as a little girl would need. Lincoln seemed very big to her as he stepped up to ask her why she was crying. His smile alone almost stopped her tears, and tears were completely dried when he said cheerily:

"Is that all? Pooh-pooh! Dry your eyes and step out."

He reached over the fence and picked up the tiny

trunk. He raised it on his shoulder with one hand, while he grabbed her by the other, as the train tooted in the distance. Together they "stepped out," the little girl, hair flying, towed along behind the stranger's long footsteps. They reached the station just as the train pulled in.

He put her on the car, and cheered her off with, "Now have a real good time with your aunt!"

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Where did you place the numbers for the different stories?
2. Suggest a title for each story.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Read the paragraphs below and choose one to act for the class. As each paragraph is acted, decide (1) which story in the selection it is from, (2) whether the paragraph is true to the story, and (3) whether it is well acted.

1. Lincoln climbed up the bank of the stream with the shivering puppy under his arm. He put the dog down and stood smiling at its frantic leaps of joy.
2. Lincoln stooped and carefully picked up the birds. He stood holding them tenderly in his hands as he looked about for the nest.
3. Lincoln was walking along the street when he spied a little girl weeping inside a gate near by. He stopped when he reached her, smiled and appeared to be asking her a question. He then quickly picked up her small trunk, put it on his shoulder with one hand, took hold of the girl's hand, and started in a rapid walk toward the station.

3. DAMON AND PYTHIAS

A Greek Myth

How did Damon and Pythias prove their friendship for each other?

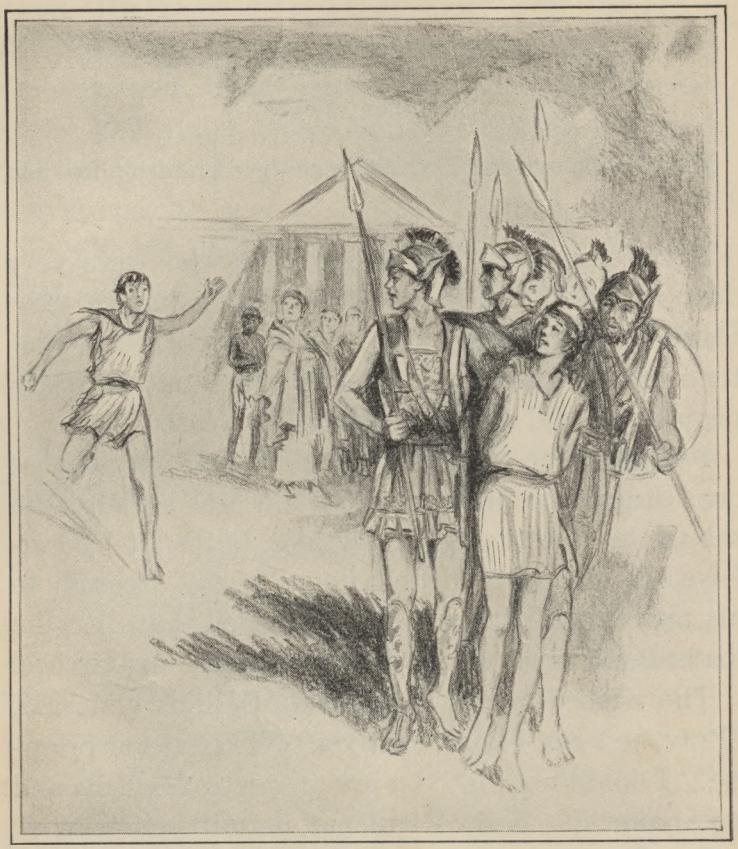
Many years ago two young men who were very dear friends lived in Syracuse. Their names were Damon and Pythias. The ruler of Syracuse at that time was a wicked tyrant who often put to death people who did anything which displeased him.

Pythias once displeased the tyrant. He was at once dragged to prison and the day was set when he should be put to death. Pythias begged to be allowed to go to his distant home to say farewell to his parents and friends. He promised that after he made the trip he would return and give up his life.

The wicked tyrant laughed at Pythias and said, "Pray, how can I know that you will keep your promise? I doubt not that you are trying to cheat me and save yourself. No! I will not permit you to go!"

But Damon was with Pythias. He spoke to the tyrant and said, "Grant the request of my friend, and I, Damon, will stay in prison until his return. He will return, for he has never broken his word. But if he is not here on the day set for him to die, I will die for him."

The tyrant was so surprised at the strange request



"HERE HE COMES! HERE HE COMES!"

that he let Pythias go, and put Damon into prison.

Pythias at once set out for home. Time passed. The day set for Pythias to die drew near, but not a word came from him. Damon, however, did not lose faith in his friend. "If Pythias does not come back,"

he said, "it will not be his fault. Something will have happened to him."

At last the day for the execution arrived. Still Pythias had not come. Damon was about to be led out of the prison to die for his friend, when soldiers came running up shouting, "Here he comes! Here he comes!"

Sure enough, there was Pythias, breathless and worn. Storms had delayed him so much that he feared that he would arrive too late. His face lighted with joy and relief when he saw that Damon was yet alive.

When the tyrant saw that Pythias had returned, he realized how strong was the love of the two friends. He was greatly moved, and gave orders that both men be set free.

"I would give all my wealth," he said, "to have one such friend."

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. How did Damon show his friendship for Pythias? How did Pythias show his friendship for Damon?
2. The king wished for one friend like Damon or Pythias. Can you suggest a reason why he had no such friend? Can you tell how to win such a friend?
3. Find lines in the story which you would read aloud:
   a. in an angry tone.
   b. in a confident tone.
   c. in a joyous tone.
   d. in a sad tone.
   e. in a pleading tone.

4. THE ONLY LION FARM IN THE WORLD

FRED G. JOPP

After you read the title of this story, close your book and think of questions you would like to ask the author. Write down at least one of the questions to ask your classmates after you read the story.

Within twenty-five miles of Hollywood there is a colony of screen and stage stars, most of whom are behind bars nearly all of the time. This is as it should be; for these stars are lions. In California, lions have lives of leisure, getting one good meal a day and finding a comfortable existence in the midst of a busy community.

The beasts have taken readily to the routine of civil life. They bother no one. Moreover, their numbers are gradually increasing, thanks to Charles Gay, the owner and trainer of the only lion farm in the world.

Gay served an apprenticeship in the greatest of wild-animal training quarters,—the Bostock Troupe of Europe. He came to Hollywood with ten years of animal-training experience and a bank account of only ten dollars. Like other motion-picture men of the early days, he had a hard struggle. But when Rosie, his first lioness, presented him with three baby lions, and later with four more, his big idea came.

A lion farm! Why not? Such a farm was different

and it was needed; therefore it would be a sure way to make money.

"To perfect the king of beasts, to give America a family of animal royalty, to take the place of the poor specimens so often seen in the zoos and parks of to-day,"—that was to be the life work of Mr. and Mrs. Gay.

From that idea came the great Gay Lion Farm at El Monte, California, where now live about eighty lions in all stages of development, from the roly-poly cubs to the great majestic creatures that roam the yards with haughty airs that leave no doubt of their high descent.

The lion, you learn from Mr. Gay, is merely a king in looks; for a lion has a big head with very little in it. There isn't any thinking brain in the front of the lion's skull.

Mr. Gay was very indignant when I asked him if he had ever shot a lion.

"I find no pleasure in killing animals," he answered.

"But are these lions happy shut up in cages?" I asked.

"Why not?" he asked. "Who of us is not shut up in a cage of one sort or another? We are all growing old in the struggle to get exactly what my lions have —safety, plenty of food and drink, shelter, and the certainty of protection in old age."

"But what would happen if one of your home-grown lions were turned loose in an African jungle?"

Gay replied that the lion so turned loose would starve to death in a week, if he were lucky enough to live that long. He would probably be killed by a jungle-bred lion in a few hours. Domesticated lions have been raised to be friendly with one another; and the manners of a wild lion are anything but friendly.

"A lion at birth is worth about three hundred and fifty dollars," continued Mr. Gay, "while a full-grown and trained specimen brings a price between thirty and fifty thousand dollars. Yearly we have calls for about two hundred lions. These are sold to zoos, parks, circuses, and for personal pets. You would be surprised at the number of people wanting lions for pets."

A mother lioness doesn't seem to know how to care for her babies. Mrs. Gay takes them away from her and brings them up on goat's milk, keeping them in box cradles placed out in the sun. While watching Mrs. Gay feed one of these romping babies, it is hard to believe that the tiny kitten will soon be a king of beasts.

"And," laughs Mrs. Gay, "when the babies are put on a meat diet, they immediately forget my care of them and turn to Mr. Gay instead. Is that

ingratitude or just their way of showing their independence?"

Even more amazing is Mr. Gay's association with his pets.

Perhaps you have seen the wild-animal trainer

IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE THESE TINY KITTENS SOON WILL BE KINGS OF BEASTS

who, when entering the cage, snaps his whip to make the lions roar and snarl. Wild animals are in fear of such a trainer, for they know from past experience that he is in the cage to force them to go through their tricks, usually with the whip. When the moment comes that the trainer is off guard for a second, the lion may attack him. Because of such happenings, you may think that all caged animals are dangerous, when really they are not dangerous, but are frightened out of their wits.

No cruelty is allowed at the Gay Lion Farm. When Mr. Gay enters a den—and usually a den has from

five to twenty lions—he has nothing in his hand but a tiny switch, six inches in length, a switch that the most cowardly dog wouldn't be afraid of. He has no weapons concealed on his person and no attendants stand outside the wire cage with pitchfork or rifle.

The reason is easily understood when you know what the "Gay" trademark on a lion means. That trademark is branded on the lion's brain and not on his hide. It is—*kindness and faith!*

The great beasts merely walk up to Gay and rub their big heads against him as dogs or horses would. No snarling or other by-play takes place. The Gay lions are as tame as your own dogs or cats. Perhaps this can be shown better by Mr. Gay's motion-picture work.

When the Gay lions are on the movie set, they are always surrounded by a crowd of players who pet them without the least fear. However, petting by strangers is Mr. Gay's chief worry. He watches the lions with the eyes of a hawk. A lion, like a dog, lets you know when he has had enough. Then it is time to return the lions to their cages.

No doubt you remember a photoplay in which the heroine led a huge lumbering lion through the sets by a rope, not once glancing back to see how near the lion was. That was a Gay lion and a sample of what his lions will do when called upon.

"The voice," explained Mr. Gay, "plays a big part in handling an animal. You must know how to make a lion ashamed, sorry, or excited by pitching your voice differently. I never raise my voice while working with my pets. I use a very low pitch. The lions are often asked to take new parts in the photoplays, and they must be directed exactly as a person must be directed."

Mr. Gay never works his lions two hours before feeding-time—nor two hours after feeding. Each lion has his individual cage when eating his one meal a day and is given enough meat to satisfy his hunger. Moreover, the lion knows that after each trick is performed he will get a tiny scrap of meat as a reward. The lions are never greedy and never bite Mr. Gay's hand, taking that little scrap of meat as daintily as would a house cat.

Mr. Gay says, "Treat them as you would your fellow men, and you need have no fear of the king of beasts."

Abridged and adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Read aloud the questions you had on your papers to ask the author. Ask your classmates for the answers to any questions you failed to find.
2. Name acts of the lions which prove that they are gentle. Be ready to read aloud lines which tell of the acts.
3. Tell the reasons why Mr. Gay's lions are so gentle. Be ready to read aloud the lines which give the reasons.

4. Would you put this selection in the unit "Friendliness and Kindness"? Give reasons.

STORY TELLING

1. Imagine one of Mr. Gay's lions walking into your summer camp in California before you had heard of Mr. Gay's farm, and tell what happened, how you felt, and so on.
2. Imagine one of the lions walking into your camp after you had learned about the lion farm and tell what happened.
3. Tell of experiences you have had or heard about training animals.

WORD MEANINGS

Find a group of words in the story which means the same or nearly the same as each group of words in this list:

1. lives free from work
2. regular habits of life in a city
3. slowly growing larger
4. working as a helper while learning a trade
5. very angry
6. lions tamed for life with people
7. hidden fire arms
8. speaking in different tones of voice

Read aloud the sentences in the story which contain the foregoing words. Reread them putting the new words in the sentences to see whether the meaning is clear.

A GAME WITH WORDS

Glance quickly at each group of words above, one group at each glance. Merely let your eyes drop on the group of words, then look up and repeat what you saw. You can learn to see several words at one glance. Keep a record of the number of words you were able to see at a glance in this game and see if you can beat this record the next time you play a phrase game.

5. PIETRO'S PET

ALLEN CHAFFEE

When you hear the signal "go," begin to read. Read quickly, but be sure you understand the story. Notice how many minutes you use in the reading.

When Finny-Foot, the seal baby, found himself in the fisherman's net, he never once thought how easy it would be to catch one of the fish wriggling all about him. His first thought was surprise that he should be rising out of the water against his will. Then he was afraid. He had never seen a human being so close before. Sometimes he had barked, with the family group on seal rocks, as people came to the beach. Then he would swim to the other side of the rocks to wait till all was safe once more.

A boy of nine, called "Pietro" by his father, spied Finny-Foot as the net was emptied. Pietro spoke words that Finny-Foot, of course, could not understand. But he read the kindness in Pietro's tones, felt the gentleness with which the boy stroked his furry head, and was no longer so frightened.

The boy must have asked his father for the seal for a pet, because in another moment he was hugging Finny-Foot joyously, both arms tight around him, while the fish squirmed at their feet, and the man and his partner set sail for home.

Finny-Foot suddenly realized that he was a long way from his home and mother. Putting his fore

flippers on Pietro's shoulder, he began to cry, as a human baby cries for his mother. Pietro stroked his wet, oily, fishy-smelling fur, which was soft as a kitten's, and tried to comfort him, but still the seal baby wailed his loneliness.

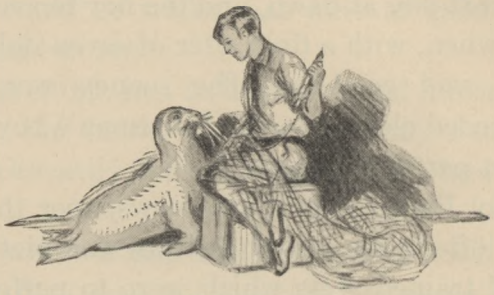
Pietro thought that his pet might be hungry, and offered him a little fish. Finny-Foot ate it eagerly, and the boy laughed at his round, puppy-like head, and kitten-like whiskers, and the clever fore fins that he had instead of arms. He looked like a fish, in one way, too, with his hind flippers held back close together like a tail.

When Pietro and his father had landed at Fisherman's Wharf and Pietro had carried the pale, spotty-coated little fellow to the shack where the nets hung drying, young Finny-Foot surprised the boy by walking across the porch. His walk was funny, but we shall have to call it that, because it certainly was not swimming. First the seal would raise himself on his fore flippers, then draw himself forward, with a hump of his back. Sometimes he used his hind flippers, and sometimes he kicked them together straight up in the air. The fishermen's children greeted this performance with shrieks of laughter; and they offered him fish till Pietro had to tell them to stop, for fear Finny-Foot would over-eat.

Pietro filled his mother's wash-tub with sea water for his strange visitor; then, with the help of some

young neighbors, he rolled a great rock up on the porch so that the little seal might feel at home. Then he hooked the screen door on the inside, so that no one could get in to tease his pet.

Finny-Foot soon learned to know the boy as his



HE WOULD COME TO THE BOY AS HE SAT MENDING THE NETS

friend, and inside of a week was genuinely fond of him. He loved to have Pietro stroke his silky fur. He would come to the boy as he sat mending the nets, and lay his round, white head against Pietro's arm, and make a funny puppy-like sound that the boy came to understand to mean, "Please come and play with me!"

Pietro taught the seal to fetch and carry a stick, and other simple tricks. He wanted to try throwing the stick in the water and have Finny-Foot go after it, but he was afraid the seal would not swim back to him.

An old seaman used to watch the seal at his antics. One day he offered the boy a dollar for his pet. He

said he wanted to take Finny-Foot on board the whaling vessel for a mascot, to bring luck. But the boy would not part with him.

The next day the old sailor offered him five dollars, but still Pietro would not listen. The ship was to sail the next day at dawn, and the boy heaved a sigh of relief when, with a final offer of seven dollars, the old man said good-bye. The money would have meant needed clothes to the fisherman's boy, but he would not part with his pet.

One day Pietro looked at a newspaper that some one had left on the wharf and saw the picture of a troupe of trained seals which were to perform in a show in the town. Pietro resolved to see that show.

"I've got a trained seal," Pietro told the man at the ticket window, as he stood on tip-toe to buy his seat. He had earned the quarter mending a net for a neighbor on Fisherman's Wharf.

"What's that?" demanded a sharp-eyed man behind him, who happened to be the owner of the show.

Pietro told him about Finny-Foot.

"Where do you live?" the man asked, with a peculiar gleam in his eye. But the boy was too interested in the theater to wonder at the question.

He enjoyed the whole program, but when the trained seals appeared, his heart thrilled with delight. The curtain rose on a row of the clumsy fellows seated in a circle on upturned barrels, barking in

chorus. A barrel-rolling contest followed. The audience applauded heartily, as it is unusual to see trained seals. Pietro assured himself Finny-Foot could do as well as the best of them.

Pietro went home feeling very proud to think that his seal could do tricks that were as good as those people paid to see.

That evening, just as he had seated himself on the porch in the sunset glow, with Finny-Foot scrambling awkwardly for his supper, the showman appeared.

"Now where is that seal?" he asked briskly.

Finny-Foot was put through his paces. The boy was proud and flattered by the showman's interest.

"What will you take for him?" the man asked at last. "I need another seal for my pyramid act."

"What's that?" Pietro's father called through the window.

"I'll give you five dollars for that seal," said the showman, holding out a greenback.

"But I don't want to sell him," said Pietro promptly.

"Better take it," advised his father. "It will buy a new coat for school."

"Do I have to, Father?"

"As you please. He is your seal."

The showman added a dollar to the five in his hand. Pietro looked at the money, then at his ragged jacket.

Six dollars would mean much to him. Then he looked down at Finny-Foot, whose round, puppy-like eyes were fastened on his trustingly. He wondered if the showman was kind to his seals. Then he remembered the whip he had snapped at them when they were slow to obey a command. Besides, how could a seal be happy so far from the ocean he loved? He remembered the old seal who lay all day on the sidewalk of the Cliff House beach.

"No!" decided the fisherman's boy. Nor did the offer of more money change his mind. He only hugged his pet to his ragged coat and shook his curly head. Nor could the showman persuade Pietro's father to interfere.

Pietro was troubled, however, about the thought of money. School would soon begin; he must have shoes. One morning he took Finny-Foot in his arms, and made his way to the Ferry Building, where he sometimes earned a dime carrying some one's suitcase. He was followed by a crowd of small boys and a dozen older people, who closed in about him in a circle when he set the seal on the ground. Borrowing an empty barrel from a man he knew at a fruit-stand, he began putting the seal through his barrel-rolling trick. Then he passed his hat. Nickels, dimes, and pennies came pouring in,—mostly from the grown-up portion of his audience. When the next ferry-boat landed, bringing a new audience, he

repeated his show. A third time he put Finny-Foot through his paces, and then passed the hat.

A policeman stopped him. It seemed that he had no right to give shows without a permit.

School soon began. After that Pietro had to leave Finny-Foot shut up all day while he went to school, and the young seal did not thrive. No longer would he caper joyously after the fish that were thrown him. No longer did his fur gleam velvety and his brown eyes shine. Pietro realized that a seal does not belong on dry land. He needs to live on the rocks off-shore, where he can dive for his dinner. Pietro began to be sorry for his pet.

Then he had an idea! When Saturday came, he went with his father in the fishing dory, and with them went Finny-Foot.

They were heading toward the place where Pietro had found his pet. Pietro waited till he had scanned the water in every direction to make sure there were no sharks, then he gave Finny-Foot one last pat on his puppy-like head, and hugged him and let him slip into the water.

The young seal, joyous with the feel of the salt tide, and never once thinking that he was leaving his friend, struck out for a point of rock he could just see above the wave tops. His muscles were soft from disuse,—but just let him reach those rocks, and rest awhile, and he would see if he could not find his way home!

READING TEST

Some of the statements below are true, some are false, and some are not mentioned in the story. Write "yes" on your paper after the numbers of statements which are true; write "no" after numbers of statements which are false; and "didn't say" after numbers of statements which are not mentioned in the story.

1. Finny-Foot was a baby seal.
2. Pietro was the name of the little boy's father.
3. Finny-Foot lived in the far north where it is cold all the year.
4. The boy and the baby seal became good friends.
5. Finny-Foot learned to do tricks.
6. Pietro sold the seal to the showman.
7. The showman was kind to his seals.
8. Pietro made some money by having Finny-Foot do tricks for crowds on the beach.
9. The policeman allowed Pietro to have his show daily.
10. Pietro gave the seal his freedom in the ocean.

Making your record.—There are 1,574 words in this story. Divide 1,574 by the number of minutes you needed to read the story and record the answer you get as your reading rate. The number of statements you checked correctly in the reading test is your accuracy score. Place your record in your notebook under the form explained on page 33.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

"Friendly Dogs," *Book of Knowledge*, 2 : 711–718.

"The Pet Lamb," Katherine Pyle, in *Our Humble Friends*, 171–178.

"Jimmie's Birds," by E. W. Frentz, *Uncle Zeb and His Friends*, 79–82.

"Little Friend Sparrow," in *Happy Holidays*, 208–212.

6. THE ESKIMOS AND THEIR WHITE GUEST

V. Stefansson and Julia A. Schwartz

As you read, decide whether the Eskimos should be called "savages."

Stefansson journeyed to the Arctic on his second visit, with the hope of finding Eskimos who had never seen a white man. After two years, he succeeded in reaching the stretch of coast inhabited by the long-sought "savages."

At his first meeting with these folk, he feared for a few moments that he had found enemies instead of friends. From a snowhouse roof in one of their deserted villages he saw several dark dots scattered over the white surface of the frozen channel before him. He knew that they were seal-hunters. Each man was seated on a block of snow beside a breathing-hole, waiting for an animal to rise.

Stefansson stopped his small party at a distance of a few hundred yards from the nearest hunter and sent forward one of his Eskimo companions to offer greeting. The sealer remained motionless, stooping forward as if to watch for a seal. But every second or two he raised his eyes to glance swiftly at the approaching stranger. As the messenger drew near, the "savage" grasped a long knife and sprang to his feet in readiness to fight. He also began to make

a moaning noise. He believed the newcomers were spirits. He feared that, unless he kept up his noise

STEFANSSON SENT FORWARD ONE OF HIS COMPANIONS TO OFFER GREETING

until they vanished, he would be stricken dumb forever.

After ten minutes of moaning on one side and of rapid jabbering on the other, the two men began to understand each other, for they spoke very nearly the same language. As soon as the seal-hunter recovered his wits enough to listen and to answer, he stepped close to the messenger and felt of him to make sure that he was not a spirit and also that he

had no knife hidden under his clothes. When satisfied upon both these points, the "savage" invited all three visitors to follow him to a village of snowhouses a few miles away.

As they walked along, other seal-hunters, each armed with a knife and a harpoon, appeared from different directions on the ice and joined the crowd. At the village itself, forty more persons—men, women, and children—were waiting excitedly to see the strangers. When they were told that the new arrivals were friends from a distance and meant no harm to them, the entire crowd pressed forward in greeting.

As each came up, he said, "I am So-and-So. I am friendly. I have no knife. Who are you?"

The women were in a greater hurry to be introduced than were the men, because they must, they said, go right back to their houses to cook something special for the welcome guests to eat.

No sooner had the kindly women gone indoors than half a dozen men set to work to build a snowhouse for the visitors. When the house was finished and furnished with skins, lamps, and other equipment, it was presented to the new owners. The guests were told that the people of the village hoped that they would remain until the last piece of meat in the village had been eaten. They were told also that so long as they stayed, no man would go forth to hunt,

and no woman would spend a moment in unnecessary sewing. All with song and dance and story would celebrate a special holiday in honor of the strangers.

Children came running from the village to announce that their mothers had dinner ready. The houses were so small that it was not possible to invite the whole party into the same home. Furthermore, it was not polite to do so. Therefore each of the three guests was taken to a different place. Stefansson's host was the hunter who had caught the first glimpse of the strangers. He declared that it was fitting for the leader of the party to eat the first meal with him, because his wife's ancestors long ago had traveled from some place far to the west. He said that she wished to ask many questions about everything back there.

Instead of a talkative person, however, the hunter's wife proved to be a motherly, kindly, and hospitable woman, like all her countrywomen. Her first questions were not of the land from which the explorer had come, but of his footgear. Weren't his feet just a little damp, and might she not pull off his boots and dry them over the lamp? Would he not consent to put on a pair of her husband's dry socks? Was there not a small hole in his mittens or coat that she could mend for him?

She said that she had boiled some seal-meat for him, but no fat, since she did not know whether he

preferred the blubber cooked or raw. For themselves, they always cut it in small pieces and ate it raw; for

SHE WOULD TREAT HIM EXACTLY AS IF HE WERE ONE OF HER OWN PEOPLE

him, if he chose, she could quickly boil a portion in the pot that still hung over the lamp.

When he told her that his tastes were similar to theirs, she was delighted. Smilingly she remarked

that people seemed to be much alike, no matter where they lived. She said that she would now treat him exactly as if he were one of her own people come from afar to visit them. In fact, she believed that he *was* an Eskimo, since he spoke her own language, though with a slight touch of strangeness.

This praise pleased Stefansson greatly, because he had been studying hard for nearly four years to learn the difficult Eskimo language. It cannot have happened often in the history of the world that the first white man to visit a primitive race was one who could understand their speech.

During the feast, presents of food were brought from other houses. All of the women seemed to know what each neighbor had put into her cooking-pots. Whoever had anything a bit different to offer seemed to wish to share it with others. Every minute or two, a small girl messenger appeared in the doorway with a platter of something to add to the meal. Some of the gifts were sent especially to Stefansson. One mother said that, however they divided the rest of what she was sending, the boiled kidney was for him. Another mother sent him a piece of seal-flipper, with the message that he could have a whole one to eat all by himself, if he would take breakfast at their house the next morning.

The explorer's first dinner with Eskimos who had never seen a white man before was a pleasant affair.

These arctic people, often called "savages" by the thoughtless, showed themselves as well-bred, kindly, and hospitable as any civilized white persons. Though they had never scratched a match, heard a gun-shot, smelled tobacco, tasted sugar, or gazed at pictures, they were happy, healthy, fairly wise, and very courteous to strangers.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Would you call these Eskimos "savages"? Give reasons for your answer.
2. Which of these words show traits of these Eskimos? If you do not know the meanings of the words, look them up in the glossary on p. 425.

kind	fierce	hospitable
cross	cautious	lazy
friendly	courteous	generous
thrifty	cowardly	rude

   Tell acts of the Eskimos in this story to show that each word you have selected fits the people.
3. Which of the characters in this story did you like especially well? Give reasons in each case.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Northward Ho! by V. Stefansson and J. Schwartz. Macmillan.
Snowland Folk, by Robert E. Peary. Stokes.
The Snow Baby, by Josephine D. Peary. Stokes.
"Friendly Visitors," by Maud R. Warren, in *Little Pioneers*, 110–140. Rand McNally.

7. FRIENDSHIP DOLLS

UNKNOWN

Divide the story into parts and select a title for each part, as (1) the festival dolls in Japan, (2) getting the American dolls ready to sail to Japan.

For more than a thousand years Japan has held a doll festival each year. For three days dolls are guests of honor in Japanese homes.

One Christmas the children of America dressed more than eleven thousand dolls and sent them as "Doll Messengers of Friendship" to little children in Japan. Each doll carried a tiny passport, like that which grown-ups must carry to enter foreign lands. The doll's name and the name of the American child who dressed her were on the passport. A little message of good will, written by the children of America to the children of Japan, was tied to each doll.

A farewell party was held for the dolls in a hotel in New York before they set sail for Japan. The spirit of friendship was in the air. A thousand dolls, dressed in their best clothes, attended the party. With smiling faces they as much as said, "We are going on a journey to carry messages of joy and good cheer to the little Japanese children. We shall tell them that they have thousands of friends in America."

"WE LOVE OUR DOLLS FROM OUR FRIENDS IN AMERICA"

The dolls arrived in Japan in time for the doll festival. They were given to children in the schools throughout Japan. There was much friendly talk about America in these schools. Japanese girls hugged their American dolls and said in Japanese, "We love our dolls from our friends in America."

The Japanese children then wanted to send Japanese dolls to their American friends. They brought yen (pennies) to school. When there was enough money to buy the dolls, they bought the most beautiful ones they could find. Some of the dolls were as large as real children and their faces looked like real living Japanese children. The children dressed the dolls in the very finest silk kimonos, richly embroidered, and tied sashes around their waists.

After weeks of work, fifty-eight wonderful dolls were ready to leave Japan. No dolls were ever dressed more tastefully. One very beautiful doll was called "Miss Japan." She brought furniture with her and many trunks full of pretty clothes. Many of the dolls brought trunks in which were extra kimonos.

As the dolls sailed from Japan on their journey to America, thousands of Japanese children stood on the shore holding long streamers of colored paper which were tied to the ship. When the ship left the dock, the paper ribbons were drawn tighter and tighter until finally they snapped in two. The broken

ribbons of many colors floated in the air from the ship as she sailed out of the harbor.

While the children watched the ship sail away toward America, they sang a song of farewell to the dolls. The song was especially written for the dolls by one of Japan's poets. Translated into English the song begins something like this:

FAREWELL, DOLLIES

To Land of Stars from Land of Sun
Our dollies sailing now
With comely eyes as clear as dew,
As open as your brow.
Stretch out your little hands, Oh Joys,
To those that welcome you;
From hands o'erflowing with love will grow
The friendship ever new.

About Christmas time the dolls arrived safely in America. The little daughter of the Japanese Ambassador gave them to the American children. She was dressed in Japanese costume, and made a speech which began: "I am glad to present to the children of America these fifty-eight dolls. Last spring the American children sent many lovely dolls to Japan. Our little girls were very happy to receive your gifts and are having a good time with them. Japanese children are very eager to be your friends. These fifty-eight dolls have come to bring you a message of

friendship from two and a half million children in my country."

The dolls were sent to the different States, where they were put in museums. There you may see them and in their smiles you may read the message of friendship from the Japanese children to American girls and boys.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Name the parts into which you think the story should be divided. Write on the board in the proper order the best title for each part.
2. Do you think the title "Friendship Dolls" a good title for this story? Suggest other titles.
3. In what other ways have the children of different lands shown their friendship for one another?

STORY TELLING

Choose a pupil for each part of the story and have your committee tell the story in relay in other rooms of your school.

VOLUNTEER PROJECTS

1. Find out where the doll for your State is kept. If you have the opportunity, ask to see it.
2. Choose a committee to write to the American Education Press, 40 South Third Street, Columbus, Ohio, asking the editor of *My Weekly Reader* to explain the plan for the exchange of dolls.
3. Look up information about dolls of other countries. See "Dolls of Other Nations," *Book of Knowledge*, 10 : 3627–3631.

8. THE RAGGEDY MAN

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

As you read the poem, find statements which explain why the child in the poem likes the Raggedy Man.

O the Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

Why, the Raggedy Man—he's ist so good
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do.—
He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—
An' nother'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' nother'n', too, fer the Raggedy Man.—
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers therselves!
An' wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!
Er Ma, er Pa, er the Raggedy Man!
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time when he
Was makin' a little bow-n'-arry fer me,
Says, "When *you're* big like your Pa is,
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows?"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says " 'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!—
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Why does the child in the poem like the Raggedy Man?
2. The Raggedy Man is called "good" in the first stanza. Find other words used to describe him.
3. Read aloud the lines which show that the Raggedy Man is good; that he is kind; that he is funny.

9. OUR TREE FRIENDS

JOHN G. DORRANCE

Do you agree that the trees should be called "friends" of man? Give reasons.

Look around you in school. You are sitting on a wooden seat. The seat rests on a wooden floor, and perhaps the floor is part of a schoolhouse built of wood. The doors between the rooms are wooden, too, and underneath the plastered walls are lath and heavy studding, all of wood.

The book in your hand and the pad of paper on your desk were once parts of a tree in the forest. Your pencil and your penholder are both made of wood. When you write with them, you use a wooden desk, dipping your pen in ink that was made from wood. The very shoes you have on were tanned with the bark of some tree. When the rain is falling, and the walks and streets are wet, remember that the rubbers you use to keep your feet warm and dry are products of the forest, too.

At home, the staircases and finishing, the chairs, the tables, and sometimes the bedsteads are made of wood; the younger children sleep in wooden cradles, and play with wooden toys; even paper for the magazines and newspapers on the oak reading-table came

Our Tree Friends
pages 157 – 159
Lola

from the forest. Music, whether from piano, violin, or phonograph, comes from an instrument made wholly or in part of wood. The use of wood gives sweetness and a mellow tone, and nothing else can take its place.

Some trees give us sugar, others give us delicious nuts and fruits, still others give us tar and turpentine, and in South America are trees which furnish all the India rubber that we use.

Trees keep our homes cool in summer. In winter many of the houses are warmed with wood fires, and the fires are lighted with wooden matches. In many homes wood fires cook what we eat every day. Even the coal comes from old, decayed forests which existed ages and ages ago.

With the changing seasons there is always something new to interest and delight us in the trees around us. In spring they put on their new coats which are bright green in color until the summer's heat gives them a darker hue. With the frosts of autumn they change again, and the wooded hillsides are beautiful with their many-colored leaves. At last the leaves fall, and then we can better see how the trees themselves look. Their forms are plainly to be seen, and each looks different from its neighbor.

In countless ways the forests prove to be our friends. One poet tells how the fruit tree guards its fruit for us.

The tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown.
"Shall I take them away?" said the frost, sweeping down.
"No, let them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the tree, while it trembled from rootlet to crown.

The tree bore its blossoms and all the birds sung.
"Shall I take them away?" said the wind, as it swung.
"No, let them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the tree, while its leaflets, quivering, hung.

The tree bore its fruit in the midsummer glow.
Said the girl, "May I gather thy sweet berries or no?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them, all are for thee,"
Said the tree, while it bent down its laden boughs low.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Do you agree that trees should be called "friends" of man? Give reasons.
2. Find statements in the story which show that trees
   a. aid us in our work.
   b. give us food.
   c. protect us.
   d. give us pleasure.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

"The Little Boy Who Hated Trees," by Alice L. Beckwith, in *Happy Holidays*, 187–193.
"A Day in Camp," by Frances G. Wickes, *ibid.*, 194–199.
"American Trees in Summer," *Book of Knowledge*, 12 : 4507–4515.
"American Trees in Winter," *ibid.*, 13 : 4635–4643.

10. THE FOOD THAT BELONGED TO ALL

CONSTANCE S. ARMFIELD

Find the acts of generosity in this wonder tale of the American Indians.

Once upon a time there was a family that went by the name of Badger, because every one, from the grandmother to the smallest child, was as busy and careful in his work as the little creatures known by that name. The Badger family lived in a forest in America and belonged to the tribe of the Sioux Indians.

There were no cities in America then and the Indians were strong, handsome, and sunburnt because they lived out-of-doors and made everything they needed for themselves. Everything they made, whether a birch-bark cradle or a buckskin shirt, was decorated with beautiful patterns and colors, just as the birds and flowers were decorated. Even the buffalo-skin bags in which they kept the winter stock of provisions were painted in bright patterns, so that the shelves of their caves and tepees were as gay as flower gardens in summer. All the children who ran in and out were as pretty as butterflies.

One day a stranger came to the Badger's home to beg food. He said that his spring-planting had not been successful and that his family was starving. Gladly the Badgers gave of their store, for their corn

was high and loaded with fat ears; the pumpkins were golden and the beans were hanging in great clusters, every pod well-filled. When the stranger thanked them, the father Badger shook his head smiling and said: "Nay, my brother; thank the Great Spirit who has sent this plentiful supply; food belongs to all His children. Eat what you will."

They were surprised the next day, however, to see their guest return with a small child, his son, who carried a rough bag, unpainted and badly sewn together. The stranger now said that his name was Bear and asked somewhat timidly if the Badgers could spare more food for his children at home. His small boy looked so thin and hungry that the Badger children felt sorry for him and carried him armfuls of food. Soon the pinched face of the little Bear began to smile and he and his father went off, lugging their bag loaded to the brim.

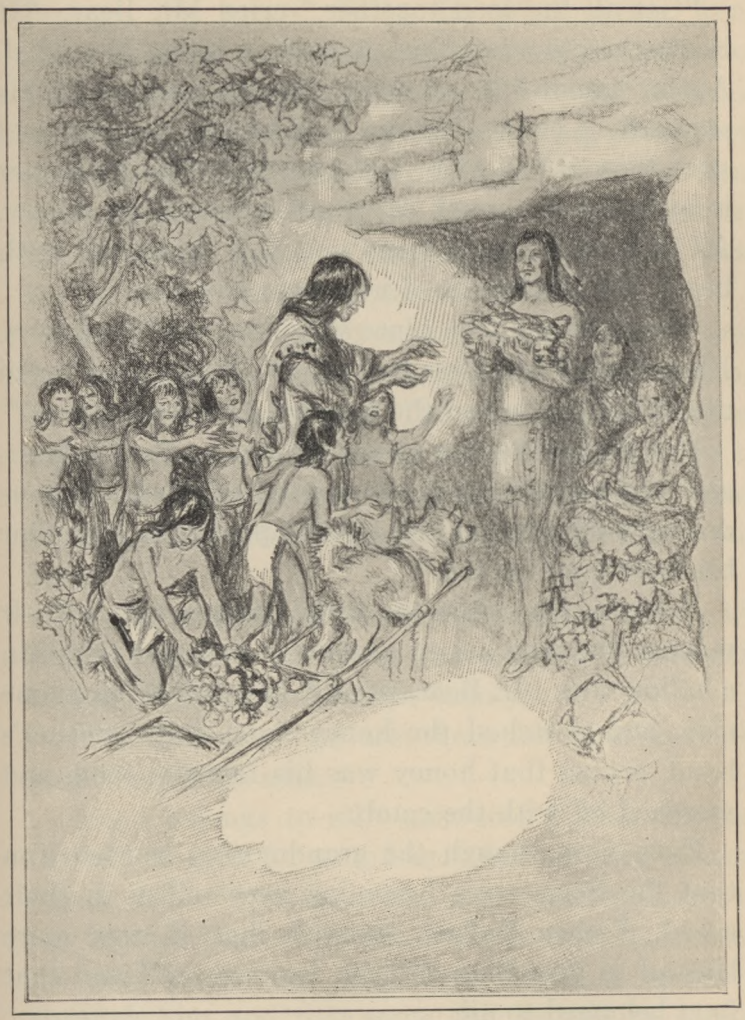
The next day the Badger family went out to gather in the bean harvest. When they returned, singing thankful songs and rejoicing in the thought of the Great Father's kindness, whom should they see but Mr. Bear and five children seated round the entrance of their home. The harvest was so great, however, that the Badgers were glad to share it with the Bears. They noticed that already the visitors looked plumper and that father Bear no longer spoke in a humble, whining voice, but shouted to this one or

that and picked over the food that was offered to be sure he took only the best. At last the Bears departed with their arms full.

The next day the Bear's wife arrived with seven children and a little sled to which a dog was harnessed. Grandmother Badger shook her wise old head, but the father and mother Badger would not say no. They went out to the corn patch and laid beautiful green ears, tasselled with pale gold, upon the sled, and bade the Bears farewell and a good jouney as if they were their kin.

But the next day Mr. Bear turned up again. So matters went; each day the Bears appeared more and more rude and greedy as they grew strong on the food the Badgers provided. Grandmother Badger objected openly and even Mrs. Badger wondered that the Bears did not offer to give some small service in return for all the food, but Father Badger said that their part was to give to their brothers who were in need, even as the Great Spirit gave to them. "Food belongs to all," said he, and that was the end of it.

Presently they noticed what a great interest the Bears took in the preparations for the winter. Mr. Bear scolded and blustered, saying that their crops should have been gathered in long before this and that the little Badger children should not be allowed to play at all or run in the forest looking for flowers whose juice dyed pretty colors.



THE BEAR'S WIFE ARRIVED WITH SEVEN CHILDREN AND A LITTLE SLED

"Get all the food together," cried Mr. Bear. "It is senseless to waste time on making things beautiful. A man cannot live on beauty; beauty does not fill his stomach. Let the children seek berries, and dry and store those if you wish. I like berries when my dinner is over and I cannot eat another morsel of tallow. All this painting of bags and this trimming with beads and feathers is of no use to any one."

"He talks as if the place were his own," said Mrs. Badger when Mr. Bear had gone. "May we not make use of the hands and the eyes we have been given?"

But Father Badger continued his gentle kindness, and said gravely when the women rebelled: "Let us do our part, even as the Great Spirit does His. Our brothers must be fed."

But one day, when the little Badgers ran to their mother for some honey which she had just found in a hollow tree, Mr. Bear actually knocked them to one side, and snatched the honey from their mother's hand, crying that honey was his favorite food, and marched off with the comb.

Even now, though the grandmother warned him that the Bears were becoming very selfish in their greed, Father Badger insisted that it was more blessed to give than to keep for one's self and that food belonged to all.

Soon after, when the harvest was gathered and stored, the Badgers went out for a great tramp

through the woods. Even the grandmother went along to enjoy and wonder at the beautiful colors of the leaves reflected in the river. When they returned they were surprised to see smoke rising from their home, and, running up, they found all the Bear family cosily settled. The Bears drove the Badgers from the door with shouts of laughter. The Badgers were far too few in number to turn the Bears out.

The Bears had grown strong on the Badgers' food and now they had taken the Badgers' home with all their food for the winter. There was not so much as a pumpkin or a bean left in the field nor a berry in the forest. The Badgers were forced to make themselves a shelter from boughs covered with leaves and moss.

In the morning Father Badger rose up and to his family's surprise told them he was going to the Bears to beg for some food for his family.

"What? You would ask them for what is really ours?" cried his wife.

"Food belongs to all," answered Father Badger. "It will be good for us to learn that we have nothing of our own. If kindness and pity move the heart of our brother to give us some of the store he has seized, we may know that the Great Spirit is speaking through him and that some day he will be taught gratitude and justice. I must ask, for there is no longer any food in the forest."

So Father Badger went to the door of his home, where the Bears were quarreling and shouting and tearing open the beautiful bags of food, spoiling the pretty patterns and scattering everything wastefully upon the floor. But give a morsel to the Badgers, they would not. Instead, they shouted rude words at him, calling him a weak and wretched beggar, and mocking at his trouble. One would think the Badgers' home and food had always belonged to them, from the haughty airs they put on when they saw the Badger, standing meekly and patiently, asking for a little food on which he and his children might keep life together. Plainly, the Bears had quite forfotten that the Badgers had ever owned the cave. They seemed to think themselves very splendid people for having accepted the Badgers' kindness until they were strong enough to turn them out. They had nothing but contempt for the people who had been so generous to them.

But Father Badger returned home, saying to himself: "Food is for all," and feeling sure that the Great Spirit would somehow provide food for them. He had not been home long (if one might call home the shelter of leaves and boughs that they had put together), when a fat little face peeped in, and lo and behold! who should have followed him but the little Bear who had come with his father the second time! He had not forgotten his little playfellows and had

brought them some of his own dinner. That was not very much, but it was something.

Though day after day the father Badger went to the Bears and humbly asked for food, and day after day the Bears mocked at him and sent him away with nothing, yet the little Bear always stole off and carried a few fragments to them. It seemed, however, as if the Badgers had been turned out of their beautiful home forever and the children grew thinner and thinner and huddled around the little fire in the tepee, too weak to play. The grandmother and the mother whispered together, thinking over the past and wishing they had never been so kind to the Bears.

Father Badger continued to go to the cave and wait at the entrance every day, quietly asking the Bears to share their store with him. One day, something happened. As he was turning away, he beheld an ear of corn lying on the ground. Some careless Bear had dropped it, but the father Badger did not despise it because of that. No. He picked it up eagerly, for this was good food, and did not all food come from the Great Father? He thought that this ear of corn had been given to him, to show that the Great Father had heard his cry and had given him something for his needs.

Many a man might have thought one ear of corn was a very poor gift, after he had worked so hard

and had got together such a fine store, through his and his family's untiring labor, but not so Father Badger. Instead of taking home the corn, he went to the Smoke Lodge, or the tepee, which they used as a church. Here the Indians would sit and pray until they were purified of all wrong thought. Here the father Badger brought his ear of corn, and, placing it before him, sat down on the ground inside the tepee, to give thanks to the Great Spirit and to pray that the corn might be blessed.

At last, he rose, looking very happy, and went out, quite sure that there was food for all and that he had only to go on trusting. Any bitter thoughts he had had against the Bears had rolled away in the haze of the Smoke Lodge; he knew now that he loved his enemies and that they were all children of the Great Spirit who sent food for all.

He was surprised to see standing by the tepee, as if waiting for him, a splendid young Dakota brave, clad in gorgeous garments, fringed, beaded, and feathered. His eyes were stern and true, but full of kindness for the father Badger. He greeted him as if he were a friend.

This stranger said to Father Badger, "I wish to go with you to your home."

"You will be welcome," said Father Badger, and led him to the little shelter.

All the Badgers made the stranger welcome. The

mother Badger hastened to rub the corn from the one small ear, and grind it into flour, and make a little cake which she placed before their guest.

The stranger said nothing, but accepted the food. The Badgers entertained him as best they could with song and story. They did not say a word about their troubles nor give any excuse for the scanty fare which was all they had to offer. They tried to make the strange guest feel at home and happy.

Next morning they had nothing to offer him but fresh water from the spring, but Father Badger rose up early to go to the Bears' cave and ask once more for food. To his surprise, however, he found the Dakota brave beside him. They walked together and still the Badger said nothing about his errand. When they reached the cave, the Dakota brave stood waiting, looking very grave and splendid, and the Bear, as usual, came to the entrance.

But as soon as he saw the strange friend of Father Badger, he started back. Hurrying into the cave he returned with his hands full of food which he pressed upon Father Badger.

Then the stranger stepped forward and said sternly: "That is not enough. You must give him back his home."

At this, all of the Bears hurried out of the cave just as quickly as they could and flew into the forest, running on and on, as if they were terribly afraid. From

that day to this, no one has ever seen anything more of them.

The Badgers joyfully returned to their home and mended everything the Bears had torn, and soon had their cave looking as clean and attractive as ever.

Who the stranger was, the Badgers never knew, for they never saw him again. But when they heard of good things happening in far-away parts of the country, Father Badger would say: "The Avenger has passed that way."

One day the Badgers heard of another friend. There came through the trees a little footsore creature. He ran up to them and cried out, "Little Bear has come to learn how to paint the pretty pictures on the food bags." Behold, the visitor was the little Bear who alone had been a friend to the Badgers in the time of their trouble. He had come to live with them and work with them and serve them as a son. The Badgers taught Little Bear to make bright patterns and make everything he wore and used as beautiful as he possibly could.

"Beauty," said Father Badger, "is like food. It comes from the Great Father, and it belongs to all."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What were the acts of generosity in this story?
2. Find examples of each of the following qualities in the story: ingratitude, gratitude, fear, sympathy, kindness, justice.

3. Do you think Father Badger's treatment of the Bears was wise? Give reasons.
4. Father Badger said, "Food belongs to all." Do you think he is right? Explain.
5. Were the Badgers wise in taking Little Bear into their home when he returned to them? Give reasons.
6. Reread the story and place 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 in the proper places to show the five parts of the story. Compare your results.

STORY TELLING

1. Choose pupils to tell the five parts of the story in turn.
2. Begin at the point in the story where the Bears seized the Badgers' home and make up a different ending to the story.

GAMES WITH PHRASES

The phrases in the list below appear in the story. Some of these phrases name something or tell *what;* some of them tell *where* something happened; and some tell *when* something happened. Copy the phrases on your paper under the proper heading as shown in this sample:

What	*Where*	*When*
1. the Badger family	1. in a forest	1. once upon a time
2.	2.	2.
3.	3.	3.

LIST OF PHRASES

the Sioux Indians
out-of-doors
a birch-bark cradle
in summer
to beg for food
the Great Spirit
on the next day
round the entrance of their home
his gentle kindness
soon after
in a hollow tree
a few fragments
out to the corn patch
upon the sled
when the harvest was gathered

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF FRIENDLINESS AND KINDNESS

1. From the list of words below select those which belong with the word "friendly."

   selfish, cheerful, helpful, thoughtful, unkind, generous, pleasant, cruel, considerate, discourteous, polite.

   Write the list on your paper in this form:

   Friendly:

   1. Cheerful
   2. Helpful

2. Write incidents from the stories of this unit to illustrate each word in your list above. Here is an example:

   Helpful: The Badgers gave food to the hungry Bears.

   Use the same incident in more than one place if you wish. For example, "The Badgers gave food to the Bears," may be used again under "generous."

3. Read over the titles of the stories and poems of this unit in the Table of Contents of the book. Make a list of the titles which suggest kindness and friendliness. Make a second list of the titles which do not suggest that topic; then glance over the stories and poems and write a new title for each which does suggest the topic, for example:

   List I. Kindness and Friendliness

   1. Lincoln's Kindness
   2.

   List II.

   1. The Only Lion Farm in the World
   · Taming Lions by Kindness

   You may decide how long each list will be by your study of the titles.

4. Make a report on the book you read from the Read a Book list. Your report may be in any one of the following

forms: (1) A short story telling how friendliness is shown in the book; (2) A motion-picture play for one scene in the story; (3) A dramatization of one scene from the story—you may use classmates to assist you with this type of report. (4) An exhibit of pictures which you have drawn to illustrate parts of the story; (5) A salesmanship talk in which you pretend to be a salesman and make a talk on the good points of the book.

5. Choose a committee to make a booklet of poems about friendly animals and birds. Place the booklet on your reading table for the use of the class.
6. Take a vote of the class on the selections in this unit as follows:

   a. The selection which I like best.
   b. The selection which I like least.
   c. The selection which shows friendliness in the most ways.

   Choose a committee to tabulate and report the class vote. This form may be used for the report.

QUESTION	TITLE	PAGE	NO. OF VOTES
The selection liked best			
The selection liked least			
The selection which shows friendliness in the most ways			

"NO ROOM! NO ROOM!" THEY CRIED WHEN THEY SAW ALICE COMING

[*See p.* 194]

FUN AND FANCY

Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

—William Blake.

FUN AND FANCY

How many ways girls and boys find for having fun! They have fun through jokes, fun through play, fun through finding out secrets in nature, and often fun through merely pretending or "making believe."

Once upon a time, according to an old story, a boy named Aladdin had a magical lamp. He would rub the lamp, make a wish for something, and lo, the wished-for object was before him!

According to another story, a Little Lame Prince had a magical travelling-cloak. He would climb on the cloak, repeat the magical words, "Abracadabra-dum-dum-dum," open the skylight of the tower in which he lived, and fly away over the earth!

How wonderful it would be to have a magical lamp like Aladdin's or a magical cloak like that of the Little Lame Prince! But why should girls and boys wish for such a lamp or cloak when they have gifts as wonderful? The girl or the boy who can see the funny side, who can play whole-heartedly, and who can "make believe" has marvellous gifts. If boys and girls keep their eyes open and their minds ready to enjoy, they will find all around them sights as beautiful and treasures as rich as any Aladdin ever found. If they wish hard enough and open the skylight, in fancy they may go on journeys as enjoyable as any ever made by the Little Lame Prince.

READ A BOOK

1. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, by Lewis Carroll. Macmillan.
   Alice visits wonderland and meets queens, knights, many animals, and fairy folk.
2. *Adventures of a Brownie*, by Dinah M. Craik. Macmillan.
   A family of children have a mischievous brownie for a playmate.
3. *The Little Lame Prince*, by Dinah M. Craik. Rand-McNally.
   The Little Lame Prince has a happy time with a magical travelling-cloak which his fairy godmother brought him.
4. *Sandman's Forest*, by Louis Dodge. Scribners.
   A little boy has strange adventures among the animals of a dream forest.
5. *Poems of Childhood*, by Eugene Field. Scribners.
   Many of these poems are as funny as "The Duel" which you will read about in this unit.
6. *Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings*, by Joel C. Harris. Appleton.
   Uncle Remus's animals talk and behave like human beings.
7. *Peggy's Playhouse*, by Clara W. Hunt. Houghton.
   The vacation of a nine-year-old girl in the city, the country, and the mountains.
8. *Just-So Stories*, by Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday.
   Such stories as "How the Leopard Got His Spots," and "How the Camel Got His Hump."
9. *Adventures of Pinocchio*, by Carlo Lorenzini. Ginn.
   The story of a marionette who becomes a live boy.
10. *Silver Pennies*, by Blanche J. Thompson. Macmillan.
    A book of poems, many of them just fun.
11. *Jolly Book of Funcraft*, by Patten Beard. Stokes.
    Directions for playing games and making different objects.
12. *Wonder Tales from Fairy Isles*, by Frances J. Olcott. Longmans.
    Merry tales from England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland.
13. *Wigwam Evenings*, by Charles A. Eastman and Elaine G. Eastman. Little.
    Folk tales of the Sioux Indians.

CLASS LIBRARY READINGS

1. "Rainbow Fairies," Lizzie M. Hadley, *A Treasury of Verse for Little Children*, 8.
2. "The Elf and the Dormouse," Oliver Herford, *ibid.*, 9–10.
3. "Butterfly's Ball," William Roscoe, *ibid.*, 17–20.
4. "Santa Claus," Unknown, *ibid.*, 22–23.
5. "The Story of Li'l Hannibal," transcribed by Carolyn S. Bailey, *Up One Pair of Stairs of My Bookhouse*, 77.
6. "Judging By Appearances," Emilie Poulsson, *ibid.*, 175.
7. "The Land of the Chow," by Stanley High, *Puppy Dog's Tales*, 7–9.
8. "Boba, Queen of Sheba," Lady Dunbar, *ibid.*, 12–14.
9. "A Day with Frisco," Frances Kent, *ibid.*, 109–115.
10. "What Can a Kitty Do," F. Grahame, *ibid.*, 136–142.
11. "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," G. Thorne-Thomsen, *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, 9–27.
12. "The Lad Who Went to the North Wind," *ibid.*, 79–84.
13. "James Crow," Katherine Pyle, *Stories of Our Humble Friends*, 62–70.
14. "Johnnie's Bright Idea," E. W. Frentz, *Uncle Zeb and His Friends*, 140–144.
15. "The Dog that Danced," *ibid.*, 148–152.
16. "Santa Claus," *Happy Holidays*, 102–103.
17. "I Saw Three Ships," *ibid.*, 107–108.
18. "Here We Come A-Whistling," *ibid.*, 129–135.
19. "The Little Girl's Christmas," W. E. Lincoln, *The Children's Book of Christmas Stories*, 48–56.
20. "The Voyage of the Wee Red Cap," Ruth S. Durand, *ibid.*, 86–95.
21. "The Golden Cabroch," R. H. Schauffler, *ibid.*, 193–195.
22. "A Pair of Magic Slippers," *Book of Knowledge*, 2 : 402.
23. "Telling Stories by Means of Sticks," *ibid.*, 1 : 231.
24. "The Story of Peter Pan," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 1 : 335–336.
25. "Tales the Woodman Told," *ibid.*, 1 : 351–354.

IV. FUN AND FANCY

1. THE FROG AND THE ANTELOPE

FRANK B. LINDERMAN

As you read the story decide who won the race. Find the words that explain why the race ended as it did.

There was a village on Tobacco Plains. Antelope was Chief there. He was the fastest runner. No person could beat him at running. Many had tried, but all gave up. Antelope was the fastest runner!

There was another village on Tobacco Plains. Frog was Chief there. He could not run fast. But he was a smart man.

One day when his people were playing games he said to them: "Listen! The Antelope is *faster* than I am. But I am *smarter* than he is. I will prove this to you. Stay where you are until I come back."

He hopped along the trail that led to the Antelope village. When he found the Chief's lodge, he went inside. They smoked the pipe there, and then the Antelope began to brag about his running. "No person can beat me," he said. "I can just trot along and beat most persons."

"I like racing myself," said the Frog Chief, passing the pipe to Antelope. "All my people like racing."

"But you cannot run—ha-ha-ha!" laughed the Antelope, taking a long draw on the pipe.

"Oh, I don't know about that. I am not so slow at running and I am a fast thinker," said the Frog Chief.

"Of course you would not say that you would race with *me,* though," smiled the Antelope, handing back the pipe.

"I might," said the Frog Chief slowly.

"What is that?" asked the Antelope. "You *might?*"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"Where?"

"Here; along the trail between our villages. I cannot run well where the ground is rough, you know. I must have a smooth place."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed the Antelope. "How far shall we run?"

"From your village to mine and back again," answered the Frog seriously.

"All right," agreed the Antelope. "I suppose I shall be laughed at for racing with *you.* But I will race just the same. A person must use his power or he will lose it."

"Yes," said the Frog Chief, scratching his nose. "I am sure you will be laughed at, all right."

"Be here at sunrise," smiled the Antelope.

"I will be here," promised the Frog Chief, "and I shall bring my whole tribe. Ho!"

Then he went out, and down the trail to his village, *hopping, hopping, hopping,* and *thinking, thinking, thinking,* till he got to his lodge.

When he was gone, the Antelope made his People a speech. He told them to go to a sidehill at sunrise to watch the race. "I suppose I shall be laughed at for racing this Person," he added, smiling, "but I must have my practice. Be on the hillside at sunrise. I have spoken." Then he went back to his lodge to laugh.

The Frog Chief did not make a speech to his tribe. He just went quietly into his lodge and kept *thinking* and *thinking* and *thinking* till morning was near. *Then* he went outside and called his People.

"Follow me!" he said, and began hopping up the trail toward the Antelope's village. All his People were behind him, *hopping, hopping,* along, *wondering* and *wondering* and *wondering* what was going on in their Chief's head. But nobody asked him. They just hopped along, each one tending to his own business of *hopping* until they were all there.

The Sun was not yet up, and the air was fresh and clear. "Now listen to me, all of you," said the Frog Chief, looking back along the trail that was green with Frog-persons. "I am going to run a race with the Antelope Chief this morning at sunrise. I must win. That is all."

The Frogs laid their hands upon their mouths, for they were astonished.

"There must be no mistakes made here this morning," went on the Frog Chief sternly. "Pay attention to me!"

"First Frog, turn around! Now, you hop one long hop down this trail. That is it. Now hide yourself and stay still.

"Second Frog, turn around! Now *you* hop one long hop past the first Frog. That is it! Now, hide yourself, and stay still.

"Third Frog, turn around! Now, *you* hop one long hop past the second Frog. That is it! Now hide yourself, and stay still."

He made enough Frogs turn around and hop one long hop past the last one until they reached to his village along the trail. When the last one hopped into his place near the village, not one of them could be seen. But there were Frogs all the way from the Antelope's village to the Frog's village. They were just one long hop apart.

"Now, you Trail-frogs, listen!" said the Frog Chief. "You are *all* in this race; every one of you, and there must be no mistakes made. When we start this race, I will hop one long hop down the trail, then number one will hop one long hop down the trail, then number two, and number three, and number four, and so on clear to our village, each one stopping

right where he lands after hopping one long hop. But the hopper must hop just ahead of this fast Antelope-person. Understand what I am doing? I am outwitting him. We all look alike! He will think the last hopper down there by the village is *I*.

"Now listen again! As soon as you hop and land, turn around. Then when the Antelope starts back, you will be ready to beat him back by hopping one long hop just as you did before, only you must hop the other way. If anybody does not understand this smartness he had better say so now. There must be no mistakes here this morning, if we win this race."

Nobody said a word. "All right," said the Frog Chief. "The rest of you come along with me."

"Good morning," bowed the Antelope, stretching himself, and looking toward the East, where the Sun was coming.

"Good morning. You have brought many People with you," he smiled.

"Yes, quite a few. More than you realize, I think. We are not very tall, you know," answered the Frog Chief.

"Are you ready?" asked the Antelope, bounding about to show off.

"Yes, I am ready," said the Frog Chief, "and the Sun is rising, too."

"All right, then." The Antelope Chief whispered

and out of their lodges came all his People. They ran up on the hillside and stood still to watch the race.

"Here we go," laughed the Antelope Chief, trotting down the trail. But the Frog-person was always a little ahead of him.

"Well! He is faster than I thought," said the Antelope, beginning to *run*. Still the Frog was a little ahead of him—always a little *ahead*.

"Well! This person is not so *slow!*" he thought, and began to go like the wind.

But always the Frog-person was a little ahead of him—one long hop ahead.

Oh, ho! The Frog-person was a little ahead when finally he reached the Frog village, and turned to race back.

"I will beat him now," he thought. "This way is up-hill." He ran as fast as he could go, pounding the trail with his hoofs. But, as before, always the Frog-person hopped a little ahead of him, till, out of breath, he fell down near his own lodge—beaten!

Oh, ho! Now all the Frogs began to *laugh*. They laughed very hard, and while they were laughing the Frog Chief hopped near the Antelope, whose sides were panting so fast that he could not speak. Oh, ho!

"A little running seems to *tire* you," smiled the Frog Chief. His sides were not panting. He had only hopped two long hops—*one* down the trail and *one* up again.

"I think you are a Short-of-breath-person," he added, sitting down.

BUT ALWAYS THE FROG-PERSON WAS ONE LONG HOP AHEAD

"Well, you have beaten me, and I admit it," panted the Antelope Chief. "You are a very fast runner.

That is all I can say. I misjudged you. But I *know* now."

"Oh, I am not so fast at *running,*" replied the Frog Chief, "but I spend a good deal of time *thinking.* I am a pretty fast *thinker,* you will find."

Ho!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Who won the race?
2. What was the Frog Chief trying to prove by the race? Did he prove it? Name the acts of his that showed "smartness."
3. Which chief did you prefer to have win the race? Give reasons.
4. Read aloud lines which prove that the Antelope Chief was a good loser.
5. What is the funniest part in the story?
6. There are "hidden meanings" in several of the Frog's speeches. Find the Frog's speech, "I am sure you will be laughed at, all right," on page 180. What hidden meaning is in that remark?

   Find the hidden meaning in the Frog's reply to the Antelope about the number of frogs at the race.

   Find other remarks of the Frog Chief which have hidden meanings and explain them.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Kootenai Why Stories, by Frank B. Linderman. Scribners.

"Mr. Coon Who Wouldn't Change His Mind," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia,* 7 : 2952–2955.

"Adventures with Howler the Monkey," *ibid.,* 6 : 2293–2297.

Tales from Timbukta, by Constance Smedley. Harcourt.

"How the Leopard Got His Spots," by Rudyard Kipling, in *Just-So-Stories,* 45–68.

"How the Camel Got His Hump," *ibid.,* 17–27.

A-LIST'NIN' TO THE WITCH TALES 'AT ANNIE TELLS ABOUT

2. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Do you think this poem belongs under "Fun and Fancy"? Give reasons.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the
crumbs away,

An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-keep;
An' all us other childern, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly flue, an' ever'wheres, I guess;
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round-about!

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood-an'-kin;
An' onc't when there was "company," an' ole folks was there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em an' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicks her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's about!
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—

You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond
an' dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's
tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

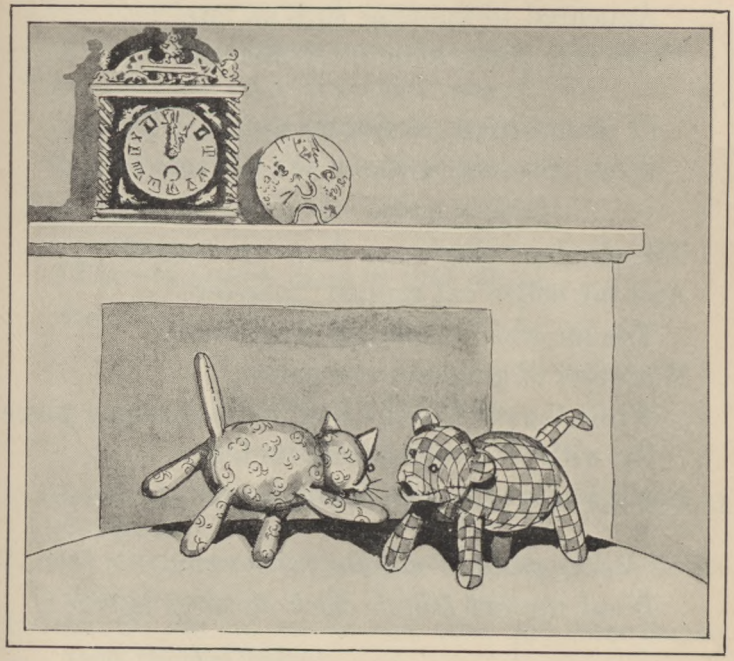
1. Do you think this poem belongs under "Fun and Fancy"? Give reasons.
2. Tell the picture you get of Annie telling witch stories—put in the place, the time of day, the sounds around her. What kind of place is best for telling a ghost story? Why?
3. Do you like the kind of stories Annie told? Give reasons.
4. Three pupils read the poem aloud as they think it ought to be read.

STORY TELLING

1. Tell in your own words the stories Annie told (*a*) about the boy who wouldn't say his prayers, (*b*) about the girl who made fun of other people.
2. Make up a story Annie might have told about another boy or girl who had been bad in some other way.

VOLUNTEER PROJECT

Make another stanza for the poem to come after stanza 3. Make your stanza like stanza 2 and 3.



3. THE DUEL

EUGENE FIELD

As you read the poem make pictures of the "duel."

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t' other had slept a wink!

The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.

(I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!

(Never mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!

(Don't fancy I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!

(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Describe the pictures you made in your mind as you read the poem.
2. Read aloud lines which helped you get the picture of the clock; the picture of the Chinese plate.
3. Could the dog and cat eat each other up? What do you think the poet meant?
4. Does the poet make you feel that he knows that his story does not sound true? How? Read aloud the lines which give you this idea.
5. Why does the poet choose a dog and a cat for the duel? Why does he say "gingham" dog and "calico" cat?

STORY TELLING

1. Imagine that you are the Chinese plate and tell about the duel as you saw it.
2. Tell the story as the Dutch clock might tell it.
3. Tell the story as the boy or the girl who owned the dog and cat might tell it.

4. A MAD TEA PARTY

LEWIS CARROLL

The girl in this story had many strange adventures in a wonderland where unusual people and animals lived. As you read the story see whether the title fits. Be ready to give reasons.

I

A table was set out under a tree in front of the house. The March Hare and the Hatter were having tea. A Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

"There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large armchair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all around the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said in a severe tone: "It's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles.—I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice. He had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily; then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and

"IT WAS THE *BEST* BUTTER, YOU KNOW"

looked at it again; but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily"; but

that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No; I give it up," Alice replied: "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head scornfully. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied; "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons; you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

"I only wish it were," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully; "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter, "but you could keep it at half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I," he replied. "We quarrelled last March—just before *he* went mad, you know" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare). "It was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing:

"'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:

"'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle'"—

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, *"Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle"* —and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!' "

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh; "it's always tea time, and we've no time to wash the things between times."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter; "as the things get used up."

"But when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

II

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning, "I'm getting tired of this. I vote that the young lady tell us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the request.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice. "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie, and they lived at the bottom of a well"—

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," [1] said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked, "they'd have been ill."

[1] Trea'cle (tre'kl), syrup

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on, "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean, you can't take *less*," said the Hatter; "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this. So she helped herself to some tea and bread and butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question, "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly. "I

won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one.*"

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know"—

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter; "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him. The March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change, and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously, "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse,—"well in."

This answer confused poor Alice.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M"—

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze, but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on, "—that begins with an M, such as mousetraps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are 'much of a muchness'—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think"—

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear. She got up in disgust, and walked off. The Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her. The last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Does the title fit the story? Give reasons.
2. Tell the picture you get of the tea table; of the March Hare, the Hatter, the Dormouse, and Alice.
3. Which one was the wittiest? Which the most stupid? Which the most easily offended? Prove your statements by reading aloud parts of the story.

STUDY HELPS

1. Find amusing parts in the story in which the fun is:
   a. in *what* the characters *did.*
   b. in the *way* the characters *acted.*
   c. in *what* the characters *said.*
   d. in the *way* the characters *spoke*—the tone of voice, and so on.
2. List the topics of conversation at the tea table, for example,
   I. Alice's arrival.
   II. Riddles.
   III.
   IV.
   V.
   VI.

   Select the parts of the story for each topic you listed.

ORAL READING

1. Choose pupils to be the characters in the story and read aloud the different parts of the conversation as you outlined it above.
2. A volunteer find another story of Alice in Wonderland and read it aloud to the class.

5. ANIMAL LANGUAGE

HUGH LOFTING

Imagine that you are a visitor in Doctor Dolittle's home and see and hear everything that happens in this story.

I

One day Doctor Dolittle was sitting in his kitchen talking with the Cat's-meat-Man who had come to see him with a stomach-ache.

"Why don't you give up being a people's doctor, and be an animal-doctor?" asked the Cat's-meat-Man.

The parrot, Polynesia, was sitting in the window looking out at the rain and singing a sailor-song to herself. She stopped singing and started to listen.

"You see, Doctor," the Cat's-meat-Man went on, "you know all about animals—much more than these animal-doctors do. That book you wrote—about cats, why, it's wonderful! I can't read or write myself—or maybe I'd write some books. But my wife, Theodosia, is a scholar. She read your book to me. Well, it's wonderful—that's all that can be said—wonderful. You might have been a cat yourself. You know the way they think. You can make a lot of money doctoring animals. Do you know that? You see, I'd send all the old women who had sick cats and dogs to

you. If they didn't get sick fast enough, I could put something in the meat I sell 'em to make 'em sick, see?"

"Oh, no," said the Doctor quickly, "you mustn't do that. That wouldn't be right."

"Oh, I didn't mean real sick," answered the Cat's-meat-Man. "Maybe it wouldn't be quite fair to the animals. But they'll get sick anyway, because the old women always give 'em too much to eat. And look, all the farmers round about who had lame horses and weak lambs—they'd come. Be an animal-doctor."

II

When the Cat's-meat-Man had gone, the parrot flew off the window on to the Doctor's table and said, "That man has sense. That's what you ought to do. Be an animal-doctor. Give the silly people up, if they haven't brains enough to see that you're the best doctor in the world. Take care of animals instead; *they'll* soon find out how smart you are. Be an animal-doctor."

"Oh, there are plenty of animal-doctors," said John Dolittle, putting the flower-pots outside on the window-sill to get the rain.

"Yes, there *are* plenty," said Polynesia. "But none of them is any good. Now listen, Doctor, and I'll tell you something. Did you know that animals can talk?"

"I knew that parrots can talk," said the Doctor.

"Oh, we parrots can talk in two languages—people's language and bird-language," said Polynesia proudly. "If I say, 'Polly wants a cracker,' you understand me. But hear this: *Ka-ka oi-ee, fee-fee?*"

"Good gracious!" cried the Doctor. "What does that mean?"

"That means, 'Is the porridge hot yet?'—in bird-language."

"My! You don't say so!" said the Doctor. "You never talked that way to me before."

"What would have been the good?" said Polynesia, dusting some cracker-crumbs off her left wing. "You wouldn't have understood me if I had."

"Tell me some more," said the Doctor, all excited. He rushed over to the dresser-drawer and came back with the butcher's book and a pencil. "Now don't go too fast—and I'll write it down. This is very interesting—very interesting—something quite new. Give me the birds' A.B.C. first—slowly now."

That was the way the Doctor came to know that animals had a language of their own and could talk to one another. All that afternoon, while it was raining, Polynesia sat on the kitchen table giving him bird words to put down in the book.

At tea-time, when the dog, Jip, came in, the parrot said to the Doctor, "See, *he's* talking to you."

"GIVE ME THE BIRDS' A.B.C. FIRST—SLOWLY NOW"

"Looks to me as though he were scratching his ear," said the Doctor.

"But animals don't always speak with their mouths," said the parrot in a high voice, raising her eyebrows. "They talk with their ears, with their feet, with their tails—with everything. Sometimes they don't *want* to make a noise. Do you see now the way he's twitching up one side of his nose?"

"What does that mean?" asked the Doctor.

"That means, 'Can't you see that it has stopped raining?' " Polynesia answered. "He is asking you a question. Dogs nearly always use their noses for asking questions."

III

After a while, with the parrot's help, the Doctor learned the language of the animals so well that he could talk to them himself and understand everything they said. Then he gave up being a people's doctor altogether.

As soon as the Cat's-meat-Man had told every one that John Dolittle was going to become an animal-doctor, old ladies began to bring him their pet pugs and poodles who had eaten too much cake; and farmers came many miles to show him sick cows and sheep.

One day a plow-horse was brought to him. The

poor thing was glad to find a man who could talk in horse-language.

"You know, Doctor," said the horse, "that animal-doctor over the hill knows nothing at all. He has been treating me six weeks now for spavins. What I need is *spectacles*. I am going blind in one eye. There's no reason why horses shouldn't wear glasses, the same as people. But that stupid man over the hill never even looked at my eyes. He kept on giving me big pills. I tried to tell him; but he couldn't understand a word of horse-language. What I need is spectacles."

"Of course—of course," said the Doctor. "I'll get you some at once."

"I would like a pair like yours," said the horse—"only green. They'll keep the sun out of my eyes while I'm plowing the Fifty-Acre Field."

"Certainly," said the Doctor. "Green ones you shall have."

"You know, Sir," said the plow-horse as the Doctor opened the front door to let him out—"the trouble is that *anybody* thinks he can doctor animals—just because the animals can't complain. As a matter of fact it takes a much cleverer man to be a really good animal-doctor than it does to be a good people's doctor."

John Dolittle got a fine, big pair of green spectacles; and the plow-horse stopped going blind in one eye and could see as well as ever.

Soon it became a common sight to see farm-animals wearing glasses in the country around Puddleby. A blind horse became a thing unknown.

So it was with all the other animals that were brought to Doctor Dolittle. As soon as they found that he could talk their language, they told him where the pain was and how they felt, and of course it was easy for him to cure them.

Now all these animals went back and told their brothers and friends that there was a doctor in the little house with the big garden who really *was* a doctor. Whenever any creature got sick—not only horses and cows and dogs—but all the little things of the fields, like harvest-mice, badgers, and bats, they came at once to his house on the edge of the town, so that his big garden was nearly always crowded with animals trying to get in to see him.

So many animals came that he had to have special doors made for the different kinds. He wrote "HORSES" over the front door, "COWS" over the side door, and "SHEEP" on the kitchen door. Each kind of animal had a separate door. Even the mice had a tiny tunnel made for them into the cellar, where they waited patiently in rows for the Doctor to come round to them.

In a few years' time, every living thing for miles and miles came to know about John Dolittle, M.D. The birds who flew to other countries in the winter

told the animals in foreign lands of the wonderful doctor of Puddleby-on-the-Marsh, who could understand their talk and help them in their troubles. In this way he became famous among the animals all over the world—better known even than he had been among the folks of the West Country. He was happy and liked his life very much.

IV

One afternoon when the Doctor was busy writing a book, Polynesia sat in the window—as she nearly always did—looking out at the leaves blowing about in the garden. Presently she laughed aloud.

"What is it, Polynesia?" asked the Doctor, looking up from his book.

"I was just thinking," said the parrot; and she went on looking at the leaves.

"What were you thinking?"

"I was thinking about people," said Polynesia. "People think they're so wonderful. The world has been going on now for thousands of years, hasn't it? The only thing in animal-language that *people* have learned to understand is that when a dog wags his tail he means 'I'm glad!' It's funny, isn't it? You are the very first man to talk like us. Oh, sometimes people annoy me dreadfully—such airs they put on—talking about 'the dumb animals.' *Dumb!*—Huh!

Why I knew a macaw once who could say 'Good morning!' in seven different ways without once opening his mouth. He could talk every language—and Greek. An old professor with a gray beard bought him. But he didn't stay. He said the old man didn't talk Greek right, and he couldn't stand listening to him teach the language wrong. I often wonder what's become of him. That bird knew more geography than people will ever know.—*People!* I suppose if people ever learn to fly—like any common hedge-sparrow—we shall never hear the end of it!"

"You're a wise old bird," said the Doctor. "How old are you really? I know that parrots and elephants sometimes live to be very, very old."

"I can never be quite sure of my age," said Polynesia. "It's either a hundred eighty-three or a hundred eighty-two. But I know that when I first came here from Africa, King Charles was still hiding in the oak-tree—because I saw him. He looked scared to death."

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Tell one funny sight that you saw in Dr. Dolittle's home; one funny bit of conversation that you heard.
2. This story has been divided into four parts. Fill in the outline below for these four parts. Part I is filled in as a sample for you.

   I. *Title.*—The Advice of the Cat's-meat-Man.
   Time.—One rainy day.

Place.—Dr. Dolittle's kitchen.
Characters.—Cat's-meat-Man, Dr. Dolittle, Polynesia.

II. *Title.*—.....
Time.—.....
Place.—.....
Characters.—.....

III.—*Title.*—.....
Time.—.....
Place.—.....
Characters.—.....

IV.—*Title.*—.....
Time.—.....
Place.—.....
Characters.—.....

WORD MEANINGS

Choose the correct word in parenthesis to show the meanings of these words:

Wonderful means (great, large, amazing).
Clever means (ignorant, smart, funny).
Presently means (soon, now, early).
Tunnel means (hole, ditch, passageway).
Annoy means (hate, offend, please).
Started means (began, continued, stopped).
Porridge means (a food, an animal, a bird).
Excited means (happy, aroused to action, ill).
Macaw means (a bird, an animal, a person).
Parrot means (an animal, a bird, a person).
Poodle means (a bird, an animal, a place).
Badger means (a person, a place, an animal.)

Find the sentences in the story which contain these words. Read these sentences putting in the new words and see whether the meaning is nearly the same.

POEMS OF THE SEASONS

The poems which follow picture different seasons. As you read them, decide which season is pictured in each and which poem gives the best picture.

6. APRIL'S ORDER

NAN T. REED

Said little Madame April
To the mighty Weather Man:
"I'd like to have you send me
As promptly as you can
A million yards of bluest sky,
A box of gentle showers,
(And please omit the Winter frost
That bites the little flowers);

"I want a lot of sunshine
I can sprinkle all around.
It makes the people happy
And fixes up the ground
Where I shall start a million seeds—
The garden kind, you know—
And Summertime will bring them up
The way they ought to go.

"I've thirty April children
That I'll pay you with this year;
They're not exactly perfect
But much admired, I hear.
Although they're temperamental, they
Are pleasing, as a rule,
And out of thirty children there
Is only one—a Fool."

7. LAUGHING SONG

WILLIAM BLAKE

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing, "Ha, ha, he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread:
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

8. OCTOBER'S PARTY

GEORGE COOPER

October gave a party;
The leaves by hundreds came—
The chestnuts, oaks, and maples,
The leaves of every name.

The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand,
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind was the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed;
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best.

All balanced to their partners,
And gaily fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow
New fallen from the sky.

9. THE WONDERFUL WEAVER

GEORGE COOPER

There's a wonderful weaver
  High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
  For cold earth to wear,
With the wind for his shuttle,
  The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves! how he weaves!
  In the light, in the gloom.

Oh! with finest of laces
  He decks bush and tree,
On the bare flinty meadows
  A cover lays he.
Then a quaint cap he places
  On pillar and post,
And he changes the pump
  To a grim, silent ghost.

But this wonderful weaver
  Grows weary at last,
And the shuttle lies idle
  That once flew so fast;
Then the sun peeps abroad
  On the work that is done;
And he smiles: "I'll unravel
  It all just for fun!"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What season is pictured in each poem? Which poem gives the most accurate picture of a season? the funniest picture? the most beautiful picture?
2. Which poem in the group do you like best? Why?
3. Choose some pupil to read aloud each of the poems. Which poem did you like best in the oral reading? Why? Did you select the same poem that you liked in your silent reading? If not, give reasons.
4. Suppose that you were giving the weather man an order for April weather, would Madam April's order suit you? Give reasons.
5. What is meant by April's children? Which is the "Fool"? Do you agree with the poet that April's children are pleasing as a rule? Explain.
6. Name all the laughing things in the "Laughing Song." Read aloud lines from this poem which give pictures; lines which give color; lines which give sounds.
7. Read aloud the lines in "October's Party" which show action. Describe the action shown in each. Read the lines that give colors seen at the party.
8. Describe the changes the "weaver" brings about.

VOLUNTEER PROJECTS

1. Write a paragraph telling a change the "weaver" makes in some other familiar object.
2. Make an order to the weather man by Mister March, Miss June, or Madam February. Put your order in the form of a poem if you wish.
3. Select and copy other poems of the seasons. Choose a committee to make a booklet of your poems.

MEMORIZING

Memorize one of the poems. See page 58 for help.

10. CAMPING IN THE WOODS

CLARENCE HAWKES

The boy in this story went camping with an old experienced camper. As you read the story, pick out the parts of his camp life that you would enjoy.

When old Ben told me one August day that we would go away into the great woods for a week's camping out, my joy knew no bounds. I rolled upon the ground and shouted, stood upon my head and turned hand-springs. This had long been a dream of delight which I had thought almost too good to be true, but here it was about to be realized.

Three days later, we loaded our outfit into the express wagon, and father drove us to what was called the great woods. We arrived upon the outskirts of what seemed to me to be a wilderness late in the afternoon. When we had unloaded our camp supplies, and father and the express wagon had gone, Ben looked about us.

"This isn't just an ideal camping spot," he said, "but it will have to do for to-night."

We at once set to work on our camp. The tent was soon up. Ben then made a bright fire between three stones that he arranged to form three sides of a square.

"It is always a good plan to place stones in that way, Harry," he said, "so that your fire won't keep tumbling

down as fast as it burns. If we were real savages, instead of make-believes, starting the fire would be quite a process, and might take half an hour. We would have to use a flint and some tinder, and it would be quite a trick."

I opened a can of salmon which was soon sending out a fine odor as it sizzled in the frying pan.

"Seems as if I could eat the frying pan and all," I said.

Ben laughed. "That's the tonic of the woods," he said. "It beats any medicine that I ever heard of for a poor appetite."

Soon our supper was ready and we ate it upon a flat rock. No food at home ever tasted so good.

After supper Ben cut two small hemlocks, and dragged them near the tent, and we set to work to strip them of all their small branches and needles.

"Nothing in the world makes so soft and sweet a bed as hemlock needles," explained Ben.

When we had a large pile of the sweet, springy hemlock plumes, we carried them into the tent. Ben showed me how to cover the pile with the blanket, and to tuck the edges under so that when we lay upon it, our bed would not flatten out as much as it would otherwise do. We put our second blanket on top of the first one, and Ben called it, "the spread."

The bed now being ready, we went outside, piled

a lot of wood upon the camp fire, and sat down to enjoy ourselves.

"Of course, we don't need the fire to-night to keep us warm," said Ben, "but it looks so cheerful that I love to watch the flames and see the pictures come and go. Besides, the smoke helps to keep off the mosquitoes."

I pulled a handful of grass and put it upon the fire. I was surprised to see how quickly a dark wreath of smoke was curling up through the treetops.

"The Indians always used fires for signals," explained Ben, "and they could send messages several miles by means of smoke signals."

When the camp fire got low, we scrambled into the tent, like two boys, and threw ourselves upon the bed of hemlock. Ben drew the outside blanket over us and tucked it in. In a few minutes I was sound asleep.

What glorious days those were! Ben and I wandered in the mysterious woods searching out its secrets. Every day we became better acquainted with the birds and squirrels, the rabbits and mice, and all the great family of the wood folks.

Little by little I learned to see with the eyes of a woodsman. I learned to separate the rabbit from the brown shrubs in which he squatted, the bird from the leaves in which it sought to screen itself, and the squirrel from the knot which he pretended to be.

"The only way to see things in the woods," said Ben one day as we sat on an old log in the leafy green depths, "is to sit still and let them come to you. The wild creatures in the woods always see or hear us before we see them. That is why the forest often seems to be deserted when we pass through.

"Perhaps birds have been singing and chirping, and squirrels have been chattering a moment before, but as soon as the noisy foot of man comes into the woods, all becomes quiet. It would surprise you, Harry, to know how many eyes are watching as you go through the woods. Most of the wild creatures do not flee in panic, but hide themselves and watch to see what you are doing.

"The squirrel flattens himself out on a branch. A limb two inches in diameter will entirely hide him; or perhaps he may make believe that he is a knot upon the tree. He can do this so well that you will probably never see him.

"The rabbit usually hides in plain sight, but you think him a stone or the end of an old log.

"The owl passes for a bunch of last year's leaves or a knot on the tree. The principal art in hiding in the woods is to keep perfectly still. Nature has so made the coats of the birds and the four-footed creatures that they blend with the shadows.

"Go into the woods and sit perfectly quiet for an hour and see what a change will come. Perhaps your

first caller will be a little brown bird who comes fluttering down through the boughs to get a better look at you. Then the wood mouse may slip slyly out of his den at the root of a tree and peep curiously at you. Soon you may hear a pitter-patter in the leaves. That is the squirrel. If the noise is more like a strut than a pitter-patter, perhaps a partridge may be looking here and there in the ends of rotten logs and stumps for grubs. If the sounds are farther apart and more uneven, it is probably a rabbit. The steady trot, trot, trot of a fox is always easy to recognize. It is as easy to recognize these little footfalls in the woods, once you have learned them, as it is to tell the step of your father or mother in your own home."

"Don't you ever get fooled, Ben?" I asked. For to me nearly all the sounds in the woods were merely noises, although I recognized most of the bird songs and their call notes.

"Yes, even the best ear is deceived sometimes," replied Ben; "you must learn in the woods to hear or see a little part of the truth and to supply the rest."

"It looks to me a great deal like finding a needle in a haymow," I said.

Ben laughed. "I used to think so, too," he said cheerily, "but you see I am an old man, and you are only a small boy. All things come to him who waits, and a boy can learn much by keeping his eyes and ears open."

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What parts of Harry's camp life would you enjoy? What parts would not be fun to you?
2. Tell how the squirrel hides himself from view; the rabbit; the owl; some other animal you have observed.
3. Imagine that you are sitting quietly in the woods. Tell of the callers you have and how you can recognize them.
4. Some boy scout volunteer to show how the Indians made fire.
5. Tell of ways of cooking in the woods.
6. Tell of camp fun you have had.
7. Tell of other summer fun.

A GAME WITH WORDS

Choose the right ending for each of these statements:

1. The dream was about to be realized means (the dream was about to come true, the dream was a horrible one, the dream was about to end).
2. A wilderness is (a place in which many people live, a trackless forest, a park).
3. A tonic is (a bird call, a food, something which gives one strength).
4. A hemlock is (a flowering bush, a tree, a rock).
5. A signal is (a sign which gives information, a forest fire, an insect).
6. To flee in a panic means (to run away in fear, to fly away in pain, to become angry).
7. A weasel is (a fish, a bird, a four-footed animal).
8. A partridge is (a bird, a fish, a four-footed animal).

Check your work by looking up these words in the glossary (page 425). After you have checked your work, read the sentences containing these words to see if the meanings are clear.

11. SNOWBALL WARFARE

DANIEL C. BEARD

Read the account of the snowball battle by the school boys and see which of the rules of the game they followed.

Every boy knows that no season of the year can boast of more healthful out-door games, brimful of fun and excitement, than winter. No sport among winter games is more exciting and amusing than snowball warfare. The interest and fun of the game are greatly increased if a fort is to be captured or defended.

HOW TO BUILD THE FORT

The top of a mound is a good place for the fort. The plan of the foundation should be made first. The size of the fort will depend upon the number of boys in the game. A circle twelve feet in diameter, or a square with sides of ten feet, will make a fort that will hold a company of ten boys. It is better to have a fort too small than too large.

All the boys may join in the fun of building the fort. The chief engineer must see that his men roll very large snowballs for use in making the walls very strong. These large snowballs must then be rolled into place upon the lines traced out for the foundation.

Let us suppose that the fort is to be square. In this case, care must be taken to have the corners of the square opposite the most probable approach of the enemy. This will leave the smallest point possible exposed to the attack, and the defenders of the fort can, without crowding each other, take good aim at the foe.

After the four sides of the square are covered by large snowballs, all hands must pack the snow about the bottom and fill up each crack until a solid wall is formed. Then with spades and shovels the walls should be trimmed down to a straight line on the inside, but should be made to slant out toward the bottom on the outside. The top of the wall should be about two feet broad and the bottom about four feet.

When the wall is finished, a mound of snow should be prepared in the center of the square for the flagstaff. This mound will be useful also as a supply of snow for more balls in case ammunition runs out during the battle. A quantity of snowballs should be piled up inside the walls at the four corners. This done, the fort is ready for the battle.

Rules of the Game

The following rules are proposed for snowball warfare:

1. Two captains should be selected. These officers are to give orders, and should be promptly obeyed by their men.

2. The captains should draw lots for positions. One captain becomes the defender of the fort and the other the leader of the attack.
3. The captains must choose their men. The captain of the fort should have first choice. After that, the captains take turns in choosing men until two-thirds of the boys have been chosen. The boys not chosen belong to the attacking force. The attacking force should be twice as large as the defending force.
4. At least thirty yards from the fort a camp must be established by the attacking army, and stakes should be driven at the four corners to locate the camp.
5. Each party will have its colors. The attacking party will also have a battle-flag which it carries in the battle.
6. The defenders of the fort must see that all damages to the fort are promptly repaired.
7. Any soldier from the fort who shall be carried off within the limits of the camp becomes a prisoner of war, and cannot leave the camp until rescued by his own comrades.
8. Any one of the attacking force pulled into the fort becomes a prisoner of war, and must remain in the fort until it is captured.
9. Prisoners of war cannot be made to fight against their own side, but they may be employed in making snowballs or repairing damages to the fort.
10. Any deserter recaptured must suffer the penalty of having his face washed with snow, and being made to work with the prisoners of war.
11. When the attacking force can replace the enemy's colors with their battle-flag, the fort is captured and the battle is won by the attacking party. All fighting must then immediately cease.
12. If the defenders of the fort can take the colors of the opposing force from the camp and bring them inside

their fort, they have successfully defended their fort, and have defeated the attacking army. This ends the battle with double honors to the defenders.

13. No water-soaked or icy snowballs are allowed. No honorable boy uses them, and any one caught in the ungentlemanly act of throwing "soakers" should be ruled out of the game.
14. No blows are allowed to be struck by the hand, and, of course, no kicking is permitted.

The following story of a snow battle in which the author took part when a boy will give an idea of the excitement and interest of the game.

A Snow Battle

It was a year when the Indian summer had lasted far into the winter. Christmas had come and gone and a new year begun, but not one flake of snow had fallen. We were about to make up our minds that old Jack Frost was a humbug, and winter a myth, when one day as the bell tapped for recess, the first boy out gave a shout which passed from mouth to mouth until it became a hearty cheer as we reached the playgrounds. Floating airily down from a dull, leaden, gray sky came hundreds of white snow-flakes!

Winter had come! Jack Frost was no longer a humbug! Before the bell again recalled us to our study, the ground was whitened with snow, and the school was divided into two opposing armies for a snow battle. It was my fortune to be chosen as one of the defenders of the fort.

That night was a busy one. All hands were busy preparing for the coming battle.

Not a boy was late the next morning. In fact when the teachers arrived to open the school, they found the pupils upon the playground rolling huge snowballs for the walls of the fort. Soon a beautifully modelled fort of snowy whiteness stood ready for us, and from a mound in the center floated the battle-flag.

At noon our company took their places inside the fort. We could see the enemy gathered around their captain at their camp some two hundred yards distant, their ammunition sleds loaded with well-made snowballs. The captain carried their battle-flag.

At a blast from a tin horn the foe rushed on! They separated and approached us in two divisions—one from the right and the other from the left.

"Now, boys," cried our captain, "be careful not to throw a ball until they are within range."

Then, calling the pluckiest boy among us, a flaxen-haired country boy, to his side, he whispered a word or two and pointed to the flag in the enemy's camp. The boy, who had been nicknamed "Daddy," slipped quietly over the rear wall of the fort, dodged behind a snowdrift and then behind a fence, and was lost to sight.

Forward marched the enemy, their battle-flag borne in advance of the party to the right. We stood

ready to receive them. As they neared us, the two divisions unexpectedly joined and advanced together. We pelted them with snowballs, but could not stop them. On they came, encouraged by a cheer from the teachers and others who had gathered to watch the battle.

Our captain had been tumbled from his perch upon the mound in the center of the fort three times, when another burst of applause from the spectators announced new developments. We looked up and saw "Daddy" with the colors of the enemy's camp in his arms, his tow hair flying in the wind, running for dear life.

In an instant the line of the enemy was all in confusion; some ran to head off "Daddy," while others in their excitement stood and shouted. It was our turn now, and we pelted their broken ranks with snowballs until they looked like snow-men.

Another shout, and we looked around to find our captain down and the hands of one of the attacking party almost upon our flag. It was the work of but a second to pitch the intruder outside the fort. Then came the tug of war. A rush was made to capture our color. Several of our boys were pulled out of the fort and taken prisoners, and it looked as if the fort would be captured. Again and again, a number of the enemy, with their colors, gained the top of the breastworks, and again and again were they tumbled off

amid a shower of snowballs that forced them to retire to gain breath and clear the snow from their eyes. Once their color-bearer actually succeeded in reach-

THEY WERE TUMBLED OFF AMID A SHOWER OF SNOWBALLS

ing the mound upon which stood our colors. A combined attack that nearly resulted in his being made prisoner drove him from the fort to gather strength for another rush.

"Daddy" was now a prisoner, and the recaptured flag again floated over the enemy's camp.

The battle was left undecided as the school bell called us to our lessons. But our fort was soon captured by a force stronger than our companions, for a warm south wind sprang up and the fort quickly melted away. *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Which of the rules are necessary to make the snow battle real fun?
2. Which of the rules did the school boys in this story follow? Read aloud parts of the story to prove your statements.
3. The author calls snow warfare a boys' game. Do girls enjoy such games? Do they make good "soldiers"? Discuss.
4. Name other out-door games of winter which you enjoy.
5. Some one volunteer to draw the diagram of the square fort on the board. Explain why the wall slants; how the corners should be placed with reference to the attacking force.
6. Some one draw a diagram of a fort which is in the form of a circle. Draw a line to show the meaning of diameter of the circle.

DRAMATIZATION

1. Imagine that you are the first boy to see the snow and act his part as he left the schoolroom.
2. Imagine that you are the captain of the defenders of the fort and send "Daddy" on his errand.
3. Imagine that you are "Daddy" and act his part in capturing the enemy's flag.
4. Imagine that you are the color bearer of the attacking force and act his part on the mound in the fort.

READING GAME

1. The first list of words or phrases below contains expressions used in this story. The second list contains words or phrases meaning the same or nearly the same as those in the first list. Show on your paper the phrases which mean the same by matching the numbers and letters. For example, "the attacking force" means the same as "the army trying to take the fort." You may show this on your paper by writing 1–*c*.

List I	*List II*
1. the attacking force	*a*. mending broken parts
2. the defenders of the fort	*b*. stop at once
3. prisoners of war	*c*. army trying to take the fort
4. deserters	*d*. protectors of inclosed place
5. immediately cease	*e*. captured enemies in a battle
6. limits of the camp	*f*. victors were not determined
7. rescued	*g*. runaways from the army
8. opposing armies	*h*. outside boundaries of the field
9. repairing damages	*i*. taken from the enemy
10. successfully defended	*j*. well protected
11. the battle was left undecided	*k*. the groups lined up against each other in a fight

A GAME OF RAPID SEEING

Glance quickly at each group of words given above, one group at each glance. Merely let your eyes drop on the group of words, then look up and repeat what you saw. You can learn to see several words at one glance. Keep a record of the number of words you were able to see at a glance in this game and see if you can beat this record the next time you play a phrase game.

12. PET SHOWS

STELLA G. PERRY

Read the story rapidly, but be sure to understand it. Notice the number of minutes you need to do the reading.

In front of a large building in a Western city stood a small boy. His hair was glossy with brush-strokes and water. His dark Italian skin was shining with soap and rubbing. His blue shirt was crackly with starch. It was Sunday and a most important Sunday to Tony.

He climbed the steps and opened the door. In the great hall he could see boxes, crates, and cages all tagged and ready for removal on the morrow. What a clatter of barks and mews, what a cackling and chirping came out to greet Tony as he entered the hallway!

"I've come for my bird," he announced, as a man came forward to meet him. "Here's my bird's tag with the number on it. I want him now, because I can't come for him to-morrow. My bird is a prize-winner in this show. He was just a poor little thing, shedding his feathers, and nobody wanted him. But I took care of him and now he's a prize-winner. I want to take Pedro home."

Matching the number on the tag with the number

on his cage, the man found Pedro to be a huge and brilliant macaw. His cage was almost the same height as Tony himself and far greater around than Tony. "Why, you can't carry that big cage, my lad. Let me send it home to-morrow," suggested the man.

"No, sir, thank you. I can carry it; I brought it here. I want to take Pedro myself, because the judge said, 'See what good care will do!' I'm the one who takes care of Pedro."

Then, proud and happy, Tony encircled the cage with his arms as far as they could reach and, almost hidden by it, started home with his pet.

Tony is a product of the "Pet Show Idea." In towns and cities of the West, from Great Salt Lake to the great ocean, an interesting new movement has been growing. Once a year the children have been giving "pet shows."

These are quite unlike the stock shows that grown people hold—the poultry shows, horse shows, dog shows, cat shows, and cattle shows which we all know about. In those, animals are judged for points and pedigrees. But these children's "Pet Shows of the West" are for Towser, Fido, and Tabby, the tame pigeons, John's white mice, Elizabeth's canary, and Maud's goldfish. They are for the pond fish that James is bringing up, the fox cub the forester gave to Robert, Harriet's bees, Tom's pony, the baby robin that fell from the nest and is now our baby's care.

In fact, they are for any pet of which any child is proud.

The pets entered are judged chiefly for the loving care they have had and for their own good dispositions.

Once a year, on many a street of the cities of the West, you may see what looks like a young circus. It is only a group of children bringing their pets for entry in the pet show.

The children come from the wealthiest homes and from the simplest. They come afoot, carrying their pets, leading them, or pushing them in wheelbarrows; they come in wagons, carriages, and automobiles. They bring all sorts of pets, from snails to baby elephants. They have cared for the pets themselves and present them all in perfect "show condition."

The children's pet shows had excited so much favorable notice that at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco there was a Children's Pet Day. In fact, two whole days of the fair were given up to the young people and their pets.

The Pet Show Movement began because Dr. Frederick W. D'Evelyn, of San Francisco, has two hobbies, children and animals. He understands both, and they understand him. The children and the animals have taught him their secrets, what they think,

what they enjoy, why they act as they do—secrets that most grown people never know or never remember.

He thinks that the best thing they have told him is this: Children and animals are natural friends and ought to be brought up together. A child is happiest when he loves and is loved by dumb comrades. He can have more fun in the world when he understands the silent language of animals. He is more loyal, more tender, and more self-reliant if he takes care of them himself.

The best way to learn the wonders of the varied life of the world we live in is to work with Nature's other children, the humble friends of the fireside, the field, and the forest. And the best way to make the animals gentle and good—even the wild ones—is to give them kind child-companions when they are young. They are the faithful allies of childhood.

The first pet show was started by Dr. D'Evelyn and a few of his friends. It had only a few entries, but now there are shows all over the West. At some of them hundreds of pets are exhibited. Teachers, parents, and school boards encourage the movement, for they see that in the case of animal life, as in that of flowers and stones, natural history is best learned from Nature herself.

Any child under eighteen may enter pets in a contest. The shows are not for profit; all entries are

free, and all children are admitted without charge. Usually the only strict rule is that the young exhibitors must have taken care of their pets themselves.

This rule has a good result; for the children have learned to keep their pets in show condition all the time, and not merely just before show time. They soon discover that the bird or beast that is always well-kept is the one most likely to win. Indeed, many of the best prizes are given for that point alone.

A tiny fluffy poodle in a Salt Lake City show won a special prize of honor because little Frances, who owned him, had taken good care of his health.

Jean, whose white Angora rabbit won a cup in the San Mateo show and first prize at the Exposition show, cut its hair at the proper season and brushed and combed it daily as it grew long and fleecy. She took such pride in Bunny's soft white beauty that she wheeled him about in the carriage with her doll.

The judges in the shows explained all points of care and proper training and gave talks on natural history to any child who was interested. They told the children that cleanliness, regular habits, proper food, and good manners are as important to the welfare of pets as to that of their young masters and mistresses.

There were judging-charts hanging up in the show rooms, so that the children might study the reasons for the judges' decisions. Indeed, the children have

learned so much about the condition and quality of animals and birds that some of them who have won prizes in four or five shows in succession are now allowed to assist as judges.

Almost everybody thought at first that dogs and cats would be the only entries; and of course these dear old friends, with ponies, pigeons, rabbits, guinea pigs, canaries, goldfish, and chickens, are the most numerous. But there are always a large number of varied and most unexpected entries. Spanish pheasants, Chinese ducks with red-tipped bills, tame squirrels and chipmunks, parrots and eagles, many strange birds, well-kept mules and burros, tamed beasts from wild woodlands and mountains, queer lizards and alligators, and animals from distant lands make a wonderful menagerie. Sometimes it looks like the "caucus race" in *Alice in Wonderland.*

Many of the contestants have histories. A prize was won at the San Francisco show by a wallaby and her baby. A wallaby is a small kangaroo. The little wallaby family was brought from Adelaide, South Australia. The young owner was a member of the Columbia Park Boys' Band, a club of boys who worked their way around the world during one long vacation by giving concerts.

Even more surprising was the tameness of Tigo, the ocelot—commonly called a tiger cat—who appeared in the Alameda show. He was once a sad little

orphan cub, lost in the mountains. He was found by a boy and "brought up" in his home as "one of the family." Outdoors he wore a dog collar and ran on a cord. Indoors he was as free as the ordinary house cat, and as gentle; yet he was as brilliantly beautiful as a tiger.

The California bear cub, who looked like a Teddy bear in the lap of his young mistress, was found when a baby and fed from a bottle. He was cuddlesome and roly-poly, and no stuffed Teddy was ever half so humorous as he.

In all the shows it is delightful to see the friendship of these tamed wild creatures. Timid quail and the pretty, speckled chirpers called "strawberry birds" roosted without fear on the hands and shoulders of their owners. Gentle fawns greeted their friends joyfully. Even lizards seemed to have forfotten their fear of humankind. A lively young alligator that climbed up the front of his master's coat divided attention with a chicken that "played dead" as a trick.

Most children keep pets just for the fun of it, but some are born students of nature. One boy entered thirty-six pets, all tamed. They were chiefly foreign birds and fine fowls, dogs, and cats. He brought them to the show in a small wagon. Back of his mother's vegetable store where I went to see them, they all lived in the utmost cleanliness and comfort. I

made friends with his beautiful Japanese love birds and his sweet English linnet. George, their owner, liked poultry. He is going to be a stock farmer some day, he said.

JOE PUT BACK HIS HEAD AND "SANG" HIS GRATITUDE

It was amusing to see in all the shows the interest that whole neighborhoods took in the chances of some popular, good-natured, four-footed friend, or, perhaps, in a clever parrot that everybody knew.

There was Joe, a homely, shaggy mongrel of no

particular breed. His hazel eyes are deep and wide and beautiful, and his face is full of fun and loyalty and character. All the children at the Valley School know of "June's Joe." June is the name of the little girl who owns him. Joe was born on her birthday ten years ago. Joe calls for his little mistress daily at the noon recess and at dismissal time. He goes through a whole series of tricks for her schoolmates, ending by "singing" for them in deep undertones.

Do you wonder that the children were eager for Joe to be honored in the pet show? They were wild with delight when he received a prize for his character; for the judge said he had "allurement." Then Joe put back his shaggy head and "sang" his gratitude.

I wish you could see some of the towns on Pet Show Day! The schools have a holiday, and even the grown people do honor to the pets. On such a morning, pets all over the city have good baths and fresh ribbons. Cages and bird houses are made spick and span. Fido's tin plate is polished, and Tabby's chipped saucer is replaced by a whole one. The holiday spirit is in the air and every one joins in the fun of the occasion.

In some schools boys and girls hold pet shows which they manage themselves. Not so many different kinds of pets are exhibited in the school shows, but the children judge the animals by the same kind of rules as those used in the larger shows. *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

READING TEST

Some of the statements which follow are true; some are false; and some are not mentioned in the story. If a statement is true, write "yes" on your paper after the number of the statement; if a statement is false, write "no"; if the statement is not mentioned in the story, write "didn't say."

1. Only dogs and birds were exhibited at the pet shows.
2. Pet shows are held every year in many cities of the West.
3. Pet shows are held in May.
4. Pets are judged chiefly for the care they have had and for their own good dispositions.
5. A child must be ten years old to enter a pet in the show.
6. The judges tell the children the reasons for their decisions about their pets.
7. A little girl entered a cub bear as her pet.
8. The pets are kept on exhibit for several days.
9. Grown people as well as children are interested in pet shows.
10. June's "Joe" was a parrot.

MAKING YOUR READING RECORD

This story contains 1918 words. Divide 1918 by the number of minutes you needed to read the story. That is your reading rate. Find the number of correct answers you have in the reading test and write that number in your record for accuracy. Copy your record in your note-book with other records. See page 33 for form of record.

CLASS DISCUSSION

1. Tell about the pets you could exhibit in a pet show.
2. Make a set of rules that your class might use in judging your own pets.

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF FUN AND FANCY

1. Think over the stories and poems in this unit and list those which belong as fancy; those which are fun but not fancy. Use this form in making your lists:

Fancy	*Fun*
1. The Duel.	1. Snowball Warfare
2.	2.
3.	3.

2. Reread quickly the selections in this unit and select paragraphs which are suitable for motion-picture plays. Here is such a paragraph from A Mad Tea Party, page 194:

   This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off. The Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her. The last she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

   Act out the paragraphs you have selected. As each paragraph is acted tell which story it is from.

3. *A Poetry Contest.*—Choose a fun or fancy poem from this book or from any other collection of poems and recite it in a contest with your classmates. Judges should choose (1) the best poem recited, (2) the best reading.

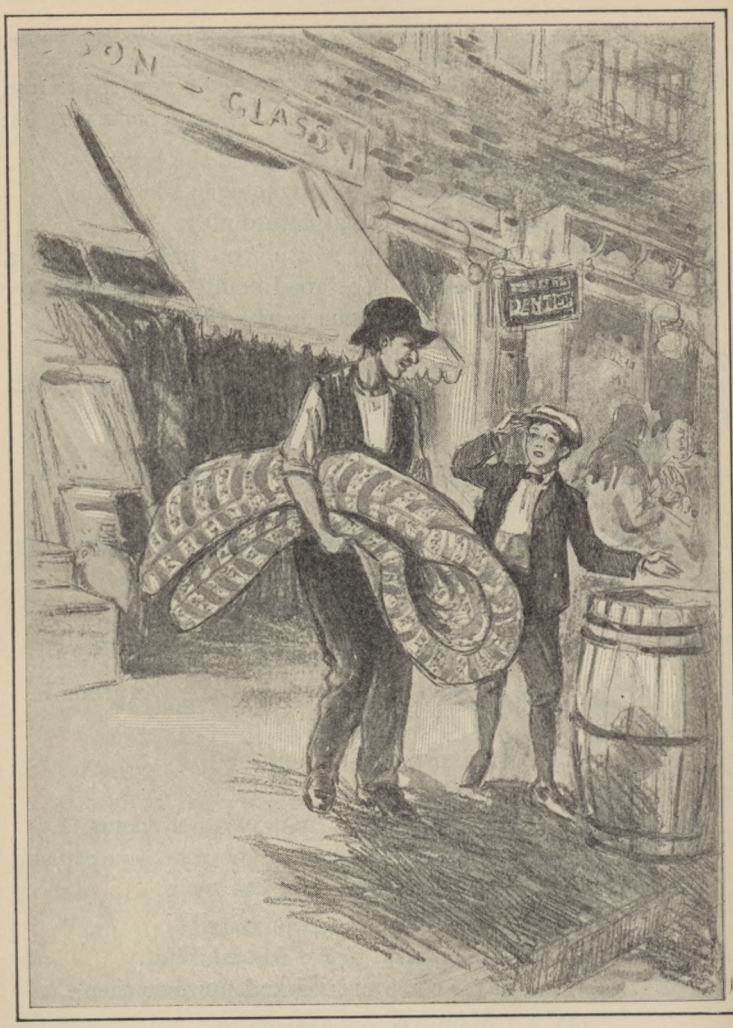
4. Write on a slip of paper your votes on the selections in this unit as follows:

The selection which I like best	
The selection I like least	
The funniest story	
The funniest poem	

Choose a committee to tabulate and report the votes.

6. *Book Reports.* Make reports on the book you read from the Read-a-Book list for this unit. These reports may be:
   - *a.* a short talk on the funniest part of the book.
   - *b.* a description of the main character in the book.
   - *c.* a scene given as a motion-picture play.
   - *d.* a salesmanship talk in which you pretend to be a salesman and tell the good points of the book.
   - *e.* a dramatization of a scene in the story.

7. Have a pet show on your school grounds.
   - *a.* Decide upon a time and place for the show.
   - *b.* Make rules for entering exhibits.
     - (1) What animals may be entered.
     - (2) What pupils may make entries.
   - *c.* Make plans for prizes—blue ribbons, red ribbons, etc.
   - *d.* Make posters to advertise the show.
   - *e.* Choose committees to carry out the work.
     - (1) A Board of Managers to
       - (*a*) secure permission to use the grounds.
       - (*b*) secure judges.
     - (2) An Advertising Committee to
       - (*a*) display poster.
       - (*b*) make short talks in other rooms.
       - (*c*) write articles for the school paper and newspaper of the town.
     - (3) A Committee on Grounds to
       - (*a*) arrange places for exhibits.
       - (*b*) receive entries and number them.
     - (4) A Committee on Awards to
       - (*a*) prepare the awards.
       - (*b*) assist the judges.
       - (*c*) announce the awards.



HE PICKED IT UP AND THANKED ME FOR THE INFORMATION I GAVE HIM [*See p.* 272]

KEEPING WELL AND STRONG

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one.
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems;
He giveth to us health's diadems.
Open the door.

KEEPING WELL AND STRONG

"Health is wealth," a great man once said. And he was right. No matter how much money a person may have, it will do him little good if he has a sick body, and no matter how little money one may have, he is well off if he has good health.

We can all have good health if we are willing to work for it; for health, like money, comes from effort. When Theodore Roosevelt was a small boy, he was weak and sickly, but by hard work he made himself a strong man. We, too, by regular exercise, sufficient hours of sleep, nourishing food, and proper habits can be strong and healthy and can win the best sort of wealth.

READ A BOOK

1. *The Story of Doctor Dolittle,* by Hugh Lofting. Stokes.
   The doings of a wise and generous doctor and his animal friends.
2. *Polly and Dolly,* by Mary F. Blaisdell. Little.
   A sick girl, the doctor, and the dog that liked to play.
3. *Health for Every Day,* by Maurice A. Bigelow and Jean Broadhurst. Silver.
   Good manners, care of the body, practice of health habits.
4. *A Journey to Health Land,* by J. Mace Andress and Annie T. Andress. Ginn.
   A visit to Health Land, dinner with the King, the sailor's friend, two little pigs, and what happened at midnight.
5. *Health and Success,* by J. Mace Andress and W. A. Evans. Ginn.
   Why we need food, care of the teeth, our friend the sun, play and health, safety first.
6. *Dramatizing Child Health,* by Grace T. Hallock. American Child Health Association.
   A book of plays on health.
7. *We and Our Health,* by Enoch G. Payne. Boni, Liveright.
   The health of the Indian boy, health and magic, importance of exercise, safety first.
8. *Healthyland,* published by Hygeia. *Health Magazine.*
   Stories, plays, poems, and pictures dealing with health.
9. *Chalk Talks on Health and Safety,* by Walter F. Cobb. Macmillan.
   Pictures and stories on health and safety.

CLASS LIBRARY READINGS

1. "The Gymnastic Clock," M. C. Davies, *A Treasury of Verse for Little Children*, 136.
2. "Cho-Cho Junior," Frances Kent, *Puppy Dogs' Tales*, 98–100.
3. "Red Cells in the Blood," *Book of Knowledge*, 3 : 803–806.
4. "Our Unseen Friends and Foes," *ibid.*, 2 : 557–559.
5. "The Heart and What It Does," *ibid.*, 4 : 1209–1213.
6. "How Our Bodies Are Built," *ibid.*, 5 : 1559–1563.
7. "What to Eat to Build Healthy Bodies," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 3 : 1320–1322.

V. KEEPING WELL AND STRONG

1. THE WEAK BOY WHO BECAME A STRONG MAN

CHESTER M. SANFORD AND GRACE A. OWEN

What did Theodore Roosevelt do to become well and strong?

A small boy lived in the largest city of the United States. He looked out from the windows of his home and saw tall buildings rising, story upon story, until they seemed to meet the sky. He saw narrow streets that twisted and turned in the queerest manner. Through the streets crowds of people were forever hurrying.

This boy, whose name was Theodore Roosevelt, had no chance in the city to run races, to play ball, to ride a horse, to row, or to swim. He could not have a garden because the lot on which his home stood was, like all the lots around it, just large enough for the house.

Where could he play and exercise? He was not strong, and his parents wished him to grow into a healthy, hearty boy. Can you guess what they did for him? They turned their back porch into a gymnasium. Here he could have great sport and some hard work too. When he tried to climb the long pole that hung from the ceiling, he would slip back and

have to begin all over again. However, he did not give up, but kept on trying until one day he reached the top. How proud he was! He grew so daring that the neighbors were alarmed, but his mother only said, "If the Lord hadn't taken care of Theodore, he would have been killed long ago."

Fortunately not all of the boy's life was spent in the crowded city, for his parents bought a country home on Long Island overlooking Oyster Bay. Here he went in the summer and had a chance to live out of doors. He tramped the woods, knew all the birds, hunted coons, gathered walnuts, and fished in pools for minnows.

Even with all these outdoor pastimes he was far from well. At night he often had choking spells of asthma. Then his father would hitch a team of horses, wrap the lad up warmly, and, taking him in his arms, would drive fifteen or twenty miles in the darkness. This was the only way Theodore could get his breath.

Twice his father and mother took him to Europe hoping that the trip would improve his health. A playmate remembers him as "a tall, thin lad with bright eyes, and legs like pipe-stems." Since he was not able to go to school regularly, he missed the fun of being with other boys. Most of his studying was done at home under private teachers, and in this way he prepared for college.

Theodore Roosevelt spent four years at Harvard University. He worked hard to develop good health and a strong body, as well as to succeed in his studies. This was a struggle, but he won the fight. Speaking

ON THE ROUND-UPS ROOSEVELT DID HIS SHARE OF THE WORK

of himself at the time of his leaving college, he says: "I determined to be strong and well and did everything to make myself so. By the time I entered Harvard, I was able to take part in whatever sports I liked. I wrestled and sparred, and I ran a great deal. Although I never came in first, I got more out of the exercise than those who did, because I immensely enjoyed it and never injured myself."

Some time after leaving college, Roosevelt was at-

tracted by the frontier life of the West and became a ranchman. His new home was a log house called Elkhorn Ranch in North Dakota. Here he raised his own chickens, grew his own vegetables, and got fresh meat with his gun. He bought cattle until he had thousands of head. Since no fences confined his cattle, they sometimes would wander for hundreds of miles. Twice a year the herds were rounded up for the purpose of branding the calves and "cutting out" the cattle which were fat enough to be shipped to market.

On the round-ups, Roosevelt did his share of the work. Often he rode fifty miles in the forenoon before finding the cattle. By noon he and his cowboys would have driven many bands into one big herd moving toward a wagon that had come out from the ranch. This wagon brought food for the men, and Roosevelt has remarked, "No meals ever tasted better than those eaten out on the prairie."

Dinner over, the men would begin to brand the calves and select the cattle for shipment. Sometimes Roosevelt spent twenty-four hours at a time in the saddle, dismounting only to get a fresh pony. He did everything that his men did, enduring the hardships as well as the pleasures of ranch life. Often during the round-up he slept in the snow, wrapped in the blankets, with no tent to shield him from the freezing cold.

Although Roosevelt kept Elkhorn Ranch for twelve years, he gradually dropped the cattle business and spent more and more time in New York city where he entered politics. But his vacations always found him in the West where his greatest pleasure was hunting. He hunted all over his ranch and through the Rocky Mountains beyond.

Frequently he would go off alone with only a slicker, some food, and a small package of salt behind his saddle, with his horse and rifle as his only companions. Once he had no water to drink for twenty-four hours and then had to use some from a muddy pool. But such adventures were sport for him; he liked to see how much exposure he could stand. Then he would return to the East, rested and refreshed.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Name three things Theodore Roosevelt did to become well and strong.
2. Where did Roosevelt play and exercise when he was in the city? Tell where you play and exercise when not in school.
3. Where did Roosevelt spend his vacations? What did he do during vacation? Tell how you spent your vacation last summer.
4. Did Roosevelt overdo when he was playing or exercising? Read the sentence which gives the answer.
5. *Report for a volunteer.* Read the later life of Theodore Roosevelt and give the class three examples of his strength and endurance.

2. THE SPIRIT OF THE WILLOW TREE

MARY S. HAVILAND

What is the spirit of the willow tree? As soon as you find the answer, raise your hand. Begin to read when you hear the signal, "Go!"

"I think Sam Smith is mean," said Paul, one rainy afternoon.

"Why, what does he do?" asked Father.

"He's always punching the little fellows. But Tom Fuller fixed him yesterday. He grabbed Sam's arm and twisted it. Sam's lots bigger than Tom, but he had to go right down on his knees and beg Tom to quit."

"I think," said Father, "that Tom must have been studying jiu jitsu."

"What's that?" asked Ruth, looking up from her doll. "I never heard that word before."

"I suppose not," said Father, "and yet jiu jitsu, which means 'to conquer by yielding,' is a game hundreds—perhaps thousands—of years old."

"Tell us about it," begged Paul.

"One snowy day, about 400 years ago," began Father, "a young Japanese doctor, who was interested in wrestling, went out for a walk. He noticed that the pine-tree branches, which had held themselves stiff and straight, were broken with the force of the

wind and the weight of the snow. But he saw that the willow branches, instead of being stiff, had bent down to the ground and were unhurt. The doctor began to think that size and strength do not count so much as being light and quick and able to twist and bend. He started a school where he taught people how to become quick and skilful and how to overcome others who were much heavier and stronger. He made his pupils eat good food and not be greedy, take plenty of sleep and fresh air, keep clean and lead a wholesome life—and the Japanese became wonderful wrestlers. He called his school 'The Spirit of the Willow Tree.' "

"Do people in Japan learn that kind of wrestling, now?" asked Ruth.

"Yes, it is taught in the schools, and Japanese soldiers, sailors, and police are trained in it. Of late years, it has been taught here in America."

"I'd like to learn it and throw Sam Smith," said Paul.

"I'm sorry I can't teach you," said Father, "but I can show you a sort of wrestling which is good fun. Come out on the porch in the fresh air."

Father made Ruth and Paul face each other with their right feet together, right hands clasped and left feet drawn back. "You must not use your left hands," said he, "and you are not to move either foot off the floor. Now which of you can push or pull the

other so as to make him lose his balance or move his foot?"

For the next ten minutes, Ruth and Paul had a lively tussle. They soon saw that to "conquer by yielding" and "be quick and able to twist and turn is better even than to be heavy and strong. At last, when Paul lost his balance, he pulled Ruth down with him and both children fell in a laughing heap.

"My!" gasped Ruth, "that's lots of fun, but I can hardly breathe."

"Whew!" exclaimed Paul. "I'm hot as can be!"

"So you like my game of the willow-tree wrestling with the snowstorm?" asked Father. "It's a fine game to play on the porch on a rainy day like this, when it's too wet and muddy for hide-and-seek and base-ball and such games."

"We could play it just as well indoors," said Paul.

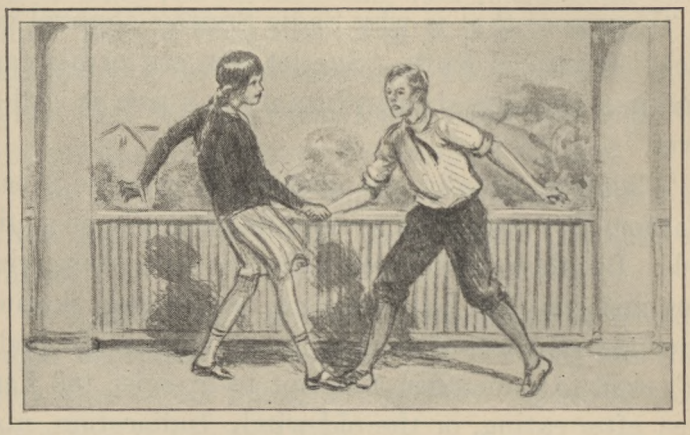
"No, indeed," Father replied, "when you are exercising, you need a great deal of air. Ruth is still breathing hard. That shows how much good our game did her lungs."

"It did something to Paul, too. He's as red as a beet," said Ruth.

"Yes, it made the blood run faster all through his body and up into his cheeks. You really ought to take a bath, to wash off the perspiration, but it's too near supper-time, so you had better put on your sweaters. You know athletes always cover up when they stop playing."

As Paul brought out the sweaters, he said, "Father, you talked about our muscles. What are muscles, anyhow?"

"You've seen raw meat, haven't you, Paul?"



FOR THE NEXT TEN MINUTES, RUTH AND PAUL HAD A LIVELY TUSSLE

"Oh, yes, lots of times."

"Well, meat is muscle. When it is alive, it can pull together and shorten up and then stretch out long again, just like a big rubber band. All over the body are great numbers of such elastic bands, fastened to the bones. If you move your hand or foot, you can see the muscles moving in your arm or leg."

"Oh, yes," cried Paul; "yesterday Sam was showing the fellows how big his arm was when he doubled up his fist."

"Yes," said Father, "if we use our muscles, they grow and become strong. Exercise is good for the heart and lungs, too, and helps the stomach to digest food. If we lie abed or loll around the house constantly, we soon fall ill."

"I suppose that is why Sadie Smith's squirrel got sick," remarked Ruth. "She let him out of his cage and in a few days she saw him up in a tree as well as ever."

"Children usually get plenty of exercise," said Father, "for they frisk around as naturally as squirrels. But they should take different sorts of exercise, not just running, but wrestling, swimming, skating, rowing—all kinds of ways to use all parts of the body. It's well to remember, too, not to exercise too hard just after eating, or the old witch, Indigestion, may get you!"

"I think one thing that made me get so out of breath playing 'willow tree' was that my belt was too tight," said Ruth.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Father. "Never exercise in clothing that is the least bit snug. It prevents your heart and lungs from giving your muscles the blood and air they need. I wonder," he added, "whether you children would like to go to-morrow to the athletic meeting at the School for the Blind."

"Athletic meeting!" cried Ruth. "Why, Father, how can blind children run or jump or anything?"

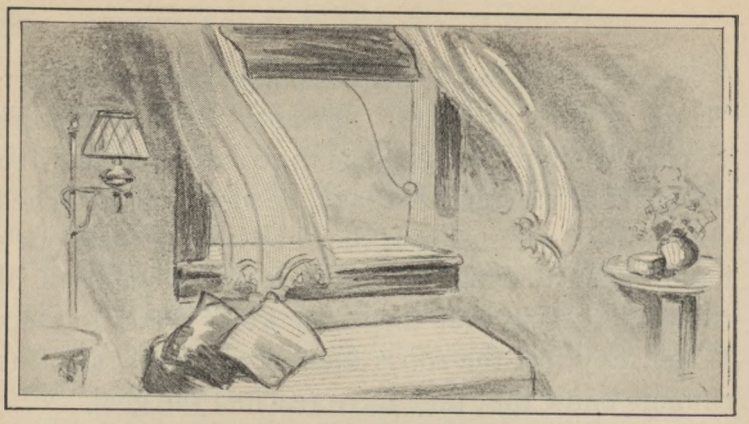
Her father pulled a sheet of paper from his pocket. "Here is their program," he said. "In this picture you can see how they arrange the races. The children take hold of the handles that slide along the stretched wires. They run just as if they had hold of some one's hand. Then a fringe of ropes is placed in front of the goal post so that they may know when to stop. When they feel the ropes touch their foreheads, the runners know that they have reached the goal.

"Oh, isn't it fine that they can run and have good times, like the rest of us!" cried Ruth. "Do let's go, Father."

"We shall," said Father. "I am eager to see how much healthier and happier the children are than they were before the superintendent started to teach them how to run and play."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What is the spirit of the willow tree? Point out the answer and tell how you found it.
2. Explain the meaning of jiu jitsu. Which of the following proverbs means about the same as jiu jitsu?
   a. A penny saved is a penny earned.
   b. A stitch in time saves nine.
   c. A soft answer turneth away wrath.
   d. Better late than never.
3. At recess show how to play the game of willow-tree wrestling.
4. Tell why it is better to exercise outdoors than indoors.
5. How do blind children run races? Tell about any games that you have seen blind people play.



3. A BREATH OF AIR

MINNIE C. D'ERRICO

Find two reasons why we need fresh air.

I am only a breath of air, but I have much to do with making you well and strong.

I go in through your nose and down inside your windpipe. When I reach your lungs I pass into a great many tiny rooms that have thin walls. Here I find the warm blood all about me.

A part of myself, which you call oxygen, goes from me into the blood and makes it turn a bright red color. The blood is glad to get my oxygen to carry through your body.

Some impurities of the blood come through the thin wall of your lungs into me. I am cool and pure when I go into your lungs, but I am warm and impure when I come out.

I am glad to get out of your close, warm lungs into the open air.

Do not breathe me back into your lungs, for I am not fit to come near your blood. I have lost so much of my oxygen and am so full of impurities that I will make you weak and sick.

Open the windows so that I can get out of doors, and let in fresh air for your breath, so that you may be strong.

All the minutes of your life you are taking breaths like me to help make your blood pure.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Read the paragraph containing two reasons why we need fresh air.
2. Tell how you air your bedroom at night. How is your schoolroom supplied with pure air?
3. *Volunteer work:* Write a short composition beginning with one of these sentences: "I am only a cup of water," "I am only a slice of bread," "I am only a glass of milk."

4. HOW THE CITY GETS WATER

GRACE E. STORM

Study this selection. First, read it rapidly to get the main ideas; second, read it slowly, observing the details; third, go through it carefully, writing out questions on all points you don't understand.

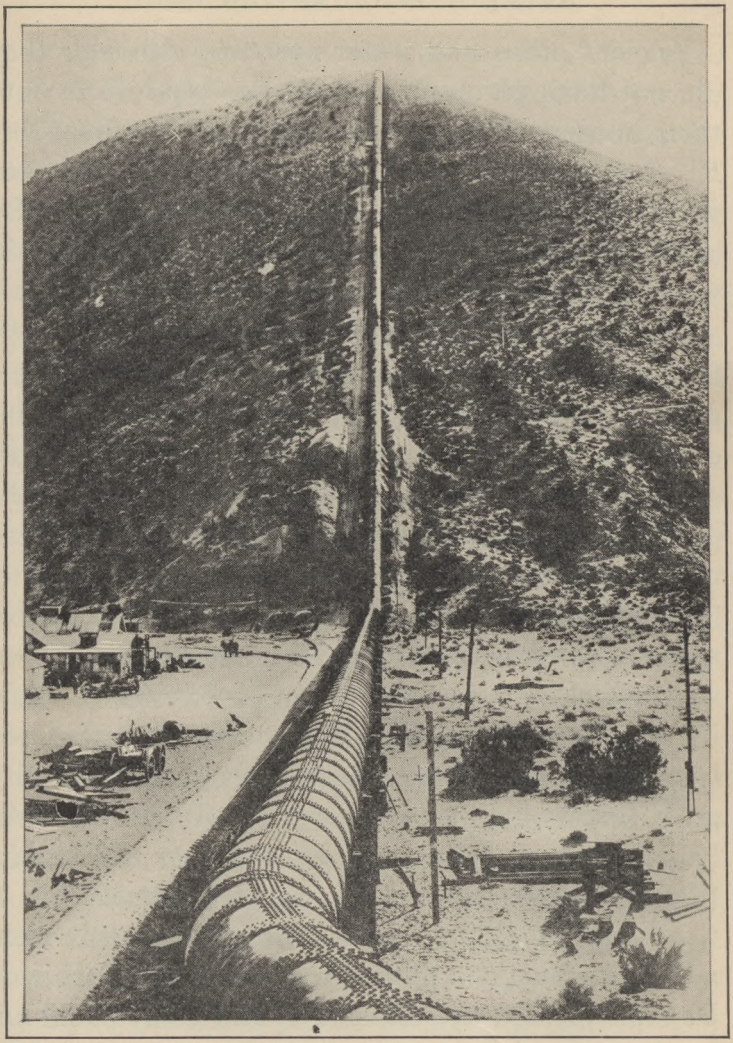
Every human being and every animal must have water. One can go without food for some time, but one cannot live long without water. Although we

need shelter and the other comforts of life, we do not need them as much as we need water. When we go camping or on a picnic, we always look for a spot where we can get good water.

So great is the need of water that all through history people have made their homes near water supplies. The Arabs of the desert settled on oases where there were springs. The Romans built their city on the Tiber River. The Pilgrims located their village near a running brook.

Fortunately, nature has been generous with water. It comes down in rain from the clouds, and sinks into the ground or runs off into streams. The water that collects under the ground often forms springs and wells. The water flowing from springs and streams makes rivers, ponds, or lakes.

Towns and cities need a great deal of water—more than can be provided by the springs and wells which supply farms and villages. Each person in a modern city uses on the average not less than fifty gallons of water a day. If we include the great public uses of water, such as in manufacturing plants, fountains, fire-hydrants, and for the flushing of streets, the amount used for each person is about four times as much. When people dwell in a city, they must unite to build a water system, because everybody needs water and also wants to be sure that the water is pure.



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THE GREAT LOS ANGELES AQUEDUCT, WHICH CARRIES WATER OVER MOUNTAINS AND ACROSS VALLEYS FOR 226 MILES

Ancient cities had water systems, although they did not have pumping stations nor pipe water into their houses. Finding that the water of the Tiber River was impure, the Romans worked out the most wonderful water system of all ancient peoples. By building pathways they brought pure mountain water into the city from springs forty miles away.

The experience of Rome has been repeated in one form or another in most cities. At first the people get water from wells or from rivers or lakes. The increase in houses after a time makes a change necessary. Either there is not enough water, or the wells or rivers become impure when water that has been used flows back into the wells and rivers.

The story of Chicago's water system is like that of many of our American cities. At first the people used wells which were so shallow that surface water found its way into them. The little town also obtained water from the Chicago River, but as the community grew larger and factories were built on the river bank, so much refuse was carried into the stream that the water became impure and unhealthful. A third way of getting water was by buying it from water peddlers who dipped it out of Lake Michigan. But this method was expensive, and many could not buy water.

When the people saw that something must be done, they united in erecting a public water system. A

reservoir was built, and an iron pipe was extended about 150 feet into the lake from which the water was pumped by an engine through the pipe into the reservoir.

In a few years, however, the system was not large enough to furnish water for the growing town. The city engineer made a new plan for bringing into the city a much larger supply of clear lake water from a point two miles from the shore. In order to do this he built an intake called a "crib" out in the lake. Then he constructed a tunnel, five feet high, five feet wide, and two miles long below the bottom of the lake to pipe the water from the intake into a large well under the building known as the "water-works." Here the water was pumped from the well into a reservoir and from the reservoir into pipes which took it to the people's homes. Then the people turned on their faucets and had clean water.

In some places it is hard to get a source of supply which is sure to be free from impurities or from which clear water can be drawn. The only safe way to deal with the matter, then, is to purify the water before it is sent through the pipes. For this purpose filters of different kinds are used. In some of the filters the water passes through the beds of sand which act as strainers, holding the impurities and allowing only clear water to go through. In other filters chemicals are mixed with the water to purify it.

In many cities it is necessary to have laws to prevent the waste of water. Some people are careless about turning off the water, or in winter they let the water run to keep it from freezing in the pipes, or in summer they use it too freely to water the lawns or the gardens.

The city is right in preventing waste of water, for it costs a great deal to build a water system and to provide for its upkeep. The money to pay for the expense comes from taxes which the city collects from the people. If water is wasted, the city must pay more money to add to the supply; this means that there will be less money to spend for schools, parks, playgrounds, clean streets, and good pavements.

Sometimes the city puts meters into the houses to measure the water used and to charge for it. Sometimes the city fines people who waste water. It is, of course, wrong and stupid to waste water, or, indeed, to waste anything else. *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

Exchange lists of questions with a classmate. Answer as many of the questions on the list you receive as you can. Read aloud the questions you can't answer for other classmates to answer.

INQUIRY

Find out all you can about the water supply of your community. Ask your father or mother, an older brother or sister, or one or two of your neighbors. Tell what you learn in class.

5. STREET-CLEANING CLUBS

FRANCES G. JEWETT

Several years ago Colonel Waring was in charge of the street-cleaning department of New York City. Read this selection carefully to find how boys and girls helped him.

The children of New York took an important part in cleaning the streets of the city when Colonel Waring decided to start street-cleaning leagues.

The leagues were really boys' clubs carried on as a legislature. The boys met together, elected their own officers, and made a constitution. This stated that the object of the club was to "keep the streets in a clean and healthful condition." The boys had meetings every week, at which they discussed all sorts of subjects connected with the health and cleanliness of the city.

Each club sent reports to Colonel Waring, telling him what they had done during the week in keeping the streets clean—picking up banana skins, orange peel, paper, and the like. The members also kept their eyes open and reported whenever they saw people sweeping rubbish into the streets, or breaking other street regulations. Here are three sample reports:

COLONEL WARING,

Dear Sir: While walking through Broome street

Monday, at 7:30 P. M., I saw a man throwing a mattress on the street. I came over to him and asked him if he had no other place to put it. He told me that he did not know any other place. I told him to put it in a barrel. Then he picked it up and thanked me for the information I gave him. I also picked up 35 banana skins, 43 watermelon shells, two bottles, three cans, and a mattress from Norfolk street.

METROPOLITAN LEAGUE.

I saw a man eating a banana. He took the skin and threw it on the sidewalk. I said to him, "Please, sir, will you be so kind as to pick it up," and he said, "All right."

JUVENILE PROGRESS CLUB.

TO COL. WARING: Extinguished a bonfire on 5th street, between Avenues C and D.

INDUSTRIAL LEAGUE.

The officers read the reports carefully, and either punished or cautioned law-breakers. This did much good, and all sorts of people grew more interested in keeping the streets clean every day. The street-cleaning department gave badges of honor to the boys and girls who sent in reports which showed that they were really working for the interests of the city. The badges, made of German silver, were eight-sided,

engraved and polished; a certificate signed by Colonel Waring himself went with each badge. Some members of the league received the rank of "helpers"; others were "foremen" and others "superintendents." They were advanced from rank to rank according to the work they did.

The clubs became so popular that from all parts of the city committees of boys came with the petition: "Please may we have a club?"

"Why do you want a club?" Colonel Waring asked one day.

"Oh," they replied, "people in our block often throw bananas, shells, and rubbish into the street, and we want to help keep the street clean."

So the clubs were started one after another. Boys and girls grew proud of their city, and resolved to keep it clean. At the same time meetings were held in different places, where city officials talked and where the children sang street-cleaning songs. Here is one which they sang with enthusiasm:

NEIGHBOR MINE

There are barrels in the hallways,
Neighbor mine;
Pray be mindful of them always,
Neighbor mine;
If you're not devoid of feeling,
Quickly to those barrels stealing,
Throw in each banana peeling,
Neighbor mine!

The children felt that the city in which they lived was their city, and that they wanted to help make it the cleanest, most healthful city in the world. The clubs all used this pledge:

"We, who are junior citizens of New York, the largest city on the American continent, desire to have her possess a name which is above reproach. We therefore agree to keep from littering her streets, and, as far as possible, to prevent others from doing the same, in order that our city may be as clean as she is great and as pure as she is free."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Tell how the boys and girls of New York helped to keep the city clean.
2. Mention ways in which members of your class can help to keep your schoolroom and your playground neat and attractive.
3. Tell about a club or society to which you belong that could help to improve your neighborhood.
4. Tell about a citizen who has helped to make your community a desirable place of residence.

VOLUNTEER PROJECTS

1. Write a song or a pledge on making your school or community more attractive and healthful. Send the three that the class likes best for publication in a local newspaper.
2. Make posters on keeping your school or community attractive and healthful.
3. Propose a health slogan or maxim for your class or school to adopt.

6. CLEANVILLE

C. E. A. Winslow

In what ways does this story remind you of the preceding selection?

One evening in midsummer Mrs. Mosquito was sitting on the wall of the barn, just under the eaves where it is warm and pleasant. All at once she heard a great buzzing. Mrs. Fly came along and settled down beside Mrs. Mosquito very much hurried and out of breath.

"Good evening, my dear. You seem a little worried," said Mrs. Mosquito to the newcomer politely. "Is anything the matter?"

"Everything is the matter, indeed," replied Mrs. Fly in a tone of bitter disgust. "I have just been chased out of the house by a little girl with a fly-killer. I don't mind that so much, because she never could get near me. I took care of that. But inside the house every bit of food was covered so that I could get nothing to eat. The lid was on the sugar bowl and a napkin over the top of the cream pitcher."

"That's too bad," Mrs. Mosquito answered feelingly. "I've had a hard time, too. I have been looking all day for a good place to lay my eggs so that my babies can grow up happily, and if you will believe it, I could not find a single place. The swamp behind the

barn has been drained, and a tight cover has been placed on the rain barrel. Those wretched Boy Scouts have even taken away the old tins by the fence at the

WE WILL CARRY OUR GERMS TO SOME OTHER PLACE

end of the orchard, which used to be full of water after every rain. Life is very difficult nowadays."

"Yes, and it's all the fault of those same Boy Scouts," broke in Mrs. Fly, still bursting with indignation. "They found some of my brothers and sisters

feeding quietly and peaceably in the rubbish pile. Now they have cleaned up the rubbish and put it in a tightly covered can at the end of the garden. Mrs. Mosquito, this is no place for a poor insect to get a living any longer. Let us move to the next town and see if living conditions are not better there."

"I believe you are right," said Mrs. Mosquito. "I believe you are right. Cleanville has no attraction for insects any longer. We will leave this town to the human beings, and we will carry our malaria and typhoid germs to some other place, where the people are kinder and more hospitable."

And they flew off together through the twilight.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

TOPICS TO TALK OVER

1. Tell ways in which this story reminded you of the preceding selection.
2. Explain why Mrs. Fly and Mrs. Mosquito left Cleanville. Where do you think they went?
3. Tell what flies and mosquitoes like best. Tell what they like least.
4. Make up a story in which Mrs. Mosquito and Mrs. Fly tell of hard times they have had because of acts of a boy who works in a grocery store and of a Junior Civic Club.

DRAMATIZATION

Choose two girls and two boys to act out the story. The two girls act out the story first, with the two boys out of the room. The two boys next act out the story. Vote on the performance you liked the better.

7. HOW TO MAKE YOUR MIND HEALTHY

J. Mace Andress and W. A. Evans

Five habits that mark a healthy mind are explained in this selection. Glance rapidly over it to find the five habits, and write their names on a sheet of paper. Before reading the selection, talk over the five habits in class, giving your idea of each with examples. Then read the selection carefully, noting whether your idea of each habit was right.

All habits that aid the body help also to make the brain and the nervous system healthy. But certain health habits affect the mind rather than the body, and to be in good health one's mind as well as his body must work right.

Here is a list of mental health habits that are just as important as breathing fresh air and eating good food:

1. Face your difficulties squarely. When Theodore Roosevelt was in the White House he and his whole family often went for hikes on Saturday afternoons. The motto of President Roosevelt was "Go over or through everything, around nothing." Those who failed to go over or through bushes, fences, or rocks had to drop out of the game and return home. This was a policy which Roosevelt followed throughout his entire life.

Boys and girls who have difficulties should do their

very best and never try to justify their failures by complaints and excuses. It is a bad mental habit to excuse oneself for not doing what he ought to do.

One of the best examples of meeting disagreeable

IN WORK AND IN PLAY DO WHATEVER YOU ARE DOING WHOLE-HEARTEDLY

things in life is offered in the career of General Robert E. Lee. He was a great soldier, if anything greater in defeat than in victory. He accepted defeat without bitterness, and with splendid courage devoted the remainder of his life to establishing peace and good will throughout our country.

2. Give your full attention to whatever you do.

Never allow yourself to dawdle. In work and in play do whatever you are doing whole-heartedly. By so doing you will train your mind for healthy and successful living.

3. Think of health, not disease. Suggest to yourself the very best thoughts. Read clean, wholesome books and take part in the best kinds of play. Do not worry about sickness. The diseases we worry about seldom come.

4. Take criticism kindly. No matter how true a criticism may be, one is likely to deny the fault and possibly harbor a grudge against the person who offered the criticism. This is a bad mental habit because it is likely to make one unhappy and because it interferes with one's success. A better mental habit would be one of friendly gratitude for criticism. Boys and girls should learn to criticise each other in a friendly way.

One of the reasons why Benedict Arnold became a traitor was because some criticism of his conduct by Washington rankled in his heart. If he had accepted the criticism thoughtfully and corrected his faults, he might have been known in American history as a brave patriot instead of as Benedict Arnold the traitor. It was very different with General Grant! He never held a grudge. He would not allow himself to be upset or have his energy wasted by permitting anybody to stir up his hatred. He trained

himself to take criticism and to do his work faithfully.

5. Make day-dreams work. "Building castles in Spain" is fun, but doing only that weakens one's

MAKING DAY-DREAMS WORK

mind and makes him queer. Day-dreams are very much worth while if we dream about the things we want to do and then set out to do them. Roosevelt had a bad habit of idle day-dreaming when a boy. He cured himself of this by spending less time in dreaming and more time in boating, boxing, and collecting nature specimens.

Abraham Lincoln had a fine, healthy mind, but he worked hard to form the right kind of mental habits.

Like Roosevelt, he was inclined to day-dream too much, when he was a child, but he did not allow his dreams to interfere with work that had to be done. If wood needed to be chopped or rails to be split, Lincoln did his work cheerfully and well. Another good mental habit that Lincoln had was to square up his accounts each day. As a clerk in a store he walked many miles at the end of a hard day's work to correct a mistake in making change. If his conscience hurt him, he eased it at once by the right kind of action. He refused to bear ill will against anybody. He forgot himself in doing kind acts for others. *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. State the five mental health habits that are explained in this selection. Give an example of each habit.
2. Tell about a difficulty that you faced squarely yesterday.
3. Have you ever played the Roosevelt "obstacle" game? If so, tell about your fun.
4. Explain the following maxim: "Work while you work, and play while you play." Which mental health habit does the maxim illustrate?
5. Which mental health habit do you think is most important? Give reasons.
6. Tell how this old proverb illustrates this selection:

Fear less, hope more,
Eat less, chew more.
Whine less, smile more,
Talk less, say more,
Grumble less, praise more,
And all good things are thine.

A GAME WITH WORDS

Your reading should have given you clear meanings for these words:

nervous system	success
affect	gratitude
policy	rankled
justify	energy
defeat	mental habits
dawdle	interferes
patriot	

See whether you have clear meanings by trying to choose the correct word or words for each blank in these sentences. Write on your paper the number of each sentence and after each number the word or words needed in the blank of that sentence.

1. A friendly feeling toward one who has done you a kindness is called .....
2. A definite plan to be followed may be called a .....
3. When a person's work turns out well, we may say it was a .....
4. The brain and the nerves belong to the .....
5. The loss of a battle is called a .....
6. To idle time away is to .....
7. A person who defends himself when he is at fault is trying to ..... his act.
8. A thought that has become a "sore spot" has .....
9. Set ways of thinking may be called .....
10. When something gets in the way, we say it .....
11. A person who has strength and force in action is said to have .....
12. One who supports his country's authority and interests is called a .....

Check your work by looking up the words in the glossary. Then reread the selection to see whether the meanings are clear.

8. CLEON AND I

CHARLES MACKAY

Which would you rather be—Cleon or the poet? Why?

Cleon hath a million acres—ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace—in a cottage, I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—not a penny, I;
But the poorer of the twain is Cleon and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres—but the landscape, I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness—freshening vigor, I;
He in velvet, I in fustian—richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur—free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors—need of none have I.
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die;
Death may come—he'll find me ready—happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature—in a daisy, I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea or sky—
Nature sings to me forever—earnest listener, I;
State for state, with all attendants, who would change? Not I.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Tell ways in which Cleon was richer than the poet; ways in which the poet was richer than Cleon.
2. Would you rather be Cleon or the poet? Give reasons.
3. Which selection in this unit is most like "Cleon and I"? Explain.
4. Does this poem belong in the unit? Read lines which cause your opinion.
5. Which words in each stanza need emphasis? Choose three boys and three girls to read the poem aloud. Talk over the way in which the poem was read; name one good point and one weak point in the reading of each pupil.

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF KEEPING WELL AND STRONG

1. Read the foreword on page 249. Which selection in the unit best illustrates the stanza?
2. Name selections in the unit that show that "Health is wealth."
3. Bring pictures, clippings, or advertisements which show the importance of health. Talk them over in class. Choose a committee to paste them in a booklet called "Our Health Book," for your library table.
4. How does this poem by Margaret Sangster relate to Keeping Well and Strong?

MISS FRET AND MISS LAUGH

Cries little Miss Fret in a very great pet,
"I hate this warm weather, it's horrid to tan,
It scorches my nose, it blisters my toes
And wherever I go I must carry a fan."

Chirps little Miss Laugh, "Why, I could not tell half
The fun I am having this bright summer day.
I sing through the hours, I cull pretty flowers,
I ride like a queen on the sweet-smelling hay."

Name poems in earlier units that bring out this idea.

5. Try to make a health rhyme. Here is an example which was written by Minnie R. Adams:

MARY'S COLD

Mary had a little cold, which started in her head,
But she was very careful and did not let it spread.
She sneezed into her handkerchief, she coughed into it too,
She breathed fresh air into her lungs, she knew just what to do.
So Mary stopped the little cold, which started in her head,
And no one caught it from her nor had to go to bed.

6. Make a list of the health habits explained in this unit.
7. Mention any health habits omitted from Keeping Well and Strong. Is the following stanza, written by W. S. Reed, an example of a health habit not discussed in the unit?

Go to bed early—waken with joy;
Go to bed late—cross girl or boy.
Go to bed early—ready for play,
Go to bed late—moping all day.
Go to bed early—no pains or ills;
Go to bed late—doctors and pills.
Go to bed early—grow strong and tall;
Go to bed late—stay very small.

Is this stanza, by Emile Berliner, an example of a health habit omitted in the unit?

MUDDY JIM

A naughty lad
Was muddy Jim.
He hated soap
And water.
Nice little girls
Wouldn't speak to him
Though he wished and thought
They ought to.
He didn't bathe
But once a month,
His nails
He didn't trim.
His hair uncombed,
Oh, what a sight
Was naughty
Muddy
Jim.

8. Rate yourself on your health habits, using the plan of the Junior Red Cross Manual given below. Allow yourself ten points for each rule you observed yesterday.

DAILY RECORD OF HEALTH HABITS

1. I washed my hands before each meal.
2. I washed not only my face but my ears and neck, and cleaned my finger nails.
3. I tried to keep fingers, pencils, and everything that might be unclean out of my mouth and nose.
4. I drank a glass of water before each meal and before going to bed, and drank no tea or coffee to-day.
5. I brushed my teeth in the morning and in the evening.
6. I took ten or more slow deep breaths of fresh air.
7. I played outdoors or with windows open more than thirty minutes.
8. I was in bed ten hours or more last night and I kept my window open.
9. I tried to-day to sit up and stand up straight, to eat slowly, and to attend to each need of my body at its regular time.
10. I tried to-day to keep neat and cheerful constantly and to be helpful to others.

SHE TUGGED AT THE STARTING LEVER

[*See p.* 352]

PLUCK

An ounce of pluck
Is worth a pound of luck.

PLUCK

The harder you're thrown,
Why, the higher you'll bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye,
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,
It's how did you fight—and why?

Pluck is what makes us do something hard that we'd rather not do. Pluck is having courage in the dark; pluck makes the lame boy forget his twisted knee; pluck makes a boy tell the truth even if he will be punished; pluck makes boys and men wait in time of danger for "girls and women first," makes one stand up to an enemy stronger than himself, and makes one stand up again after he has been knocked down. Sometimes pluck makes one avoid a quarrel rather than fight. We can be proud of courage only if we fight in a good cause.

READ A BOOK

1. *Northward Ho,* by Valhjalmir Steffansson. Macmillan.
   A story of the arctic regions and the brave people who live there.
2. *Pioneer Twins,* by Lucy F. Perkins. Houghton.
   Three plucky children travel across the prairies in a covered wagon to find their father in California.
3. *Fifty Famous Stories Retold,* by James Baldwin. American.
   Stories of brave and strong men of many different countries.
4. *Stories of Pioneer Life,* by Florence Bass. Heath.
   Tales of Indian life, of Father Marquette, of Daniel Boone, and of Abraham Lincoln.
5. *Little Maid of Bunker Hill,* by Alice T. Curtis.
   The story of Millicent and her family, who lived near Bunker Hill in Boston, before the War of the American Revolution.
6. *Juan and Juanita,* by Frances C. Baylor. Houghton.
   The pluck shown by two children who are captured by the Indians.
7. *Stories of American Life and Adventure,* by Edward Eggleston. American.
   Indian life, perils and escapes, pirates, and heroic deeds of early days in America.
8. *Stories of Heroic Deeds,* by James Johonnot (Editor). American.
   Indian stories, and brave men and women of the American Revolution.
9. *Indian Legends,* by Marion F. Washburne. Rand.
   Stories like "The Coyote and the Bear Warden," "Scarface," "The Ice King," and others of thrilling Indian life.
10. *Letters of Polly, the Pioneer,* by Stella H. Nida. Macmillan.
    Polly tells her younger brother and sister in the East about her life as a pioneer.
11. *Kootenai Why Stories,* by Frank B. Linderman. Scribners.
    Plucky birds and animals in their dangerous out-of-door lives.
12. *Makers of American History,* by J. A. C. Chandler and C. P. Chitwood. Silver.
    Stories of men and women who have been leaders in the history of our nation.
13. *The Land of Pluck,* by Mary Mapes Dodge. Century.
    Life in plucky little Holland, the land which fights against the sea.

CLASS LIBRARY READINGS

1. "Daffy-Down-Dilly," Anna B. Warner, *A Treasury of Verse for Little Children*, 32–34.
2. "How the Kite Learned to Fly," Katherine Pyle, *ibid.*, 90.
3. "The Grey Squirrels," William Howett, *ibid.*, 120–122.
4. "Ikwa and Annowee," Elizabeth E. Foulke, *Up One Pair of Stairs of My Bookhouse*, 388–393.
5. "Bikku Matti," *ibid.*, 394–409.
6. "Rab," John Brown, *Puppy Dog's Tales*, 24.
7. "The Blue Belt," G. Thorne-Thomsen, *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, 29–52.
8. "Soria Moria Castle," *ibid.*, 97–115.
9. "Three Billy-Goats Gruff," *ibid.*, 167–169.
10. "Barry," Katherine Pyle, *Stories of Our Humble Friends*, 36–44.
11. "Hansel and Gretel," *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, 37–45.
12. "The Valiant Little Tailor," *ibid.*, 53–63.
13. "The Golden Bird," *ibid.*, 124–133.
14. "The Man of Iron," *ibid.*, 245–254.
15. "Uncle Dan's Bear Story," E. W. Frentz, *Uncle Zeb and His Friends*, 116–118.
16. "Shippeitaro," T. P. Williston, *Happy Holidays*, 54–59.
17. "The Thanksgiving Goose," *ibid.*, 79–84.
18. "The Wonderful Cap that Mother Made," *ibid.*, 269–275.
19. "The Little Johnny Reb," *ibid.*, 314–319.
20. "The Brave Little Dog of the Wood," *Book of Knowledge*, 9 : 3079–3080.
21. "Little Gretchen and the Wooden Shoe," Elizabeth Harrison, *The Children's Book of Christmas Stories*, 316–328.
22. "Children of the Pilgrims," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 7 : 2844–46.

VI. PLUCK

1. IN THE DARK

SELECTED

Problem: Who was afraid in this story?

Who's afraid in the Dark?

"Oh, not I," said the owl;
And he gave a great scowl,
And he wiped his eye,
And fluffed his jowl—"Tu whoo!"

Said the dog, "I bark
Out loud in the dark—Boo-oo!"
Said the cat, "Miaow!
I'll scratch any one who
Dares say I do
Feel afraid—Miaow!"

"Afraid," said the mouse,
"Of dark in the house!
Hear me scatter
Whatever's the matter—
Squeak!"

Then the toad in the hole
And the bug in the ground,
They both shook their heads
And passed the word round;

And the birds in the tree,
The fish and the bee,
They declared, all three,
That you never did see
One of them afraid
In the dark!

But the little boy who had gone to bed
Just raised the bedclothes and covered his head.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Who was afraid? Who was not afraid?
2. The owl said "Tu-whoo!" The cat said "Miaow." But did you ever hear a dog say "Boo-oo"? Why do you think the stanza can't have the dog say "bow-bow"?
3. What could the toad have said? Make up a word.
4. What does the writer want us to think about the dark?
5. Tell the class one of the pictures you made with your eyes as you read the poem.
6. Think of questions to ask your classmates about this poem.
7. Make up a story of pluck like this one told by H. E. Luccock:

   The finest game of football I ever saw was played by the boys of two asylums. It was the best because it was played in the spirit of pure grit. Both teams were composed of blind boys. Their blindness would be a good excuse for staying out of it. We would have a great deal of sympathy for them if they sat by and wished that they could see. But these fellows weren't made of that kind of stuff. They played a good hard game, judging their movements entirely by the sense of hearing and touch. That is the spirit that wins, and makes it possible for any man to make the best out of any situation.

2. THE FOOLISH, TIMID HARE

East Indian Tale

Find out whether the title fits the story.

Once upon a time, a foolish, timid, little hare was always expecting something terrible to happen. She was forever saying, "Suppose the earth were to crack and swallow me up! O dear! Just suppose!" She said this over and over again until at last she really believed the earth was about to crack and swallow her up.

One day, when she was asleep under a palm tree, some monkeys above her dropped down a cocoanut. As soon as the little hare heard the noise, up she jumped and cried, "O dear me! the earth is surely cracking!" Then she ran away as fast as she could, without ever looking behind her.

Presently she met an older hare, who called out after her, "Why are you running so fast?"

The foolish, timid, little hare answered, "The earth is cracking; I'm running away, so as not to be swallowed up!"

"Is that so?" cried the second hare. "Then I'll run away too!" and off he dashed beside her. Soon they met another hare; they told him the earth was cracking, and off he dashed beside them. They went on,

until at last a thousand hares were all running away as fast as they could.

By and by the hares met a deer.

"Why are you all running so fast?" asked the deer.

"The earth is cracking!" they wailed. "We're running away so that we may not be swallowed up!"

"The earth is cracking? O dear me!" cried the deer, and she bounded away after them as fast as she could go.

A little farther on, they passed a tiger.

"Why are you all running so fast?" called the tiger.

"The earth is cracking!" wailed the crowd. "We're running away so as not to be swallowed up!"

"The earth is cracking? O dear me!" howled the tiger, springing away after them as fast as he could go.

In a few minutes more they met an elephant.

"Why are you running so fast?" asked the elephant.

"The earth is cracking!" wailed the crowd. "And we're running away so as not to be swallowed up!"

"The earth is cracking? O dear me!" trumpeted the elephant; and he too lumbered off after them as fast as he could go.

At last the wise King Lion saw the animals running pell-mell. He heard them cry, "The earth is cracking!" Straight out in front of the crowd he ran and roared three times until they all halted.

"What is this you are saying?" he cried.

"Oh King!" they answered. "The earth is cracking! We'll all be swallowed up!"

"WHAT MADE YOU SAY THE EARTH WAS CRACKING?"

"The earth is cracking?" asked King Lion. "Who saw it crack?"

"Not I," said the elephant. "Ask the tiger! He must have seen it, for he told me!"

"Not I," said the tiger. "Ask the deer! She must have seen it, for she told me!"

"Not I," said the deer. "Ask the hares! They must have seen it, for they told me!"

So at last King Lion came to the hares and the hares all pointed to the one foolish, timid, little hare. "She told us," they all cried.

Then the Lion said, "Little hare, what made you say the earth was cracking?"

"I heard it crack."

"You heard it crack?" said the lion. "Where?"

"By the big palm tree. I woke up from a fast sleep and thought, 'Suppose the earth should crack and swallow me up!' Just then I heard a cracking noise, as loud—as loud as thunder—and away I ran as fast as I could."

"Well then," said the lion, "you and I will go back to the place where the earth is cracking and see what is the matter."

"No, no, no!" cried the foolish, timid hare. "I would not go there again for anything."

"But," said the lion, "I will take you on my back." At last the timid little hare climbed up on the lion's back and away they went like the wind, till they came to the palm tree. No sooner had they reached the tree than they heard a loud thud. The monkeys had thrown down another cocoanut! Then the hare understood that nothing at all but the falling of a

cocoanut had made her think the earth was cracking. So the lion and the hare went back to the other animals and the timid little hare stood up before them all and said, "The earth is *not* cracking."

"Well! Well! Well!" said the elephant. "The earth is *not* cracking!" And he turned around and lumbered away.

"Well! Well! Well!" said the tiger. "The earth is *not* cracking!" And he turned around and trotted away.

Thus every one of the animals turned around and went back to his place in the forest. That was the end of the earthquake.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What noise frightened the little hare? What did she "suppose" the noise was. What did she do?
2. Name the other creatures which ran away in the order given in the story.
3. Notice that each animal that joins the crowd is usually supposed to be a little braver than the one who joined just before him. Why is the lion called King Lion?
4. How did King Lion stop the crowd? What did he want to know? What did he propose to do? How did the animals discover the truth about the earthquake?
5. Tell the class about a picture you might make for this story. Find the place in the story that you choose for your picture.
6. Make up a story to tell the class about a timid rabbit, or a frightened mouse, and a brave dog.

3. THE FAIRY CALF OF TIPPERARY

IRISH FABLE

The last story told about being timid. This one tells about being plucky. After you have read the story, tell which of the two you like the better.

In Tipperary is a hill shaped very much like a peaked nightcap. Near the top is a pasture where once upon a time a herdsman watched over his cows. Now this hill had long been a playground of the fairies. They loved it for the soft grass and the broad-leafed bushes on which they could dance.

The Little People were angry indeed when cows trampled on it and ate the green carpet right off their playground. Even the lowing of the herd sounded sad in their ears. Something had to be done or the fairies would have no spot to meet on moonlight nights. So the Fairy Queen decided to frighten away the strangers, and the great beasts with long horns, sharp hoofs, and bells that sounded to a fairy like big church bells.

Night after night, while the moon shone brightly on the hill, the Fairy Queen would suddenly bob up before the lonely herdsman, now in one frightful shape and now in another. Sometimes she would appear to be a great horse with eagle wings and a dragon's tail; then, quick as a flash, she would turn

into a lame man with a flaming bull's head. Then she would be a terrible ape with a turkey's tail and duck's feet, with a roaring, hissing, bellowing, or howling as was never heard in this world before or since.

The poor herdsman, who could neither stir nor close his eyes, had to watch these horrible sights until his chattering teeth almost fell out of his mouth, and his hair lifted his hat almost half a foot from his head. The poor cattle scrambled about like mad until the sun rose over the hill. Then the Fairy Queen would go away.

Never a night passed without the same thing happening. The cattle, half-mad, kept falling into pits or tumbling into the river. No herdsman would tend them at night, even when the farmer who owned them offered ever so much money. The fairies were happy, for now on moonlit nights they could come back to dance and gambol, to sip dewdrops from acorns, and to spread fairy feasts on the heads of mushrooms.

One day the farmer told his troubles to Larry Hoolahan, who feared nothing, and who played on the pipes better than any other player in all Ireland.

"Sure, if that is what ails you," said Larry, "just make your mind easy. Were there as many fairies there as potato blossoms in Tipperary, I would not fear to face them. A queer thing it would be, if I,

who never feared a grown man, should run from a fairy not the bigness of a thumb!"

"Larry," said the farmer, glancing cautiously around him, "do not talk so boldly! If you watch my herds for a week on yonder hill, you shall sup from my broth until the sun has burned itself down to the bigness of a coin."

After striking the bargain, Larry hurried to the hilltop just as the moon was beginning to peep over its brow. Seating himself on a big stone with his back to the wind he began to play on his pipes. Presently Larry heard the voice of fairies upon the breeze. One of them was saying with a laugh: "What! Another rash man upon our fairy ring. Go, Queen, and make him repent!"

Then Larry felt the fairies flying past his face like a swarm of midges. Looking up he saw a great black cat, standing between him and the moon, on the tip of its claws, with its back up, as it mewed with the voice of a water-mill. Pretty soon the cat swelled up toward the sky, turned around on its left hind leg, and began to whirl. Then it fell to the ground and turned into a fish wearing a necktie around its neck and a pair of new top boots.

"Come along, there!" said Larry. "Dance, and I'll pipe!"

He began to play as well as he knew how, while the Fairy Queen changed from one shape to another. At

last, losing all patience, she turned into a gentle calf, milk-white as the cream of Cork, and her eyes were as mild as those of a loving girl. She came up to Larry, friendly and gentle. She thought Larry would just pat her, and when he was not looking she might

LEAPED OVER THE MOONLIT WATERS OF THE RIVER SHANNON

butt him and send him flying. But bold Larry, the moment she came near, dropped his pipes and leaped upon her back.

No sooner had he done so, than the calf sprang from the hill-top, and with one bound leaped over the moonlit waters of the river Shannon, flowing just ten miles from the foot of the hill. A second later she kicked up her heels on the distant bank, flinging Larry on the soft turf. Larry sat up, scratched his head, looked straight up into her face and cried:

"That was well done! Not a bad leap *for a calf!*"

The calf looked at him; then she turned into the Fairy Queen.

"You're a bold fellow, Larry Hoolahan!" said she. "Will you go back the way you came?"

"That I will, if you'll let me!" cried Larry. The Fairy Queen changed into a calf again. Larry leaped upon her back. Another bound, and they were on the hilltop once more.

"You have shown much courage, Larry Hoolahan," said the Fairy Queen, again changing into her own shape. "Never more shall you be troubled by me or my fairies while you keep the herds on this hill. The day now dawns; if I can ever serve you, let me know." Then she vanished.

During Larry's lifetime she never visited the hill again. And Larry, piping, eating, drinking at the farmer's expense (and now and then watching the herd), never bothered the Fairy Queen with requests. At last he died, and was buried in the green valley of Tipperary. Whether the Little People came back to the hill after his death, is more than I can say.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Tell which story you like better: the one which shows how foolish it is to be timid, or the one which shows how wise it is to be plucky. Give reasons for your choice.
2. Why did the fairies love the hill-top? Why were they angry? Tell what the Queen decided to do.

3. Explain how the fairy frightened the herdsman. What did she make herself into? What were the results?
4. Read the part that proves the farmer was timid. Read the part that proves Larry was plucky.
5. What did the Fairy Queen turn into to frighten Larry? What was the last trick she planned?
6. Why did the Queen finally yield to Larry's pluck?
7. Read the third paragraph. Close your eyes and try to see just how the Fairy Queen looked first as the horse, then as the lame man, and then as the ape. Tell how each looks to you.
8. Do you believe in magic? Do you like true stories or fairy stories better? Explain. What other fairy stories have you found in this volume so far?

READING GROUPS OF WORDS

Try to see all the words in one line as if they were one word. Look quickly; close your eyes; say the words.

1. a peaked nightcap
2. a playground of the fairies
3. the lowing of the herd
4. before the lonely herdsman
5. ever so much money
6. the fairies were happy
7. hurried to the hill-top
8. a great black cat
9. that was well done
10. more than I can say

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—Fairy Stories, Myths and Fables.

"The Wild Swans," by Hans C. Andersen, *Andersen's Fairy Tales*. Rand.

"The Forty Thieves," by Andrew Lang, *The Blue Fairy Book*. McKay.

"The Bremen Town Musicians," by D. M. Craik, in *The Fairy Book*. Nelson.

"The Cock and the Fox," by P. C. Asbjörnsen, in *Fairy Tales from the Far North*. Burt.

"The Princess of the Glass Hill," by G. W. Dasant, in *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon*. Putnam.

4. JIM WINS THE HONORS

GULIELMA ZOLLINGER

Before you read this story, think over exactly what you do in your own fire drills. When you are all ready, begin to read silently at a given signal. When you finish reading, hold up your hand.

One day the bitter March winds reached down the big schoolhouse chimney and drew up a spark of fire from the furnace in the basement. They lodged the spark where it would do the most harm, and, in a short time, the janitor was running with a signal to the principal's office. As quietly as possible each teacher was called out into the hall and warned. In a few moments more, the pupils in every room were standing in marching order waiting for the word to file out. Then came the clang of the fire bell, and the waiting ranks knew what was wrong.

Jim's teacher on the second floor had managed to give her orders. She had stationed most of the boys in a line running north and south and farthest from the door. Nearest the door were the girls and some of the smallest boys.

Now they must wait for the signal that should announce the turn of their class to march out. Jim stood at the head of the line of boys, with the girls not far from him. The fire bell was ringing and all

the whistles in the town screaming. Below them they could hear the smaller pupils marching out; above them and on the stairs they heard the third-floor pupils marching; and then in Jim's room there was confusion. The girls huddled closer together and began to cry. The boys behind Jim began to crowd. The nearest boy pushed against him when Jim half turned and threw him back to place by a vigorous jerk of his elbow.

"Boys! Boys!" called the teacher. "Stand still!"

But they did not heed. Again they struggled forward.

Then little Jim turned his back on the door and the girls near him and made ready his fists. "The first boy that comes I'll knock down!" he cried. The line shrank back.

"We'll be burned! We'll be burned up!" shrieked a boy, one of the farthest away.

"You won't be burned," Jim called back. "But you'll wish you were to-morrow if you get past me. Just you jump those desks and get past me and you'll wish you were burnt up!"

Jim's appearance was fierce. The boys knew well that he would do just as he said; not one moved from his place. One minute Jim held that line of boys. Then the door opened and out filed the girls. When the last one had disappeared Jim stepped aside. "Go out now," he said with fine contempt, "you that are

so afraid you'll get burned yourselves that you'd tramp the girls down."

The last to leave the room were the teacher and Jim. Her grasp on his arm trembled a little, but did not let go, even when they had reached the yard crowded full of people. Every business man had locked his doors and had run with his clerks to the fire. The children of the town were in danger. At a distance Jim could see his brother Pat with Larry in his arms and Barney and Tommie close beside him. Here and there, moving anxiously through the crowd, he saw his friends General Brady, Mike, and Andy. The teacher's grasp on his arm did not relax. The fire was under control now and no damage had been done that could not be repaired. The teacher was talking. Everybody near was listening; more were crowding around and straining their ears to hear. Those nearest were passing the story on, a sentence at a time. Suddenly there was a shout. "Three cheers for Jim O'Callaghan!"

Mike came tearing up and gave him a hug and a pat on the back. The General shook him by the hand with a "Well done, Jim!" At this Jim appeared a trifle bewildered. His fighting had been frowned on so long.

At her wash place Mrs. O'Callaghan had heard nothing. The wind had carried the sounds of the fire the other way. There were no children in the family

THE BOYS KNEW WELL HE WOULD DO JUST AS HE SAID

to come home with the news. When she stepped into her own kitchen, earlier than usual, she found Barney and Tommie there with Larry, who had accompanied them that day as visitor. Then she first heard of the fire. The important fact to Barney and Tommie was that their vacation had come sooner than they had hoped. Later came Jim, stepping high from the General's praise. But his mother thought nothing of that. Jim's ways were apt to be airy.

When Pat and Mike came to supper the story was told. The widow O'Callaghan listened with an expression of pride. When the story and the supper were finished, she took Jim by the hand and led him to the family seat of honor. "Sit there in the father's chair," she commanded. "I never thought to be putting one of my boys there for fighting, but fighting's the thing sometimes."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

READING TEST

Choose the best ending for each of the incomplete statements which follow. Write on your paper the number of the statement and the correct ending.

1. The fire happened on (a windy day in March, a cold day in winter, a warm day in May).
2. Jim's classroom was on (the first floor, the second floor, the third floor).
3. Each room marched out (when the proper signal was given,

when all the pupils were in line, when the teacher thought they should go).

4. The girls and boys marched (in one line; in two lines, the boys going first; in two lines, the girls going first).
5. Jim held the boys back (by threatening to fight them, by telling the teacher, by pushing them).
6. When Jim's room marched out, Jim was (first in the line, last in the line of pupils, at the head of the boys' line).
7. The teacher told the crowd of people (how the fire started, how the signal was given, how Jim held the crowd back).
8. Jim was given (a gold medal, a cheer from the crowd, a reward in money).
9. Jim was proudest of (the teacher's praise, his brother's pat on the back, the general's praise).
10. Jim's mother gave him (permission to sit in his father's chair, a dollar bill, a holiday).

Making your reading record.—To find your reading rate, divide the number of words in the selection by the number of minutes your teacher recorded for you. The reading rate of your grade is 250 words per minute. Those who needed more time than 3½ minutes ought to try to speed up. Those who read it in much less time than 3½ minutes need to be sure that they are reading carefully enough to understand the meaning.

Check the number of correct responses you made in the test by comparing with your classmates.

Record your results of the test in your note-book. See page 33 for a correct form.

DISCUSSION

1. How did this fire drill differ from yours? Tell exactly what your room does in a fire drill.

2. What was wrong in this situation? Should the children have been *frightened* at the clang of the fire bell?
3. Do you think Jim was a bully on the playground? Why?
4. What was the matter with the other boys in the room?
5. What rewards did Jim receive? What was the greatest reward?
6. Read parts of the story which prove that Jim was plucky.
7. Read slowly aloud in unison, the rules for fire drill in your building.
8. Read the following story about a fireman, as told by James T. White. Then discuss this question: Was Jim O'Callaghan as brave for a boy as the fireman was for a man?

   In New York City there was a great fire in a tenement house crowded with women and children. The fire extended through the building so rapidly that a number of the inmates were cut off from the fire-escapes and huddled together in a corner of the roof, which was almost ready to fall in. It was almost certain death to enter the building. A fireman, covered with a wet blanket, made a dash through the flames and reached the room. He quickly let down all but one of the children; then the flames burst out around him, setting his clothes on fire, and the walls began to fall outward. The spectators held their breath. Without thought of saving himself, he lowered that last child, and when the walls crumbled, he was buried beneath the ruins. It was magnificent courage. The whole city mourned the death of a hero.

VOLUNTEER WORK

1. Read *Widow O'Callaghan's Boys*, the book from which this story is taken, and tell the class more about Jimmy.
2. Make up a story about a plucky girl in the same school building with Jim.

5. A CREDIT TO THE SCHOOL

DIKKEN ZWILGMEYER

As you read, imagine yourself in Johnny Blossom's place: first, when he took his report card home; second, when he was making his boat; third, when he went on board the ship; and fourth, when he was at the house of the Principal.

Johnny Blossom was walking home from school. He carried his head high; his turned-up, freckled nose was held proudly in the air; his cap hung on the back of his head. Both hands were in his pockets, and his loud whistling waked the echoes as he strode through Jensen Alley. Perfectly splendid monthly report! Of course he knew it, word for word, and he said over to himself again, as he had many times:

"John has lately been more industrious. With his excellent ability he is now a credit to the school."

His report was signed with the Principal's name. Not just a teacher's—no, thank you! A credit to the school. His whistling grew louder and more piercing. A credit to the school. He was going straight to Father with this report; he would lay it right under Father's nose.

Well, he *had* been industrious. He had studied very hard; and could rattle off the names of all the mountains in Asia, even those with the awfully hard names.

Really, it was rather pleasant to know your lessons well and to rank with the good scholars. Now he could be able to show Asta! She often had to sit the whole afternoon studying; even then she couldn't get her lessons sometimes, and would cry; but, of course, she was only a girl.

He would take this report to Uncle Isaac, too. Uncle Isaac was always questioning to find out how he got on at school. Now he should see! His sharp whistling again pierced the air.

On his way home, Johnny remembered that the ship, *Goodwill of Luckton,* had arrived that morning. He had seen it at the wharf when he was going to school. At this thought Johnny Blossom broke into a run. Darting through the gate to their own back yard, he burst into the entry and, in the same headlong fashion, into the dining-room. The family was already at the table.

"Here is my monthly report and *Goodwill of Luckton* has come," exclaimed Johnny.

Father and Mother looked at the report. "Very good, John," said Father, and Johny felt Mother's gentle hand stroking his hair.

"But what is it that has come?"

"*Goodwill of Luckton,* of course."

Johnny was gulping his soup with great haste.

"Express yourself clearly and eat properly."

Everything had to be proper to suit Father.

"The apple boat, the one Mr. Lind and Mrs. Lind own, you know—that comes every autumn."

Yes, the apple boat. It was painted green as it had been last year; the sails were patched; the poorest apples lay in heaps on the deck, the medium apples were in bags, and the best apples were in baskets. In the midst of this tempting abundance, Mrs. Lind, who was uncommonly stout, usually sat knitting. When her husband was up in town delivering apples, Mrs. Lind took care of the boat, the apples, and Nils and everything. Nils, their son, was more to look after than all the rest put together, for he was the worst scamp to be found along the whole coast.

John kept on eating and talking. "Nils is a bad boy, Mother. When he talks to his mother, he keeps the side of his face toward her perfectly sober; but he makes faces with the side toward us. He is very funny and we laugh; Mrs. Lind thinks we are laughing at her, and then she scolds, and her scolding is so funny!"

Shortly after dinner Johnny Blossom was out in the woodshed whittling out a boat. How delightful and how queer that he should be "a credit to the school"! He would be very industrious now every single day; he would learn every lesson well.

The boat that he was making was going to be a fine one—Johnny Blossom held it out and peered

sharply at it, first lengthwise, then sidewise—the finest boat any one had ever whittled. Every one who saw it would say, "Who made that beautiful, graceful boat?" Well, here was the boy who could do it! Some day he would carve a big ship about half a yard long and make it an exact copy of a real ship.

Johnny Blossom lost himself in wondering whether, when the ship was finished, he shouldn't take it to school to show to the Principal! If he did, the Principal would, of course, praise him very much, for it would be a well-shaped, handsome ship.

Yes, Johnny Blossom decided that he would take his boat to school for the Principal to see. It should be painted and have real sails. He would have to ask Asta to hem the sails.

How would it be to make a sloop next—one exactly like the *Goodwill of Luckton?*

At this he threw down the boat which was to be so graceful and rushed off toward the wharf. How stupid of him to stay at home whittling when the *Goodwill of Luckton* had come!

Of course several boys were at the wharf, Aaron, Stephen, and Carl. Otherwise not even a cat was to be seen. Streets and wharf were deserted in the quiet noon hour. Mrs. Lind sat nodding upon the deck. Nils leaned on some bags at the front of the boat, amusing himself making faces. Mr. Lind was up in the town doing errands.

"Give us an apple," whispered Stephen to Nils. Nils did not answer, but gave Stephen a sly look and then made a hideous face.

"Throw some ashore," suggested Johnny Blossom.

"Just one apiece," whispered Carl.

"Well, don't then, you miser!" said Aaron.

Suddenly Nils, with a slyer look than usual, went down into the cabin. A minute after, he came stamping up again.

"Mother, Mother! The coffee is boiling over. Hurry!"

Mrs. Lind waddled hastily across the deck and squeezed herself down the narrow stairway.

"Come now!" called Nils to the boys on shore. "Come now! Hurry up and take some apples."

The boys on the wharf, not waiting to be called again, jumped upon the deck and rushed at the bags of fruits.

"Mother, Mother!" roared Nils. "Hurry! There are thieves at the apples! Hurry!"

In a short time Mrs. Lind had come upstairs, and there stood Mr. Lind also, exactly as if he had shot up out of the ground.

Nils declared loudly: "Before I knew a thing about it, these boys rushed on board and began grabbing some of the best apples."

How Mr. Lind and his wife scolded as they seized the boys! Mr. Lind held two of them and Mrs. Lind

two—she had a remarkably strong grip—while Nils flew for a policeman. The frightened boys cried and begged to be set free. A crowd quickly gathered on the wharf.

Soon the policeman came. "You will have to go with me to the police station," said he to the boys. They tried to explain that Nils had invited them on board. "You go with me to the police station," was the only reply the policeman made.

In bitter disgrace the boys went along the street with the policeman. Nils should have his pay for getting them into this trouble! At the police station their names were recorded and they were allowed to go. Johnny Blossom, shamefaced and troubled, ran straight home.

In the afternoon the policeman called to talk with Father. Father was serious and Mother looked worried. Sister Asta stared with open mouth. John had a bitter time while the matter was being settled, and afterward he kept thinking: "Credit to the school! Wonderful credit! Credit to the school!"

Well, he wouldn't go out any more to-day, that he wouldn't; he would stay in his room with the door locked. He had been so delighted with his report, and now even that gave him no pleasure. Of course he couldn't tell Uncle Isaac about his honor, after this disgrace.

A sudden thought struck him. He would not keep

the report any longer. To have "A credit to the school" upon it was too embarrassing after what had happened.

He had *not* stolen apples, he really had not; but he had been taken to the police station and his name, John Blossom, was written on the police records. Though he had not stolen apples, he had known very well that Mr. Lind and his wife would be angry, if boys went on board and helped themselves to apples, even if Nils had said they might.

Everything was unpleasant. The boys at school would soon know all about it and then they would tease. No, he would not keep the report; he would give it back to the Principal; that was just what he would do. Johnny Blossom, saying nothing at home of his purpose, went with determined step to the Principal's house. His cap, instead of being set far back on his head, was jammed well down over his eyes.

"Is the Principal at home?"

"Yes, come in."

The Principal was a large man with a thick, blond beard and sharp, blue eyes.

"Good day, Johnny! What did you want to see me about?"

Johnny searched first in one pocket of his trousers, then in the other—"Will you please take this report back——"

"Take it back? What do you mean, John?"

"Why, because it says here I am a credit to the school, and I am not—not now."

"What is that you say? Speak out, my boy."

The boy looked very little as he stood before the big Principal.

"Because—because my name has been written in the police records to-day, and the policeman took me there. It is wrong that this report should say I am a credit——"

"Come, John, tell me about it from the beginning."

"Why, Nils of the *Goodwill of Luckton* got his mother to go downstairs and then called us boys to come aboard and get some apples. When we went, he told his mother thieves were on board; and he called the policeman."

"Nils asked you to come on board?"

"Oh, yes; but for all that I knew Mr. and Mrs. Lind would be angry. I knew that perfectly well. But I went, and then I wasn't a credit to the school. Please take this report back——"

There was a short silence.

"I think you may keep the report," said the Principal at last. "You will surely not do anything of the kind again, Johnny Blossom."

"No, I shall never have to be taken up by a policeman any more." Johnny shook his head vigorously. "And I'm going to study hard. Thank you."

At the door he repeated his "thank you" as he bowed himself out.

When he was in the street he put the precious report into his pocket, whistling a tune that his mother often played. Who cared for any one's teasing now? Even the boys might try it if they liked, for he was ready for them. The Principal knew all there was to know. Mighty kind man, that Principal.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. See yourself in Johnny's place. Let four boys each tell one part of the story. Each tell the story as if he were Johnny, using the word *I*.
2. Read the parts that prove that Johnny was honest in his report about going on the ship.
3. How did the Principal show that he was a wise man who knew how to deal with boys?

STORIES TO TELL

1. How Johnny got his splendid monthly report.
2. How he told his parents about his report.
3. How the boys took the apples.
4. What happened after the policeman came.
5. How Johnny reported to the Principal.

READING GROUPS OF WORDS

Take one quick glance at one of the following groups of words; then look away from the book and say the words.

1. home from school
2. with this report
3. she was only a girl
4. burst into the entry

5. the sails were patched
6. toward the wharf
7. some of the best apples
8. at the police station
9. well down over his eyes
10. I'm going to study hard

PARAGRAPHS TO ACT

Choose one of the following paragraphs to act for the class. After each paragraph is acted the class may find the part of the story which gives the picture in the paragraph.

1. Johnny was walking along the street. His head was carried high; his nose was held proudly in the air; his cap was hung on the back of his head; both hands were in his pockets.
2. Johnny had a teasing smile on his face as he stood looking at Asta. Asta sat with a frown on her face staring at an open book in her lap.
3. Johnny stood in the woodshed whittling out a boat. He held the boat out and peered at it sharply, first lengthwise, then sidewise. A look of satisfaction came into his face. He smiled a smile that seemed to say, "The very finest boat ever whittled by a boy."
4. Suddenly Johnny heard a sound; he paused, listened eagerly, then grabbed his cap and rushed off toward the wharf.
5. Johnny walked along the street with his cap well down over his eyes. He had a troubled look on his face, but his step was determined.
6. Johnny stood holding his cap in his hand, looking up into the Principal's face. He shook his head vigorously, and a pleased look came into his face. He bowed low and gave the Principal a grateful look as he murmured "Thank you," and hurried out of the door.

6. A BRAVE SOLDIER

EDNA U. REDDLEBERGER

As you read, look for the acts of bravery in this story.

"Cher ami," the French name for "dear friend," wears the feathered uniform of Pigeon Company No. 1 which was part of the great American Army.

When with his twenty khaki-uniformed men he was sent "over there" in the service of his country, his little pigeon heart was full of Yankee pride, and in his own bird way he vowed that he too would "do his bit."

Cher Ami's first duty was to remember everything about his new coop at Rembrandt, back of the fighting line in France. This he did so quickly that his captain very soon remarked, "Cher Ami is a real soldier." That meant that he could be trusted.

That was why he was sent right into the thick of the fighting in those thrilling days of the Argonne struggle. And, when his own battalion was left unsupported and surrounded by the enemy, how Cher Ami did want to fly with the message for help! Sure enough, the cage door was opened, and with the words, "Do your best, Cher Ami!" his captain fastened to Cher Ami's leg the precious little message tube telling of the "Lost Battalion's" plight.

Up into the air he circled. An instant only did he hesitate; then off like a shot he darted, straight for the Rembrandt coop.

How he did fly! Perhaps he knew that he had been sent because there was no telephone connection, and no way of sending a wireless. Perhaps he told himself that he must act in their stead.

So swift and sure was Cher Ami's flight that the "Lost Battalion" gives him credit for the help that came "just in time." The captain told Cher Ami so, as he stroked the feathers of the faithful little messenger, the next time he saw him.

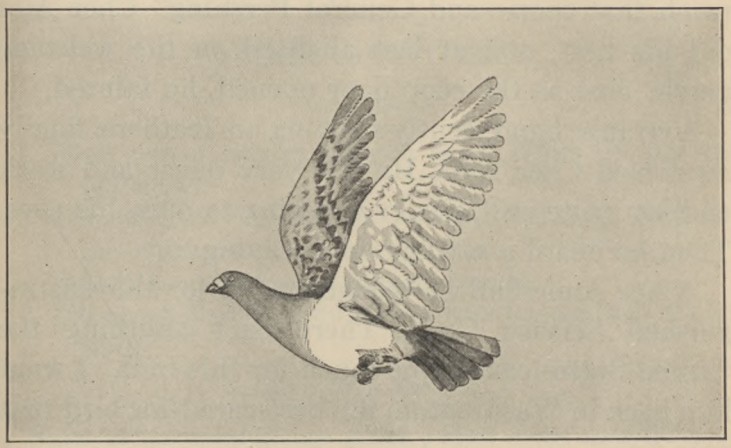
But Cher Ami wanted to do more. One great deed was not enough for his country.

He heard the soldiers about him talk of General Pershing, the commander of the whole American Army, and of how a word of praise from him meant more, so they said, than even the cross of greatest military honor. "I'd like to fly for General Pershing," thought Cher Ami, not dreaming that he was soon to have his wish.

Soon there came the great day when our army—with Cher Ami's regiment included—crossed the Meuse River opposite Sedan. They had reached the goal set for them, having defeated the enemy. Nothing but surrender could save the armies of the enemy.

How Cher Ami trembled with joy when the cage door of his field basket was opened and he knew that

he had been chosen to carry the glad news! The hand of the sergeant who fastened the message tube under the feathers of Cher Ami's left leg also trembled for joy, and his voice shook a little, as he whispered,



CHER AMI WAS OFF

"Straight to General Pershing, Cher Ami!" He then tossed the bird high into the air.

Like a flash of lightning Cher Ami was off. Never had he flown so swiftly. But German "snipers" were still about, on the lookout for just such messengers. Amid the flash of shots there came a sharp sudden pain. An enemy bullet had grazed Cher Ami's breast, and his left leg, with its precious tube, was broken and dangled by a mere shred of bleeding skin. With

all his strength Cher Ami drew the stub of his leg and its precious message up to his breast. He felt the blood drop, drop, dropping away, but he never wavered in his flight.

On he flew, thirty-seven long miles. Would he ever reach that coop—and General Pershing? Cher Ami did his best, and at last alighted on the welcome perch. Just as the coop door opened, he fainted.

A strange hand, gently stroking his feathers, finally awakened Cher Ami. He felt very queer and weak and lay quite still, not even caring to open his eyes. Then he heard a strange voice saying:

"Cher Ami shall be recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross. There isn't anything the United States can do too much for this bird. I want him back in Washington, the best-cared-for bird that ever was."

The strange voice paused and the familiar voice of Cher Ami's captain answered:

"Yes sir, General Pershing. You trust us to take care of him."

Cher Ami opened both eyes with a stare. General Pershing! The Distinguished Service Cross and words of praise!

When the war was over, Cher Ami came to America and was greeted everywhere with honor. He lived only a short time after he reached Uncle Sam's home for carrier pigeons in Monmouth, New Jersey.

Now he stands, mounted on his one leg, in a glass case in our National Museum.

No wonder women and girls walk softly, and men and boys take off their hats, when they approach that still figure of Cher Ami.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. What acts of bravery did you find? Which act was the pluckiest?
2. Tell about the loft in which Cher Ami was kept. Why was the loft carried from place to place?
3. Explain how the pigeons carried messages.
4. Tell about a picture you would draw for one part of this story.

GAME WITH PHRASES

Some of the word-groups which follow name something or tell *what;* some tell *where* something happened; and others tell *how* something happened. Copy the phrases on your paper under the proper headings as shown in this sample:

What	*Where*	*How*
1. the faithful messenger.	1. over there.	1. like a shot.
2.	2.	2.

back of the fighting line
the great day
with all his strength
like a flash of lightning
on the welcome perch
one great deed
into the air

a sudden sharp pain
the glad news
so swiftly
a strange hand
under the feathers
with a stare
the whole American army

7. A TURKEY FOR THE STUFFING

KATHERINE G. HURLBURT

Find out whether the title fits the story. Make up another title when you have finished reading.

Watching the river in a storm always made Ben feel solemn. To-day the river was gray, and rough, and noisy, and the few boats which went down toward Lake Huron pitched about so that their decks slanted first one way, then another, and their sides were coated with ice.

"Gran'ma, what day's to-day?" Ben asked, turning from the stormy river to glance about their warm, comfortable room.

"Wednesday, Benny," answered the small old woman who bent over the stove.

"Then to-morrow will be Thanksgiving Day, and the Rosses are going to have a turkey," said Ben, excitedly. "What are we going to have, Gran'ma?"

Mrs. Moxon looked over her glasses at her grandson's thin figure in its patched and faded clothes, and at his bright, eager face.

"Sonny, dear, what do you think Gran'ma has for Thanksgiving?" she asked gently.

The eager look faded from Ben's face, and he winked hard to keep back the tears. He did not need to be told how bare of dainties their cupboard was,

for everything there he had brought with his own hands. Bacon and smoked fish enough for all winter were stored away; flour, potatoes, and a few other vegetables were there.

"Tell me about a real Thanksgiving dinner," the small boy begged after he had put away the first disappointment. Mrs. Moxon took off her spectacles, and leaned back cautiously in her broken-rockered chair.

"I remember one Thanksgiving when your father was alive, we had a dinner fit for a king. We had a ten-pound turkey, with bread stuffing. I put the sage and onions into the stuffing with my own hands."

"We could have some stuffing," interrupted Ben, eagerly.

"So we could, sonny, so we could. You know how to think of things," and Mrs. Moxon affectionately patted the brown hand on her knees. "I should never have thought that we might have turkey stuffing even if de didn't have any turkey."

Ben beamed with delight at this praise. "Was there anything else besides the turkey and the stuffing, Gran'ma?"

"Land, yes, child. We had turnips, and mashed potatoes, and mince pie, and your father got two pounds of grapes, though grapes were expensive at that time of year. Nobody could ask for a better dinner than that."

"We could have one just like it, all but the turkey and the mince pie and the grapes," said Ben hopefully.

"So we can, and so we will, too, child," answered the old woman. "Trust you for making the best of things." They smiled at each other happily.

Next morning Ben watched his grandmother add an egg, some sage and chopped onion to a bowlful of dry bread, pour boiling water over it, and place the mixture in the oven.

"Your father said I made the best turkey stuffing he ever ate," she said with satisfaction. "We'll see how it comes out, Benny."

"I can hardly wait till dinner time," Ben said, with an excited skip. "I believe I'll go down to the beach, and pick up driftwood for a while. You call me when the things are most cooked, Gran'ma."

The storm of the day before had left many a board end on the beach that would be just right for Mrs. Moxon's stove. Ben worked so hard that he did not notice a big barge coming slowly down the river, towing two other boats behind it. Suddenly he heard a man's voice ask:

"Hullo, kid! What makes you work so hard on Thanksgiving Day?"

Ben straightened up, to see the boat's captain near its pilot house, and shouting through a great trumpet.

"I'm waiting for dinner to cook," Ben answered in his piping voice

"Can't hear you!" roared the captain. "Run home and get your horn and talk to me."

Ben ran up the hill to Mrs. Ross's, and borrowed her trumpet, or megaphone. Voices sound very much louder when these are used. They are to be found at every house on the shore of the St. Mary's, for the people on the boats, and those on the land, often want to say, "How do you do?" to each other. Ben had all he could do to hold the great tin trumpet up straight; it was nearly as long as he was.

"I'm waiting for dinner to cook," the boy shouted again, and this time the captain heard him.

"Going to have turkey, I suppose?" the captain asked.

"No, but we're going to have turkey stuffing," answered Ben with pride.

"Turkey stuffing, but no turkey! If that isn't the best I ever heard!" The captain dropped his trumpet, and doubled up with sudden laughter. Luckily Ben did not hear. "What else are you going to have?" he called when he had repeated the joke about him. "Mince pie without any mince meat?"

"No, sir!" Ben's voice was shrill, but clear. "My father had mince pie for Thanksgiving dinner once, though."

"He did, did he?" The captain dropped his trumpet

again. "That boy's all right," he said to the first mate. "He's too plucky to be laughed at. I'm going to send him some turkey for his stuffing, Morgan. Tell the cook to get ready half a turkey and a mince pie. Have him send up one of those small baskets of grapes. We'll tie them to a piece of plank, and they'll float ashore all right. Tell the cook to hurry, or we'll be too far downstream for the boy to get the things." Then he raised his trumpet again.

"Say, lad, can you row that boat that's tied to your dock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, hurry out into the river, and I'll put off a float with some things for your Thanksgiving dinner. You're going to have some turkey for that stuffing."

Ben lost no time in pushing the rowboat off into the stream, where the end of a plank and its delicious load were seen bobbing up and down on the water. How he did smack his lips when he lifted them into the boat, and how pleased he was for grandma!

"First the stuffing, and then turkey! My, I'm lucky!" He did not know that the captain had said he was plucky, and that luck is very apt to follow pluck in this world of ours.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. What title did you make for the story?
2. Read parts of the story to prove that both grandma and Ben had real "pluck."

ARRANGING SENTENCES

Copy the following sentences in the order in which events are told in the story:

1. Ben talked with the men on the ship.
2. The captain sent the turkey
3. Ben and his grandmother planned the stuffing.
4. Grandmother told Ben about the real Thanksgiving dinner.
5. The captain said Ben was plucky.

FINDING GROUPS OF WORDS

1. Notice that the first group of words below tells about *color*, the second group tells about *motion*, and the third group tells about *warmth*.

    a. The river was gray.
    b. Their decks slanted.
    c. Their warm, comfortable room.

    Find three other words or groups of words in the selection which tell about *color;* find three which tell about *motion;* and find three that tell about *warmth* or *cold*.
2. Find words or groups of words that suggest:

    a. where something was.
    b. how something looked.
    c. when something happened.
    d. why something was done.
    e. what something was.
    f. who somebody was.

8. RAGGYLUG

ERNEST T. SETON

This story is divided into parts marked 1, 2, 3, 4. When you have finished reading each part, write a title for it.

1.

Raggylug, the name of a young cottontail rabbit, was given him because he had a very ragged ear, a life-mark that he got in his first adventure. He lived with his mother in Olifant's Swamp.

The swamp grass bent over and concealed the snug nest where Raggylug's mother had hidden him. She had partly covered him with some of the bedding, and, as always, her last warning was to "lie low and say nothing, whatever happens." Though tucked in bed, he was wide awake and his bright eyes were taking in that part of his little green world that was straight above. A bluejay and a red-squirrel, two thieves, were loudly scolding each other for stealing, and at one time Rag's home bush was the center of their fight—and yet he never moved or even winked.

One day he heard a strange rustling of the leaves in the near thicket. The sound was odd, and though it went this way and that way and came ever nearer, there was no patter of feet. Rag had lived his whole life in the swamp (he was three weeks old) and yet

had never heard anything like this. His curiosity was greatly aroused. His mother had told him to lie low, but that was understood to be in case of danger. This strange sound without footfalls could not be anything to fear.

The low rasping went past close at hand, then to the right, then back, and seemed going away. Rag felt he knew what he was about. He slowly raised his roly-poly body on his fluffy legs, lifted his round head above the covering of his nest, and peeped out into the woods. The sound had ceased as soon as he moved. He saw nothing, so took one step forward to a clear view, and instantly found himself face to face with an enormous black serpent.

"Mammy," Rag screamed in terror as the monster darted at him. With all the strength of his tiny limbs he tried to run. But in a flash the snake had him by one ear and whipped around him with his coils to gloat over the helpless bunny he had secured for dinner.

"Mam-my—Mam-my," gasped poor Ragglyug as the monster began slowly choking him to death. Very soon the little one's cry would have ceased, but bounding through the woods straight as an arrow came Mammy. No longer a shy, helpless Molly Cottontail, ready to fly from a shadow: the mother's love was strong in her. The cry of her baby had filled her with the courage of a hero. Hop, she went over

that horrible snake. Whack: she struck down at him with her sharp hind claws as she passed, giving him such a stinging blow that he squirmed with pain and hissed with anger.

"M-a-m-m-y," came feebly from the little one. Mammy came leaping again and again and struck harder and fiercer until the snake let go Raggylug's ear and tried to bite Mammy as she leaped over. But all he got was a mouthful of wool each time, and Molly's fierce blows began to tell, as long bloody rips were torn in the black snake's skin.

Things were now looking bad for the snake. Bracing himself for the next charge, he lost his tight hold on baby bunny, who at once wriggled out of the coils and ran away into the underbrush, breathless and terribly frightened, but unhurt save that his left ear was much torn.

Molly now had gained all she wanted. She had no notion of fighting for glory or revenge. Away she went into the woods and the little one followed her snow-white tail until she led him to a safe corner of the swamp. But Bunny's ear was badly torn, giving him his name, Raggylug.

2.

Olifant's Swamp was a rough tract of woods, with a marshy pond and a stream through the middle. Molly and Rag's nearest neighbors were far away,

and their nearest kin were dead. This was their home, and here they lived together, and here Rag received his training.

Molly, as a good mother should, gave him a careful

THINGS WERE NOW LOOKING BAD FOR THE SNAKE

bringing up. The first thing he learned was to "lie low and say nothing." His adventure with the snake taught him the wisdom of this. Rag never forgot that lesson; afterward he did as he was told.

The second lesson he learned, called "freeze," grew out of the first. Rag was taught it as soon as he could run.

"Freezing" is simply doing nothing, turning into a statue. As soon as he finds a foe near, no matter

what he is doing, a well-trained cottontail keeps just as he is and stops all movement. The creatures of the woods are of the same color as the things in the woods and catch the eye only while moving. So when enemies chance together, the one who first sees the other can keep himself unseen by "freezing" and thus have all the advantage of choosing the time for attack or escape.

Only those who live in the woods know the importance of "freezing"; every wild creature and every hunter must learn it; all learn to do it well, but not one of them can beat Molly Cottontail in the doing. Rag's mother taught him this trick by example. When the white cotton cushion that she always carcried to sit on went bobbing away through the woods, of course Rag ran his hardest to keep up. But when Molly stopped and "froze," the natural wish to imitate her made him do the same.

3.

As soon as Rag was big enough to go out alone, his mother taught him the signal code. Rabbits telegraph each other by thumping on the ground with their hind feet. Along the ground sound carries far; a thump six feet from the earth is not heard twenty yards away, but a thump on the ground can be heard at least one hundred yards. Rabbits have very keen hearing, and so might hear this same thump at two

hundred yards, and that would reach from end to end of Olifant's Swamp. A single *thump* means "look out" or "freeze." A slow *thump thump* means "come." A fast *thump thump* means "danger"; and a very fast *thump thump thump,* means "run for dear life."

The cottontails had enemies on every side. Their daily life was a series of escapes. For dogs, foxes, cats, skunks, coons, weasels, minks, snakes, hawks, owls, and men, and even insects were all plotting to kill them. They had hundreds of adventures, and at least once a day they had to fly for their lives and save themselves by their legs and wits.

More than once a hateful fox from Springfield drove them under the barbed-wire hog-pen by the spring. Once there they could look calmly at him while he ran the barbs through his legs in vain attempts to reach them.

Once Rag was caught alive by a hunter who had a hound and a ferret to help him. But Rag had the luck to escape next day, with a yet deeper distrust of ground holes. He was several times run into the water by the cat, and many times was chased by hawks and owls, but for each kind of danger his mother taught him the principal safeguards. He improved on them and made many new ones as he grew older. The older and wiser he grew the less he trusted to his legs, and the more to his wits for safety.

Ranger was the name of a young hound in the

neighborhood. To train him his master used to put him on the trail of one of the cottontails. It was nearly always Rag that they ran, for the young buck enjoyed the runs, the danger in them being just enough to make them fun. He would say:

"Oh, mother, here comes the dog again. I must have a run to-day."

"You are too bold, Raggy, my son!" she might reply. "I fear you will run once too often."

"But, mother, it is such glorious fun to tease that fool dog, and I need the good training. I'll thump if I am too hard pressed; then you can come and change off while I get my second wind."

On he would come, and Ranger would take the trail and follow till Rag got tired. Then he sent a thumping telegram for help, which brought Molly to take charge of the dog.

4.

Rag had never seen any rabbit other than his mother. Indeed he had scarcely thought about there being any other. He was more and more away from her now, and yet he never felt lonely, for rabbits are not eager for company. One day in December, while he was among the red dogwood brush, he saw all at once the head and ears of a strange rabbit. The newcomer came hopping toward Rag along one of *his* paths into *his* swamp. A new feeling rushed over

Rag, that boiling mixture of anger and hatred called jealousy.

The stranger stopped at one of Rag's rubbing trees —that is, a tree against which Rag used to stand on his heels and rub his chin as far up as he could reach. He thought he did this simply because he liked it; but all buck-rabbits do so. The rubbing makes the tree rabbity, so that other rabbits know that this swamp already belongs to a rabbit family and is not open for settlement. It also lets the next one know by the scent whether the last caller was a friend. The height from the ground of the rubbing-places shows how tall the rabbit is.

To his disgust Rag noticed that the newcomer was a head taller than himself, and a big, stout buck at that. This wholly new experience filled Rag with a wholly new feeling. The spirit of murder entered his heart; he chewed very hard with nothing in his mouth, and hopping forward onto a smooth piece of hard ground he struck slowly:

Thump–thump–thump," which is a rabbit telegram for, "Get out of my swamp, or fight!"

The new-comer made a big V with his ears, sat upright for a few seconds, then, dropping on his forefeet, sent along the ground a louder, stronger, *"Thump–thump–thump."*

War was declared.

The two rabbits came together by short runs

sidewise, each watching for an advantage. The stranger was a big, heavy buck with plenty of muscle, who counted on winning his battles by his weight. On he came at last and Rag met him fiercely. As they came together they leaped up and struck out with their hind feet. *Thud, thud,* they came, and down went poor Rag. In a moment the stranger was on him with his teeth and Rag was bitten, and lost several tufts of hair before he could get up. But he was swift of foot and got out of reach. Again he charged and again he was knocked down and bitten severely. He was no match for his foe.

Hurt as he was he sprang away, with the stranger in full chase, and bound to kill him or to drive him from the swamp where he was born. Rag's legs were good and so was his wind. The stranger was big and so heavy that he soon gave up the chase. It was well for poor Rag that he did, for he was getting stiff from his wounds. From that day Rag lived in fear. His training had been against owls, dogs, weasels, men, but what to do when chased by another rabbit, he did not know. All he knew was to lie low till he was found, then run.

Poor little Molly was filled with terror; she could not help Rag and sought only to hide. But the big buck soon found her out. She tried to run from him, but she was not now so swift as Rag. Day after day he worried her by following her about, and often he

would knock her down and tear out mouthfuls of her fur. But his main purpose was to kill Rag, whose escape seemed hopeless. There was no other swamp to which Rag could go. Whenever he took a nap now he had to be ready at any moment to dash for his life. A dozen times a day the big stranger came creeping up to where he slept, but each time Rag awoke in time to escape.

How was the struggle to end? Rag was wearing out with running and watching and bad food, and Molly's strength and spirit were breaking down. The stranger at last stooped to the worst crime known among rabbits. However much they may hate each other, all good rabbits forget their quarrels when their common enemy appears. Yet one day when a great hawk came swooping over the swamp the stranger, keeping well under cover himself, tried again and again to drive Rag into the open.

Once or twice the hawk nearly had Rag, but the briers saved him, and only when the big buck himself came near being caught did he give it up. Again Rag escaped, but was no better off.

He made up his mind to leave, with his mother, if possible, next night and go into the world to some new home. All at once he heard old Thunder, the hound, sniffing and searching about the outskirts of the swamp, and he resolved to play a desperate game. He purposely crossed the hound's view, and

the chase that began was fast and furious. Thrice around the swamp they went till Rag had made sure that his mother was hidden safely and that his hated foe was in his usual nest. Then right into that nest

RIGHT INTO THAT NEST AND PLUMP OVER HIM HE JUMPED

and plump over him he jumped, giving him a rap with one hind foot as he passed over his head.

"I'll kill you yet," cried the stranger. Up he jumped only to find himself in a most dangerous position between Rag and the dog.

On came the hound baying hotly. The buck's weight and size were great advantages in a rabbit fight, but now they were fatal. He did not know many tricks. He knew only the simple tricks like

"double," "wind," and "hole-up," that every baby bunny knows. But the chase was too close for doubling and winding, and he didn't know where the holes were.

The brier-rose, kind to all rabbits alike, did its best, but all in vain. The baying of the hound was fast and steady. The crashing of the brush and the yelping of the hound each time the briers tore his tender ears were borne to Rag and his mother where they crouched in hiding. But suddenly these sounds stopped, followed by a scuffle, and then by loud and terrible screaming.

Rag knew what the sounds meant and they sent a shiver through him. But he soon forgot that when all was over. He rejoiced to be once more the master of the old swamp.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Tell what part 1 of the story is about. Tell also about parts 2, 3, and 4.
2. What lessons did Molly teach Raggylug? Which was the hardest to learn?
3. Tell some of the foolish risks Rag took.
4. Explain how the story of Rag shows the meaning of the stanza on page 289.
5. Find some part of the story for which you would draw a picture. Tell the class about the picture.
6. Make up another adventure showing Molly's pluck.
7. Have boys who have pet rabbits tell about them.

8. Find E. T. Seton's book *Wild Animals I Have Known* and find out what became of Molly. Tell the class.
9. Make another title for this story. Compare suggestions.
10. Turn to the table of contents of this book. Notice all the selections telling about animals that you have so far read. Try to recall each selection, and decide whether the animal in the selection was cowardly or plucky. After your decision, read the selection and find the part which shows that your decision is right.

GAME WITH PHRASES

The following list contains phrases which appear in the story.

his first adventure	to gloat over the helpless bunny
concealed the snug nest	his roly-poly body
her warning	squirmed with pain
were loudly scolding	received his training
in the near forest	the importance of freezing
his curiosity	with deeper distrust

The next list contains phrases that mean the same or nearly the same as the phrases in the first list.

was taught	twisted about in pain
to enjoy hurting the weak rabbit	the reason for standing still
his first exciting experience	with greater fear
hid the close, warm nest	with her signal of danger
in the brush near by	were speaking in loud tones
he had a desire to know	his fat, round body

Find a phrase from the second list which means the same or nearly the same as each phrase in the first line. Write lists like this sample:

Phrases in the story	*Phrases meaning the same*
1. his first adventure	1. his first exciting experience
2. concealed the snug nest	2. hid the close, warm nest
3.	3. .....
4.	4. .....

9. STELLA O'CONNELL

RALPH D. PAINE

What picture would you ask an artist to draw to show the pluck of Stella O'Connell?

Before Stella crossed the long bridge on her way to the engine-house, she always stopped to make sure that her father's dinner was all that he needed. As soon as the noon whistles blew, the bridge-tender, in his little house perched high above the middle span, would begin to look eagerly across the causeway for the flutter of Stella's blue skirt and the gleam of the red ribbon on her hat.

To climb to the engine-house, kiss the big man in overalls, and flutter round him while he ate and chatted and pretended to drive her out with flourishes of a mighty fist, was a treat of which the little girl never tired.

After school in pleasant weather, Stella hurried across the breeze-swept causeway to perch in the window of the engine-house and look down the open harbor toward the sparkling stretches of Long Island Sound. She always found much to see, especially in the late afternoon, when the oyster boats were sailing home from the day's work. At first their sails were tiny specks against the blue water. If the wind was

fresh and fair, they grew as if by magic, and in half an hour or so the laden boats came sweeping toward the bridge like great white birds eager for home.

Then Stella's father pulled a lever, the engine panted and groaned, and the bridge opened its huge arms to welcome the fleet. The oystermen, skimming through the draw, would wave their hands at O'Connell, the bridge-tender, with hearty greetings:

"Hello, Bill! Here's two dozen fat oysters on the half-shell if you'll send that bright-eyed girl of yours for them after supper."

"A little breezy up there, Stella? Well, you ought to have been down off Black Point to-day. The wind turned the oysters plumb inside out."

One afternoon late in autumn Stella's mother looked up from her knitting and said with a worried air, "I don't feel quite right about your father. The gale threatens to be the worst we've had in years. Father had one of his dizzy spells this morning, and I made him promise to get young Jackson to tend the draw this afternoon, while he went for some medicine and came straight home to lie down. It's nearly four o'clock and he's not here yet."

Mrs. O'Connell was almost shouting, for the wind was howling wildly over the roof, and the cottage trembled with its fury. Stella stroked her mother's hair and tried to comfort her.

"It *is* a big blow, Mother, when we feel it here

under the lee of the hill, almost a mile from the bridge. But Daddy's found it too wet to go out; he's waiting on the bridge, snug and warm, till six o'clock. Then he'll come running home like a big bear."

The mother shook her head and went to the window with quick, uneasy steps. She turned to Stella again. "I don't like to seem over-anxious, but I'm not satisfied. I wish Bub were bigger—I'd send him down to the bridge right away. I don't often worry, but your father is very late. The storm didn't break till an hour ago. He had plenty of time to get young Jackson and be here long ago.

Stella listened to the howling of the wind and hesitated. Then her mouth tightened in a firm line as she said, "I'm going to put on my long boots and reefer and go down. The wet won't hurt me. I can't bear to see you fretting, Mother. It isn't dark yet."

Stella darted into the hall and presently reappeared bundled up like a young midshipman on a winter night. She kissed her mother and set off before more objection could be raised.

The girl did not know the might of the sudden storm until she staggered out on the open causeway across the marsh. Here the wind had swept up an unusually high tide and was flinging it across the low wall in blinding sheets. Stella crept along, clutching the stone wall and fighting to keep her breath. When she was halfway across, the harbor itself seemed to

be breaking over the wall in shattered billows. The biting air was full of flying mist, which filled her eyes so that she halted, afraid that a wave she could not see would dash her over the barrier.

She crept over to the lee of the seaward wall and fell there, praying that strength might come back to her. Presently she pulled herself along, step by step, escaping the heaviest fury of the waves by hugging close to the wall.

Once on the long slope leading up to the drawbridge, Stella was able to rub the salt spray from her eyes and look up at the little house where her father was. She hoped to see a light through the stormy twilight or a face at the window. But her heart sank when she saw no greeting sign from the engine-house. Then she had to fight for life as she gained the end of the bridge where the iron railing gave no shelter.

The wind drove with a clean sweep across the roadway. It picked her up, threw her against the rail, and left her, groaning with pain and fright. Clinging, slipping, edging her way along, Stella reached the foot of the iron ladder that led to the engine-house. Her courage was almost gone. Could she muster strength to climb? She feared she would be blown away even if her own weight did not drag her hands from the slippery rungs.

She was never able to recall how she climbed, but

somehow she found herself tugging at the engine-room door. She stumbled inside and lay there, panting and sobbing.

As soon as she was able, she began to make her way among the shadows of what seemed like an empty room. She remembered where the lamps were kept and found matches beside them. The light showed her what looked like a bundle of old clothes doubled in a corner. She ran to it and found her father, who turned a little and groaned. A pail of water was on the table. She dashed some of it into his face. He raised his hand to his head and she strove to lift him up, but his weight was too great for her to move.

Presently the engineer muttered brokenly, "Stella, is that you? I went up on the roof—about four o'clock. Blowing hard—my head went queer—I slipped and fell down to the platform. Must have crawled inside—all I remember."

His daughter put his overcoat under his head and whispered, "You're all right now, Daddy. I'll take care of you."

O'Connell was silent for a moment. Then he made a mighty struggle to raise himself, but sank back with a hoarse cry of fear: "The boats haven't been through yet! Who'll turn the draw?"

Stella sprang to the window and looked down the harbor. The driving rain had ceased, and the sun was

breaking through the angry clouds. The light was strong enough for her to catch glimpses of tossing bits of sail, hardly to be told from the ragged breakers on the sky line. She had not played on the bridge through five years without learning something of the ways of oyster-men. The fleet was driving home before the gale, carrying no more than rags of canvas, trusting that the bridge would swing in time to let them through. If it did not? She knew that the open boats would swamp if they were forced to come about in such a sea as this.

Stella looked down at her helpless father. The agony in his eyes told her that he, too, realized the danger. "Open the drafts!" he muttered. "Steam's getting low."

She toiled at the furnace door as she had seen him do so often. Turning toward him for further instructions, Stella saw that his head had fallen back. He was again unconscious. What was done, she must do alone.

She went to the seaward window. The boats were rushing toward her as if they were winged. If they drove into the closed bridge, it meant wreck and the loss of many lives—helpless men and broken boats.

Stella turned the steam-pipe valve. She cried aloud with joy when the steam hissed into the cylinders. Then she tugged at the starting lever. Slowly the great cogwheels of the turning gear began to move.

In the closing dusk the storm-swept boats were racing toward the bridge hardly a quarter of a mile away. She closed her eyes for an instant and said a prayer. Then she felt the draw tremble as it obeyed the master call of the engine.

She feared to hear the crash of snapping masts and the cries of drowning men. But the draw was really swinging! She threw the lever down and snatched a moment to press her face against the pane. The fleeing oystermen were trying to turn the boats toward the wind a little as they saw the draw move more slowly than usual. The deep-laden boats moved wildly, and Stella caught her breath in laboring gasps. Would they make it? Would the draw ever open?

Then the long arm of the bridge opened a black gap of water, and the foremost boat scraped past. The others tore after it like frightened, living things. Stella watched the gap close, and when the draw was again in line with the roadway, she shut off the steam and stopped the engine. A moment later she heard a thundering knock on the door, and young Jackson dashed in out of the wind.

"I told your dad I'd be down at two o'clock," he faltered. "And I quite forgot it till just now. Is he killed?"

Jackson anxiously bent over the engineer, listened to his breathing, and felt his pulse. Then he brought

joy to Stella's heart by shouting, "No bones broken, Stella, and his head is as sound as a nut, even if he has an awful crack on the outside! You stay here while I go down to the dock after a wagon. I'll be back in fifteen minutes, and we'll have him home in a moment. *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Tell the class about the picture you would draw.
2. Exactly what did Stella do to save the oystermen and their boats?
3. Read aloud the part of the story that best shows Stella's pluck.

STORIES TO TELL

1. How the bridge was made to open.
2. How Stella made her way to the engine-house.
3. What she saw and did in the engine-house.
4. What Jackson did after he arrived.

VOCABULARY GAME

Write the letters of the alphabet in order. Find words in the story that begin with the letters. For how many letters do you fail to find words?

LETTERS TO WRITE

1. A letter by Stella to a girl cousin telling about her part in the story.
2. A letter by Stella's father telling about her pluck.
3. A letter written by a neighbor to be printed in a newspaper.
4. A letter by an oysterman thanking Stella.

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF PLUCK

1. *A Roll of Honor.*—Think of the plucky characters you have read about in the selections in this unit. Look over the stories as much as you wish. Write at your seats the names of five of the characters, arranging them and numbering them in the order in which you think they show the greatest pluck.

   Compare your results, making a Roll of Honor in this way: Make a diagram on the blackboard like the one below. Write the names of characters in the left hand column. Write the names of the pupils in your class at the tops of the different columns. Write the votes of each pupil beneath his name. The five characters which get the smallest total of votes will make The Honor Roll of Plucky Characters, as voted by your class.

THE HONOR ROLL OF PLUCKY CHARACTERS

NAMES OF CHARACTERS	PUPIL 1	PUPIL 2	PUPIL 3	PUPIL 4	TOTALS
1.					
2.					
3.					
4.					
5.					

2. Tell the class about one act of courage shown by one of the characters in the book you chose from the list on page 291.
3. *Motion-Picture Paragraphs.* Make a motion-picture paragraph for one of the stories in this unit. This is a sample based on the first story, on page 295.

A timid hare, asleep, is awakened by a cocoanut dropped by monkeys. Frightened, she runs away, crying, "The earth is cracking." She meets another hare who follows her; then, many other hares; then a deer; then, a tiger; then, an elephant. They all run, crying, "The earth is cracking." Finally the lion stops them. He makes fun of their fear. He makes the hare climb on his back and return with him to the tree. They find out her mistake. Then they tell all the other animals how foolish their fear was.

Good stories in this unit for motion-picture paragraphs are, "The Fairy Calf of Tipperary," p. 300; "Jim Wins the Honors," p. 306; "A Credit to the School," p. 313.

4. Select and arrange in order the three most *exciting* places you found in the stories and poems of this unit. Arrange in order the three *funniest* places; the three *saddest* places; the three most *dangerous* places.

5. Write a little story to finish one of the following suggestions:
   (*a*) John was coming up the dark alley when he heard a steady rapping on the other side of the fence. At first, he——
   (*b*) I can't tell you how glad Mary was when she found that she had only been dreaming. She thought that she was really trying to swim——
   (*c*) I was just going to sleep when I heard——
   (*d*) Bill, my small dog, took one look at the huge terrier; then, with a growl, he started——

6. Make a suggestion for a pluck story, somewhat like the suggestions in 5 above. A class committee may select three or more of your suggestions for the class to work out.

7. *Discussion.* Are these statements true or false? Look up the proof of your answer in the selections.
   1. The mouse was afraid of the dark.

2. The tiger was ashamed of the other animals for being frightened.
3. Raggylug never ran any risk of danger.

8. Carry out one of these suggestions, choosing the story you liked best.
   a. "In the Dark," p. 293. Write a few lines to fit into the poem; show that one of the following was not afraid: a *bird;* a *pony;* a *lion.*
   b. "The Foolish, Timid Hare," p. 295. Tell the story as the lion might have told it.
   c. "The Fairy Calf of Tipperary," p. 300. Imagine that you are the fairy, explaining why you finally gave in to Larry.
   d. "A Credit to the School," p. 313. Imagine that the Principal and Johnnie Blossom's father were talking together one week after the story ends. What do you think they might say?
   e. "Stella O'Connell," p. 347. Make up a conversation between one of the oystermen and Stella's father, a few days after the storm.

9. *Bible Stories about Bravery.* Many of the stories in the Bible tell about brave deeds. Do you know "Daniel in the Lion's Den," "David and Goliath," or "The Story of Joseph"? Find a book of Bible stories in the public library, and search for other stories of bravery. Ask some one who knows the Bible well, to tell you a Bible story of bravery; repeat it to the class.

"TWO BABIES HUNG FROM THE SADDLE OF A MULE"

[*See p.* 390]

BEING FAITHFUL

True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.

—Alice Cary.

BEING FAITHFUL

One afternoon, long years ago, the people of the city of Pompeii became suddenly alarmed. From the top of the mountain a few miles distant rose a great black cloud of smoke, hiding the sun and darkening the sky. Fiery ashes began to fall and a stream of melted rock started to flow down the mountain side toward the city. Filled with terror, the inhabitants fled for their lives.

Only a few remained behind. At their posts stood the Roman soldiers, silent and unmoved, while the frightened crowd rushed by. Trained to stay at their places of duty in the face of all danger, the guards did not flee in this time of peril. They proved faithful unto their trust until death.

Being Faithful means just that! To stay at one's post no matter what happens! To do one's duty regardless of temptation or danger. He who is faithful does not desert a trust; he can always be counted on; he is dependable.

READ A BOOK

1. *Jan and Betje*, by Mary E. Hall. Merrill.
   How the children bought their parents a Christmas present with money they had saved.
2. *Dutch Twins*, by Lucy F. Perkins. Houghton.
   The every-day life of a Dutch brother and sister.
3. *The Story of the Pilgrims for Children*, by Roland G. Usher. Macmillan.
   The life of the Pilgrims in Europe, their experiences on the *Mayflower*, and their first years in Plymouth.
4. *The Little Wooden Doll*, by Marjery W. Bianco. Macmillan.
   A neglected wooden doll who found some one to love her.
5. *The Princess and the Goblin*, by George Macdonald. McKay.
   How a Princess' faith in an unseen protector kept her safe from danger.
6. *Kari the Elephant*, by Dhan G. Mukerji. Dutton.
   The faithfulness of an elephant as told by the Hindu boy who owned him.
7. *The Cat and the Captain*, by Elizabeth Coatsworth. Macmillan.
   The cat, the captain, and Samantha the colored cook.
8. *Tony*, by Eliza O. White. Houghton.
   The good times of Tony, his dog, his twin sister, and the rest of the family.
9. *Honey Sweet*, by Edna Turpin. Macmillan.
   A wrong idea of faithfulness and the troubles it brought Anne Lewis.
10. *Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris*, by Eugenie Foa. Lippincott.
    A lost dog, "Man Friday," and his devotion to his master, a waif who lived on the streets of Paris.
11. *Flag Kept Flying*, by Doris Pocock. Appleton.
    How a Scotch girl was Mother to five brothers.

CLASS LIBRARY READINGS

1. "Suppose," Fanny Van Alstyne, *A Treasury of Verse for Little Children*, 86–87.
2. "Cinderella," *ibid.*, 165–174.
3. "The Boy Hero of Harlem," *ibid.*, 184–190.
4. "Betsy Ross and the First American Flag," *ibid.*, 230–234.
5. "Little Brown Hands," Mary H. Krout, *ibid.*, 256.
6. "Hassan, the Arab, and His Horse," *ibid.*, 308–312.
7. "Arab and His Horse," Bayard Taylor, *ibid.*, 313.
8. "Toads and Diamonds," *ibid.*, 353–357.
9. "Grayfriars Bobby," E. Grierson, *Puppy Dogs' Tales*, 21–23.
10. "A Faithful Friend," M. Shedlock, *ibid.*, 67–68.
11. "The Good Saint Bernard," Frances Kent, *ibid.*, 85–87.
12. "The Dog Nurse," Wm. Barrie, *ibid.*, 88–91.
13. "The Faithful Errand Dog," J. H. Fabre, *ibid.*, 92–93.
14. "The Three Princesses of Whiteland," G. Thorne-Thornsen, *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, 85–95.
15. "Jerry," Katherine Pyle, *Stories of Our Humble Friends*, 29–36.
16. "Fax," *ibid.*, 44–53.
17. "Firefly," *ibid.*, 70–77.
18. "Faithful John," Jacob L. K. Grimm, *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, 19–28.
19. "The Six Swans," *ibid.*, 134–139.
20. "The Two Brothers," *ibid.*, 159–184.
21. "Grandfather's Dan," E. W. Frentz, *Uncle Zeb and His Friends*, 182–185.
22. "The Three Orphans," *ibid.*, 205–208.
23. "The Single Lantern of Iroka," a Japanese legend, *Happy Holidays*, 24–25.

VII. BEING FAITHFUL

1. IN THE ENGINE

GEORGE C. HOSKIN

Read this selection to find out why we can depend upon trainmen and trains to carry us safely.

Mr. Jack Thompson is an engineer. Everybody calls him "Jack." As we climb into his cab, he smiles and says: "Don't get frightened; this old iron horse won't run away. She's just as gentle as she can be."

He tells us to sit on the fireman's side of the cab, for Jack never lets any one sit with him. He says that "Old Twenty-three-fourteen"—that's the engine number, 2314—is the finest engine in the world, and he feels great pride in her.

The cab has only two small seats, one on each side of the big boiler. When we take our places we can see only straight ahead, to the rear, and to one side. The fireman, Tom, has just room enough to lean up against our seat.

But Tom doesn't have much time to sit down. He shovels coal all the time—first one shovelful to the right of the big fire box, then one to the left, then one straight ahead. He closes the door of the fire box for a few minutes, then shovels and shovels again. When

he opens the fire-box door, the fire roars and the heat almost burns our faces.

For the first few miles of our ride we feel as though we shall be glad when the engine stops so we can get off. But our fright is soon forgotten as we become more used to the peculiar rocking and the tremendous speed. We go so fast that we seem barely to touch the rails. We see so many things go flying past us!

We have always thought the rails were perfectly smooth as we have seen them many times, but we soon discover that the rails have many low places and high spots. We seem to touch only the high ones.

Tom gives the bell rope one pull, and the bell begins to ring. We can see the top of the engine up there by the bell. He pulls the rope again to make the bell stop ringing.

In front of us are little and big levers, and wheels to be turned and pulled and pushed. Once in a while Tom does something with some of them. But Jack just sits still and looks straight ahead. He never turns around to see what is going on behind him. He leaves all that for Tom. Jack has one hand on a lever he calls the throttle, the lever that lets the steam into the cylinders to make the engine go. His other hand is near a second lever attached to a queer-looking round box, all bolts and iron, on the top of an iron pipe. with a little short lever sticking out

sideways at the top of the box. That is the air-brake control.

Another big lever stands up out of the floor, called the reverse lever. After the train begins to run fast, Jack moves this lever so that it leans far forward. When he wants to back the train, he moves it the other way.

While we are looking at these things, we hear a peculiar hissing noise, which seems to come from a small whistle in the top of the cab. We are told that this is the air whistle operated by the trainmen to tell the engineer what they want him to do. When we were in the coach, we saw a small rope hung along the top of the car. That rope is connected with the engine in such a way that when the rope is pulled, it blows the little whistle in the cab. We shall learn more about these signals later.

The little whistle said, "S-s-s, s-s-s, s-s-s, s-s-s." That means that the man who has been looking after the brakes back in the train has pulled the rope in the top of the car four times, making the little whistle blow four times, and asking the engineer to test the air brakes.

Jack takes hold of the air-brake lever and pushes it to one side. It makes a big noise like, "Sh—sh." Then a little engine on the outside of the big boiler, near our seat, says, "Ch-ch, ch-ch, ch-ch, ch-ch," and pumps the tank full of air again. When the air

whistle blows four times while the train is standing, it means that the brakes are to be applied or released.

We lean out of the window and look back at the long train behind us. The conductor, back about four cars, waves his hand to the fireman, signalling "go ahead." The fireman says, "High ball" to the engineer. That is what the trainmen call the signal to go ahead. Sometimes they say, "Out of town."

Jack reaches up in the top of the cab and pulls a lever down making the whistle of the engine say, "too-oot, too-oot," which means "All right, we will go." Then he pulls the throttle back a little and we begin to move, at first slowly, then faster and faster. The farther he pulls the throttle back, the faster we go.

We look out straight ahead of the engine. The shining rails run far ahead of us, so far that they look like a thread. How fast we are going now!

When we are on the outside of a curve, we seem to be running right off into the fence. Sometimes we feel that only the wheels on the outside of the curve are touching the rails; but "Old 2314" pokes her nose round and round, until we are on the straight track again. Away we go, puffing, roaring, rumbling, swinging, bouncing, and screaming, until the big engine seems ready to burst to pieces. Sometimes our heads are bumped against the side of the cab as the iron horse rocks from side to side.

While we are busy watching, the houses, fields, bridges, and poles go sweeping past us, and the engine whistles one long blast, for a small town is just ahead of us and another train is on the side track. Just before we reach the other engine, our whistle says, "——— — —" and the other engine replies "— —." Tom explains that our whistle, "——— — —," told the other train that another section of our train was coming, and to look out for it. The other engine's answer, "— —," said, "All right! we understand that another section of your train is coming." If the standing train had not replied, "— —," when our train said "——— — —," our train would have repeated the signal, for we could not have gone on until the answer was received.

Just as we are beginning to go fast again the air whistle in the top of the cab says, "S-s-s, s-s-s, s-s-s," and our big whistle answers, "— — —." Tom says the conductor back in the train is telling Jack that he must stop at the next station, a small place where we are not scheduled to stop regularly, to let off some passengers. Jack said to the conductor, with his whistle, "Yes, I will stop at the next station."

Soon we are there, but I think we are going too fast, for we have run past the station. As we come to a stop, the air whistle says, "S-s-s, s-s-s, s-s-s,"

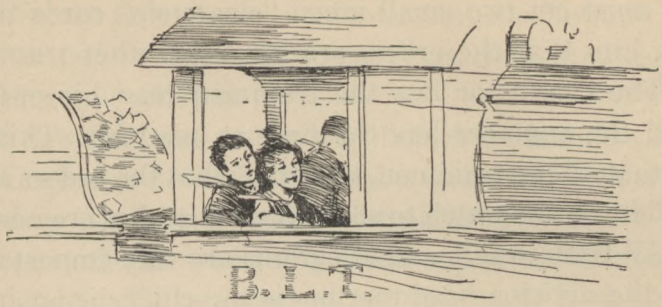
and Jack pulls the whistle lever three times in answer. The conductor is telling the engineer to back up. Jack, with his three short blasts of the whistle, says, "Yes, I will back up."

Three short blasts of the whistle when the train is in motion means "Stop at the next station"; and three short blasts when the train is standing still is the signal to back.

We are now moving ahead again, over bridges and past crossings. We can tell when we shall cross a road, long before we get to it, by what the whistle says. Tom has also pointed out to us the signpost on the right side of the track, which tells when we are approaching a road crossing. We see several other different kinds of signposts, including railroad crossings, yard limits, bridges, and tunnels.

Soon one long blast of the whistle tells us that we are approaching another regular stop. As we round a curve we see a large town. After a brief stop we are on the move again. When we are out about a mile, the air whistle says, 'S-s-s, s-s-s," and Jack answers, "Too-oot," puts on the brakes, and stops quickly. We look back toward the rear of the train and see two men get off. Tom says they forgot to get off at their station.

Two short blasts of the air whistle, while the train is moving, means, "Stop at once." One short blast of the engine whistle, while the train is moving, is



the answer, "We will stop at once." It also tells the trainmen to apply the hand brakes.

Every time we approach a station, just before we reach the depot, we notice that Jack gives four short blasts of the whistle calling for a signal from the station operator.

We have often seen the tall post, with a ladder up its side, standing just in front or near the station, with a big arm sticking out each side at the top. The station operator uses that signal, called a "semaphore," to tell the engineer whether or not he has orders for him.

When the engineer says, "— — — —," the operator, if he has no orders, pulls down the right-hand arm. If he has orders for the train, he leaves the arm extended out straight. The conductor must go and get two copies of the orders from the operator, signing for them—one for himself and one for the engineer. If the orders are for some other train,

he must get two small green "clearance" cards telling him that the orders are for some other train.

The conductor lets the trainmen read his orders and the engineer lets the fireman read his. This is so that all the trainmen, knowing what the orders are, will be on the watch to see that no mistakes are made.

All train orders and telegrams are very important. At the division headquarters is the chief dispatcher, who tells all the trains where they are to meet or pass other trains, or where they are to run slow, or pick up or set out cars. All the trainmen must know about all the work of the train, so that none of the work will be neglected or forgotten. The conductor signs his name to all the orders before they are delivered to him, and is held responsible for doing what the orders tell him to do with his train.

Some messages or orders, not important enough to require the conductor's signature, are fastened to a large hoop and delivered by the operator to the trainmen as the train passes. The operator holds up the hoop for one of the trainmen to catch. The trainman removes the paper, and throws the hoop back.

Riding in the cab of the engine is very interesting. We can see so much, and we want to look out ahead all the time. We see a bridge away off about a mile. As we approach, the bridge seems to get larger and larger, until we go right through it with a great roar and rattle.

We are enjoying our ride very much. Now we see a cow out on the track ahead of us. Jack applies the brakes and whistles, "— — — — — —," and the cow gets out of the way before we come to her.

Engineers never let the trains strike any live stock if they can help it, and trainmen always inform the proper officials when any stock strays on the track, so that it can be removed and the track kept clear. Engineers are always afraid of sheep on the track. Frightened by the noise of the train they huddle close together right between the rails. Then, if the train cannot stop, their wool gets under the wheels when the engine hits them, and makes the train jump the track.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Railroad men have great pride in the faithfulness of their service. Point out statements in this selection that prove that they are faithful to their work.
2. Of all the signals made by the engine, name the three that seem most important for the safety of the train. Name the signals that are most important for people in automobiles.
3. Put on the blackboard a list of the signals explained in the selection.
   1. Test the air brakes. (Little whistle.) Sss-sss-sss-sss.
   2.
   3.
   4.
4. Some boy or girl whose father is an engineman, or who knows an engineman, find out whether your list contains all the signals, and names them correctly.

2. ROYAL

JULIA S. FIELD

Read this story as if you were planning to draw pictures to illustrate it. Find three parts for which you might draw pictures.

The day that I was twelve years old my father said to me: "Samuel, walk down the lane with me to the pasture, I want to show you something." I trudged along with father, and what should I find in the pasture but the cunningest, prettiest, liveliest colt a boy ever clapped eyes on!

"That is my birthday present to you," said father. "I give the colt to you to do with as you like, for you have done well at school."

My boyish heart overflowed with joy and gratitude. A great many years have gone by since then, but I have never forgotten the delight of that moment. I had a colt of my own—a real, live colt, and a Morgan colt, at that!

"How old is he, father," I asked.

"A week old to-morrow," said father.

"Has Judge Phipps seen him yet?" I asked.

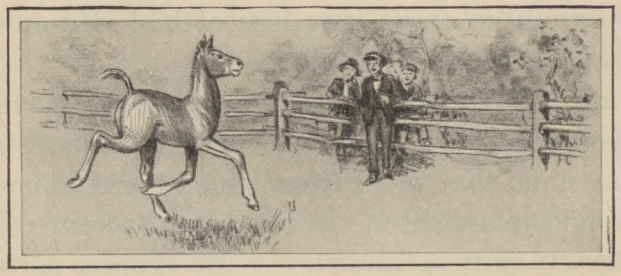
"No; nobody has seen him but you and me," he replied.

Judge Phipps was the justice of the peace. I had a great respect for him. What he did not know about

horses wasn't worth knowing. I was sure of this, because the judge himself told me so. One of the first tasks to which I applied myself was to show the judge the colt.

"What do you think I ought to name him?" I asked the judge.

"When I was your age," the judge answered, "I



ROYAL SOON BECAME FRIENDLY WITH US ALL

had a colt which I named Royal. He won all the premiums at the county fair before he was six years old."

That was enough for me; Royal was to be the name of my colt.

From the moment I first set eyes on Royal I was his staunch friend. Even now, after many years, I cannot think of him without feeling a sense of gratitude that that honest, loyal friend entered so largely into my earlier life.

Twice a day I trudged down the lane to the pasture

to look at the colt, and always I was accompanied by a troop of boys who heartily envied me my good luck. Royal soon became friendly with us all. He would respond to my call, whinnying to me as I came down the lane, as much as to say: "Good morning, little master! I hope you are coming to have a romp with me." Then he would curve his tail, throw up his head, gather his short body together, and trot around the pasture on those long legs of his! He enjoyed life as much as we boys enjoyed it.

Naturally I made all sorts of plans for Royal. I remember that, after I saw Barnum's circus, I made up my mind that when Royal and I were old enough we would join a show. In my mind I pictured huge and gaudy posters announcing the stirring performances of the dashing bareback horseman, Samuel Cowles, upon his fiery Morgan steed, Royal! This plan was not at all approved by Judge Phipps, who insisted that Royal's genius lay on the turf and not in the sawdust circle. To this way of thinking I was finally won, but not until the judge had promised to give me a sulky as soon as Royal showed his ability to make a mile in 2.40.

I pass over the five years following the date of Royal's arrival. They were very happy years. Indeed, I am able to recall only that my boyhood was full, brimful of happiness. I broke Royal myself. Father and the hired man stood around and made

suggestions, and at times they took a hand in the proceedings. But I broke Royal to the harness and to the saddle. After that I was even more attached to him than ever before.

When I went away to college, it seemed to me that leaving Royal was almost as hard as leaving mother and father. The horse had become a large part of my life. He followed me like a pet dog, was lonesome when I was not at home, and used to rub his nose against my arm and look lovingly at me out of his big, dark eyes. Yes, I cried the morning I said good-by to him. I was ashamed of my tears then, but not now—no, not now.

My fun was all the keener, I think, when I came home at vacation times. Then Royal and I had great sport up hill and down dale. In the summer-time we trailed along the narrow roads and through leafy lanes. I would cut at the tall weeds at the roadside and whisk at the boughs arching overhead, as if I were a warrior mounted for battle. In the winter we sped away over the snow and ice, careless of the howling of the wind and the wrath of the storm. Royal knew our favorite roads, every inch of the way.

The summer I left college a sense of patriotic duty came to me. Mother was the first to notice my thoughtfulness, and to her I first confided the great wish of my early manhood. It is hard for parents to

bid a son go forth to do service upon the battle-field, but New England in those times responded cheerfully and nobly to President Lincoln's call.

The regiment in which I enlisted was the Eighth Massachusetts Cavalry. A dozen of us boys went together from the quiet village nestling in the shadow of Mount Holyoke. From Camp Andrew I wrote a sorrowful letter, complaining of the horse that had been given to me. I wanted Royal. We had been together always in times of peace—why should we not share the fortunes of war? Within a fortnight Royal came, brought by Judge Phipps who was full of patriotism and of good cheer.

"Both of you are thoroughbreds," said he. "You'll come in under the wire first every time, I know you will."

So Royal and I went into the war together. We had times of hunger and of danger. Neither of us ever complained. I am proud to say that my horse bore himself with a patience and courage that seemed actually human. My comrades envied me my staunch, obedient servant. Indeed, Royal and I became famous as loyal friends.

Although we were in many battles, neither of us got even so much as a scratch. But one afternoon in a skirmish near Potomac Mills a bullet struck me in the thigh, and from the mere shock I fell from Royal's back into the tangle of the thicket. The fall must

have stunned me, for the next thing I knew I was alone—deserted by all except my horse. Royal stood over me, and when I opened my eyes, gave a faint whinny. I hardly knew what to do. My leg pained me, and I feared that I should never be able to make my way back to camp under the fire of the enemy.

Then it occurred to me to pin a note to Royal's saddle-blanket and to send him back to camp telling the boys of my trouble. The horse understood. Off he galloped, knowing the importance of the mission upon which he was sent. Bang-bang-bang! went the guns. But not a bullet touched him. He galloped on and on till I lost sight of him.

The boys came for me at last. They were a large troop and the earth shook as they marched along!

"We thought you were dead," said Hi Bixby.

"I should have been if it hadn't been for Royal," said I.

"I believe so, myself," said he. "When we saw him stumbling along all bloody we thought that you were dead!"

"All bloody?" I cried. "Is Royal hurt?"

"As badly as a horse can be," said he.

In camp we found them doing the best they could for him. But their care was of no avail, for a ragged hole was in his side. Seeking help for me, he had met his death-wound. I forgot my own hurt; I thrust the others aside and hobbled to where he lay.

"Poor old Roy!" I cried, as I threw myself beside him and put my arms about his neck. Then I patted and stroked him and called him again and again by name. A look came in his eyes that told me he knew me and was glad that I was safe.

How strange, and yet how beautiful, that in that far-off country, with my brave friend close to me, I neither saw nor thought of the scene around me!

Before my eyes came back the old, familiar places —the pasture-lot, the lane, the narrow road up the hill, the river winding along between great stretches of brown corn, the maple-trees, and the fountain where we drank so many times together. Again I smelled the flowers and trees and heard the dear voices and sweet sounds of my boyhood days.

Presently a shudder awakened me from my dreaming. I cried out with grief, for I felt that I was alone.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Tell pictures that you would draw to illustrate this story.
2. Did an old man or a young man tell this story? Read parts to prove your answer.
3. Try to tell from the story how old Royal was when he and his master went to war.
4. Tell whether you would rather have a horse or an automobile for your very own. Give reasons.
5. Does this story end the way you thought it would? Make up another ending.
6. Tell the class about any faithful horse you have known.

3. I SHINE

LOUISA M. ALCOTT

"I shine," says the Sun,
"To give the world light."
"I glimmer," adds the Moon,
"To beautify the night."
"I ripple," says the Brook.
"I whisper," sighs the Breeze.
"I patter," laughs the Rain.
"We rustle," call the Trees.
"We dance," nod the Daisies.
"I twinkle," shines the Star.
"We sing," chant the Birds,
"How happy we all are!"
"I smile," cries the child,
Gentle, good, and gay;
The sweetest thing of all,
The sunshine of each day.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Should this poem be placed under Being Faithful? Give reasons.
2. Which of the services mentioned in the poem could we spare least? Which could we best do without?
3. What might the River say? The Cloud? The Grass? The Ocean? The Cricket?

4. Choose a pupil to write the poem on the board using *says* in every line. Do you like the change? Why?
5. Write all the words in the poem that take the place of *says* in the first line. How many do you find? Compare lists.

WORD GAME

Write all of the letters in the alphabet and try to find one word in the poem that begins with a, with b, etc. For how many letters can you not find words in "I Shine"?

4. HOW THE MONKEY SAVED HIS TROOP

ELLEN C. BABBITT

How did the chief of the monkeys save his followers?

A mango-tree grew on the bank of a great river. The fruit fell from some of the branches of this tree into the river. From other branches it fell on the ground. Every night a troop of monkeys gathered the fruit that lay on the ground and climbed up into the tree to get the mangoes, which are like large, juicy peaches.

One day the king of the country stood on the bank of the river, many miles below where the mango-tree grew. The king was watching the fishermen with their nets. As they drew in their nets, the fishermen found not only fishes, but also a strange fruit, which they took to the king.

"What is this?" asked the king.

"We do not know, O King," they said.

"Call the foresters," said the king. "They will know what it is."

So they called the foresters who said that the strange fruit was a mango.

"Is it good to eat?" asked the king.

The foresters said that it was very good. The king cut the mango, and, giving some to the princes, ate some of it himself. They all liked it very much.

Then the king said to the foresters, "Where does the mango-tree grow?"

The foresters told him that it grew on the river bank many miles up the river.

"Let us go and see the tree and get some mangoes," said the king.

They joined many rafts together. Then the King and his followers went up the river until they came to the place where the mango-tree grew.

The foresters said, "O King, this is the mango-tree."

"We will land here," said the king, and they did so. The king and all the men with him gathered the mangoes that lay on the ground under the tree. They all liked the fruit so well that the king said, "Let us stay here to-night, and gather more fruit in the morning." So they had their supper under the trees, and then lay down to sleep.

When all was quiet, the Chief of the monkeys came with his troop. Since all the mangoes on the

ground had been eaten, the monkeys jumped from branch to branch, picking and eating the fruit and chattering to one another. They made so much noise that they woke the king. Calling his archers he said: "Stand under the mango-tree and shoot the monkeys as they come down to the ground to get away. Then in the morning we shall have monkey's flesh as well as mangoes to eat."

The monkeys saw the archers standing around with their arrows ready to shoot. Fearing death, the monkeys ran to their Chief, saying: "O Chief, the archers stand around the tree ready to shoot us! What shall we do?" They shook with fear.

The Chief said: "Do not fear; I will save you. Stay where you are until I call you."

The monkeys were comforted, for the Chief had always helped them whenever they had needed help.

Then the Chief of the monkeys ran out on the branch of the mango-tree that hung out over the river. The long branches of the tree across the river did not quite meet the branch on which he stood. The Chief said to himself: "If the monkeys try to jump across from this tree to that, some of them will fall into the water and drown. I must save them, but how am I to do it? I know what I shall do. I shall make a bridge of my back."

So the Chief reached across and seized the longest branch of the tree across the river. Then he called,

"STEP ON MY BACK, AND RUN ALONG THE BRANCH OF THE OTHER TREE"

"Come, monkeys; run out on this branch, step on my back, and run along the branch of the other tree."

The monkeys did as the Chief told them to do. Running along the branch, they stepped on his back, and then ran along the branch of the other tree. They swung themselves down to the ground and away they went to their own home.

The king saw all that was done by the Chief and his troop. "That big monkey," said the king to the archers, "saved the whole troop. I will see that he is taken care of the rest of his life."

The king kept his promise.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell how the chief of the monkeys saved his troop.
2. Find a picture of a mango or a mango-tree. Look in the dictionary. Which of our fruits does it most resemble?
3. Does this story belong under Being Faithful? Give reasons.
4. *For volunteers:* Secure a copy of Ellen C. Babbitt's *Jataka Tales* (Century). Find another story that illustrates faithfulness and tell it to the class.

FINDING GROUPS OF WORDS

Notice that the first group of words given below tells *where;* the second, tells *what;* and the third tells *how.*

Where: on the bank of a great river.

What: a troop of monkeys.

How: chattering to one another.

Find one group of words in the story for each of the three words, *where, what, how.*

5. FAITHFUL LONG EARS

CHARLES A. EASTMAN

I

When you finish reading the story, be ready to tell: (1) Why Long Ears did not like her new burden, (2) How she saved the children, and (3) How she was rewarded.

Away above the Big Lone Tree upon the Powder River the Sioux had celebrated their Sun Dance. It was midsummer and the red folk were happy. They lacked for nothing. The yellowish-green flat on either side of the Powder River was covered with wild flowers; the cotton-wood trees were in full leaf. One large circle of buffalo-skin teepees formed the movable village.

The tribal rites had all been observed, and the usual summer pleasures enjoyed to the full. The camp, as it broke up, divided in three parts, each of which determined to seek a favorite hunting ground.

One band journeyed west, toward the Tongue River. One followed a branch of the Powder River to the south. The third merely changed camp, on account of the grazing for ponies, and for four days remained near the old place.

The part that went west realized the perilous nature of their wanderings, for they were going into the country of the warlike Crows.

At sunrise on the third day breakfast of buffalo meat had been served, and the women were arranging their packs. Weeko (Beautiful Woman) the young wife of the war chief Shunkaska, who had received many presents in honor of her twin boys, now gave one of her remaining ponies to a poor old woman whose only beast of burden, a large dog, had died during the night.

This made it necessary to shift the packs of the others. Long Ears, her kitten-like gray mule, who had heretofore been honored with the precious burden of the twin babies, was to be given a heavier load. Weeko's two-year-old spotted pony was to carry the babies.

The two children, in their beaded buckskin hoods, were placed upon either side of the pony's saddle. They were beautifully dressed; even the saddle and bridle were daintily worked by Weeko's own hands.

The caravan was now in motion; Weeko started all her ponies after the leader, while she adjusted the mule's clumsy burden of kettles and other household gear.

"Go on, let us see how you move with your new load! Go on!" she exclaimed, with a light blow of her whip, as the animal stood perfectly still.

Long Ears gave an angry side glance at her load and shifted her position once or twice. Then she threw herself into the air and landed stiff-legged,

uttering at the same time an angry bray. First she dived straight through the crowd, then whirled in a circle, her heels making wonderful curves and sweeps in the air. Her pack, too, began to come to pieces and to take flight in all directions, in the midst of the screams of women and children, the barking of dogs, and the whoops of the amused young braves.

The cowskin tent fell from her saddle, and Long Ears was free. Her sides worked like a bellows as she stood there, quite angry, thinking herself the victim of ill treatment.

"I should put an arrow through her at once, only she is not worth a good arrow," said Shunkaska (White Dog), the husband of Weeko.

"No," replied Weeko, "she shall have her own pack again. She wants her twins. I ought never to have taken them from her!"

Weeko approached Long Ears as she stood alone. Long Ears gave a sidelong look at her mistress.

"Long Ears, you should not have acted so. I knew you were stronger than the others; therefore I gave you that load," said Weeko, patting her on the nose. "Come now, you shall have your own pet pack." She led Long Ears back where the young pony stood silently with the babies.

The brown-skinned babies in their hoods were gently lowered from the pony's back and tied securely to Long Ears's padded wooden saddle. The family

pots and kettles were divided among the pack ponies. Order was restored and the village was once more in motion.

"Come now, Long Ears; you have your wish. You must take good care of my babies. Be good, because I have trusted you," murmured the young mother in her softest tones.

II

Shunkaska started ahead to join the men in advance of the slow-moving procession, leaving Weeko in charge of the household. One or two of the pack ponies were not well trained and required all her attention. Long Ears had been a faithful servant until that morning, and now she seemed satisfied with her mistress's arrangements. She walked alongside with her lariat dragging, perfectly free to do as she pleased.

Several hours later the party mounted a slope from the river bottom, to cross over the divide that lay between the Powder River and another stream. The ford was deep, with a swift current. Here and there a bare mountain stood out against the brilliant blue sky.

"Whoop, whoop!" came the signal of danger from the front. The rovers knew that sound only too well. It meant sudden death or at best a cruel struggle and a frantic flight.

Terrified, the women turned to fly while there was time. Instantly Weeko looked to Long Ears, who carried on either side of the saddle her precious boys. She hurriedly examined the fastenings to see that all was secure, and then caught her swiftest pony. Like all Indian women, she knew just what was happening, and that while her husband was fighting in front with the enemy she must seek safety with her babies.

Hardly was she in the saddle when a war whoop sounded on their flank, and she knew that they were surrounded. She reached for her husband's second quiver of arrows, which was carried by one of the pack ponies. Alas! The Crow warriors were already upon them! The ponies became unmanageable, and the wild screams of women and children pierced the air.

Quick as a flash, Weeko turned again to her babies, but Long Ears had already disappeared.

When the Crows made their charge, Long Ears seemed to understand the situation. To save herself and the babies, she took a desperate chance. She fled straight through the attacking force.

When the warriors came howling upon her in great numbers, she at once started back the way she had come, to the camp left behind. They had travelled nearly three days. To be sure, they did not travel more than fifteen miles a day, but the distance was fully forty miles.

"Look! Look!" exclaimed a warrior. "Two babies hung from the saddle of a mule!"

No one heeded this man's call, and his arrow did not touch Long Ears or either of the boys, but struck the thick part of the saddle over the mule's back.

"Whoop, whoop!" yelled another Crow to his comrades. "The Sioux have sent a runner to get help. There he goes, down on the flat! Now he has almost reached the river bottom!"

But it was only Long Ears. She laid back her ears and stretched out more and more to gain the river, for she knew that when she crossed the ford the Crows would not follow her farther.

Now she reached the bank. She was hot from her race and extremely nervous. Yet she knew that she must not satisfy her thirst. She tried the bottom with her forefoot, then waded carefully into the deep stream.

She kept her big ears well to the front as she swam, to catch the slightest sound. As she stepped on the opposite shore, she shook herself and the boys vigorously, then pulled a few mouthfuls of grass and started on.

Soon one of the babies began to cry, and the other was not long in joining him. Long Ears did not know what to do. She gave a gentle whinny, and both babies stopped to listen; then she took up an easy gait as if to put them to sleep.

These plans answered only for a time. As she ran over the lowlands, the babies' hunger increased, and they screamed so loud that a passing coyote sat up on his haunches and wondered what the fleeing long-eared horse was carrying on his saddle. Even the crows flew near as if to learn the meaning of this curious sound.

III

Finally Long Ears came to the Little Trail Creek, not far from the old camp. There she swerved aside so suddenly as almost to jerk her babies out of their cradles. Two gray wolves, one on each side, approached her, growling low—their white teeth showing.

Never in her life had Long Ears been in more danger. The larger of the wolves came forward fiercely while his mate tried to attack from behind. The mule used her front hoofs vigorously on the foremost wolf, while her hind ones did even more effective work on the other animal. The larger wolf soon went limping away with a bruised hip, and the one in the rear received a deep cut on the jaw.

A little farther on, an Indian hunter drew near on horseback, but Long Ears did not pause or slacken her pace. On she fled through the long dry grass of the river bottoms. Toward sunset she entered the Sioux camp amid great excitement, for some one had

seen her afar off, and the boys and the dogs announced her coming.

"Whoop, whoop!" Weeko's Long Ears has come back with the twins! Whoop, whoop!" exclaimed the

HER HIND ONES DID EVEN MORE EFFECTIVE WORK ON THE OTHER ANIMAL

men. "Tokee, tokee! Well, well!)" cried the women.

Weeko's sister, who was in the village, came forward and released the children, as Long Ears gave a low whinny and stopped.

"Sing a Brave-Heart song for the Long-Eared One! She has escaped alone with her charge. She is entitled to wear an eagle's feather! Look at the arrow in her saddle! And more, she has a knife wound in her jaw and an arrow-cut on her hind leg—No, those are the marks of a wolf's teeth! She has passed

through many dangers and saved the chief's two sons, who will some day make the Crows sorry for this day's work!"

A woman came forward with an eagle feather and some white paint. The young men rubbed Long Ears carefully and fastened the feather marked with red, to her mane. They touched her shoulders and hips with red paint to show her endurance. Then the crier, praising her brave deed, led her around the camp, inside the circle of tepees. All the people stood outside their lodges and listened, for the Dakota loves to honor the faithful and the brave.

The next day riders came in from the ill-fated party, bringing the sad news of the fight and heavy loss. Late in the afternoon came Weeko, her face swollen with crying, her hair cut short in mourning, her garments torn and covered with dust and blood. Her husband had fallen in the fight, and her twin boys she supposed had been taken captive by the Crows. Singing in a hoarse voice the praises of her departed warrior, she entered the camp. As she approached her sister's tepee, she saw Long Ears, still wearing her honorable decorations. Her sister came out to meet her with both babies in her arms.

"Mechinkshee! Mechinkshee! (My sons! My sons!)" was all that the poor mother could say, as she dropped to the ground. Long Ears had kept her trust.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Tell the three parts of the story as suggested on page 385.
2. Tell in order what Long Ears did to save the children.
3. Select some part of the story which gives you a clear picture. Tell the class about the picture you would draw.
4. Read sentences from the story that show the most faithful act of Long Ears.
5. Tell customs of the Indians which you learned from this story. Which do you admire?

READING GAME

Arrange the following sentences to show the order in which the events happened in the story. Sentence number one should tell what happened first in the story; number two should tell what happened next, and so on.

Long Ears kicked and reared in the air until her load was thrown off.

Two wolves attacked Long Ears.

A band of Sioux Indians packed their mules and started west.

Long Ears was given a heavy load instead of his usual load, the twin babies.

The band of Sioux Indians were attacked by the Crow Indians.

The twin babies were put in packs on the back of Long Ears.

Weeko's sister took the babies off Long Ear's back.

Long Ears dashed through the enemy's line and ran back toward the Sioux camp.

Weeko found her babies safe in camp.

Long Ears reached the camp in safety.

6. THE VOICE OF THE GRASS

SARAH R. BOYLE

Which stanza in this poem do you like best?

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
All round the open door,
Where sit the agèd poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part,—
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,

Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In the summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Read aloud the lines which tell you where the grass creeps.
2. Tell the kinds of good service which the grass does. Find the lines to support your answer.
3. What do the first and last lines of each stanza tell you about the grass?
4. Learn the stanza that you like best.
5. Find words or groups of words in the poem that suggest each of the following: *movement*, *color*, *action*, *sound*, *taste*. For which of the five do you find the most examples?

7. BOR, THE SHEPHERD GIRL

ELIZABETH C. MILLER

As you read, make pictures of parts of the story with your mind's eye. Read rapidly, but be sure that you get the story. Keep a record of the time you use for the reading.

In a high valley of the Albanian mountains there lived a little girl named Bor. One evening in early summer her father was sitting cross-legged by the fire with Bor beside him, while her mother piled the ashes on the bread pan for baking the evening bread.

"Bor," said her father, "to-morrow you may take our flock to the fields. Go with Gelosh, our neighbor's boy. He takes his sheep and goats out every day. He will show you where the best lands are."

Bor's eyes shone. She loved the animals. They lived in the same room with the family, fenced behind a wicker pen. She had always wanted to be big enough for shepherding.

"I'm glad, father," she said. "I'll be very careful."

"Bring them all home," warned her mother, "and watch the little ones that they don't get lost or tired."

That night Bor crawled under her blanket on the hard floor with her head full of dreams about to-morrow.

At last the morning came. Very early Bor was awake and very quickly she ate her breakfast bread.

Then the pen gate was opened and out went the goats with Bor after them. The sheep followed.

She and Gelosh met on the hill below her house. His flock was larger than hers and the backs of his sheep were marked with blue paint. Bor's were marked with red. Off trotted the animals together.

"Brrr, brrr," said Gelosh, his lips puffed out to make the funny sound. The goats heard and hurried up the path.

Bor's bare feet liked the feeling of the dirt track and she skipped ahead, pushing the fat sheep to one side, and ran.

After a time she saw a fine grassy slope before them with rocky spots here and there and low bushes where the goats loved to browse.

"Here's a good spot for us," said Gelosh.

The two sat down in the field together. The sheep and goats began to nibble the grass greedily.

"Just keep your eye on them," said Gelosh. "The goats go off so far sometimes." He picked up a stone and hurled it out in front of a goat that was heading away from the rest. The animal ducked his head and turned back to the herd.

"See," said Gelosh, "you can turn them like that with pebbles thrown to the outer edge of the flock."

From time to time Bor counted the red marked sheep and her goats. Four little lambs stayed pretty close to their mothers and three shaggy kids played

together, butting their heads into one another as if they had real horns, not just bony nubbins on their foreheads.

Bor did not let Gelosh see her counting; she did it softly to herself. Perhaps when she had been a shepherd a long time she wouldn't bother so much. She would lie in the grass as Gelosh did and watch the hawks sailing in the clear blue sky. But to-day was her first day of shepherding and her father had trusted her.

How warm the sun was! Bor sang to herself.

"I know a song," said Gelosh and sang it. The song was new to Bor, and long, a story of battles and brave men.

When the song ended she said, "Glory to your mouth!" for this was a way of praising in her language.

"My father sings it," said Gelosh. "His father taught him." Then Gelosh got to his feet.

"We must take the herds a bit farther," he said. "They've eaten all there is here."

In the next pasture the two children sat on a high rock with the flocks grazing below them. The sun was high. The sheep seemed to walk on their own shadows. Out of her blouse Bor took goats' cheese and cornbread. Gelosh had some too. They ate together.

Bor remembered her knitting and drew it out of

her blouse. She was working on some purple slippers for Easter day. Click-click went the shiny needles.

In a few minutes she stopped knitting and counted her animals again. "All here." She breathed a sigh of contentment and set to work in earnest.

Gelosh took a hollow reed out of his girdle. "I made it last week," he said. "See, it has five holes." He showed her.

"Shepherd's music," thought Bor.

Gelosh put the reed to his lips.

A pretty piping tune came out as he blew and moved his fingers, now uncovering one hole, now another. The sheep raised their heads as if to listen.

"The lambs are dancing!" cried Bor. For the lambs had started at the music and gone skipping over the grass in their excitement.

"Here, try it," said Gelosh, and he offered the pipe to Bor.

Bor put the end of it to her mouth and blew. What a squeak came out! "Oh," she laughed, "this is only my first day. I can't make your music."

The sun was sinking. Gelosh slipped the pipe into his belt. "Home now," he said. "Brrr, brrr," he called and threw pebbles to the far edge of the herd.

The animals raised their heads curiously. The leader of the sheep started off after Gelosh and the rest followed. The goats pushed ahead, nibbling at every bush they passed.

"Brrr, brrr," mimicked Bor pouting out her lips.

Over the faint trails they went, the sheep with the lambs following last of all. The kids seemed stronger, and kept up with the mother goats at the front of the herd with Gelosh.

One of the red-backed sheep lingered behind all the rest. Her lamb was lagging farther back.

"He's tired, maybe," said Bor to herself, and went back and took the woolly little fellow in her arms. Then she had to run to catch up with Gelosh and the herd. The lamb was so soft she did not notice at first how heavy it was. The old sheep, its mother, trotted beside her.

Bor clambered up a rocky place after the last of the flock, brrr-ing as she went. She was a bit breathless now, lugging the fat little animal. She was glad when the path sloped down for it rested her a bit.

The sun sank lower. Bor's arms ached. She put the lamb down to see if he would follow now. He did not move. He just stood and bleated and his mother came back and stood by nuzzling him. Bor watched Gelosh and the herd getting farther and farther off. She knew she must not lose sight of them. There was only one thing to do. She leaned over and lifted the lamb again in her arms. Heavy little chunk! She clutched him tight and scampered after the other animals.

They were far ahead. Bor panted up. Her arms ached worse than ever. How hard it was—to be a

shepherd! The lamb got heavier and heavier. Bor stumbled on a sharp stone. She bit her lip to keep from crying. She blinked hard. She must go on. She was a shepherd and she wouldn't cry.

If only she could set the lamb down! But then she would lose it and its mother too. You couldn't do that—not if you were a shepherd. How her arms ached! One tear overflowed in spite of her and splashed down on the lamb's nose.

She looked ahead at the flock. Gelosh was turning off to his house and driving her own animals back with his stick and pebbles. Now she had them all to look after and she would be home soon with every one safe and sound.

She held tight to the lamb. She did not know she was crying. She was leading the herd now, but her legs wouldn't go as fast as she wanted them to. But she was a shepherd and she was bringing back her flock, every one of them.

The dark was falling when she stumbled up the slope to her house.

"Oh, there you are, Bor," her mother called from the doorway.

The animals all stopped to drink at the stream by the yard's edge. Bor set the lamb down and wiped her face with her sleeve. She was surprised to find it wet with crying and she wiped harder, turning her back to her mother.

SHE WAS BRINGING BACK HER FLOCK

Bor's mother was busy counting the flock.

"Prenk," she called back to her husband, "the child is back without an animal missing."

Bor heard her father from where he sat by the fire

give his short laugh. "Of course she is," he called back, "I told you she'd make a good shepherd."

Bor heard and her heart gave a thump of gladness. She felt proud. Her arms hurt, but she didn't mind now. Her stubbed toe had bled, but that didn't matter, either.

Up to the house she went with the flock following and her mother behind them. Her father looked over his shoulder at her and watched the sheep and goats going in one by one behind the wicker pen.

"Every last one, my little shepherdess," he said. "I told your mother you could be trusted."

Bor went over to him and sat down by the fire.

"I had to carry one of the lambs," she said; "that's why I'm late."

"You're not too late," said her father.

Bor snuggled up near to him. She was glad he wasn't fussing over her, glad he didn't notice the tear marks, nor the ache in her arms nor her scarred toe.

He knew she was big enough.

He knew she could herd sheep.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

READING TEST

Choose the proper endings for the following statements about the story. Copy on your paper the numbers of the statements and after each number place the proper ending for the statement.

1. The little girl's name was (Gelosh, Bor, Albania).

2. Bor slept (on a cot, on a soft bed, on the hard floor).
3. The backs of Bor's sheep were marked with (blue paint, red paint, a cross).
4. Gelosh was (Bor's father, the boy who herded flocks with Bor, one of Bor's sheep).
5. Gelosh sang a song about (battles and brave men, the sheep and goats, the sun and stars).
6. The children ate (berries, bread and mutton, cheese and cornbread).
7. Gelosh played upon (a harp, a drum, a reed pipe).
8. Bor helped a little lamb (by finding its mother, by carrying it in her arms, by taking it to Gelosh for him to carry).
9. Bor's father said that (Bor was too little to care for the flocks, Bor would make a good shepherdess, Bor was too late in getting home).
10. Bor felt (happy that her father did not notice her tears, glad that her father went with her to tend the sheep, sorry that she had to tend the flocks.

Making the Reading Record.—Make your reading record as you did for the test on p. 33. The story has 1588 words. Compare your scores with scores in previous tests.

DISCUSSION

1. Tell the class about one of the pictures you made with your eyes.
2. Read sentences from the story proving that Bor did her work faithfully.
3. Mention three incidents that show the children had a good time herding the sheep. What caused them the most trouble?
4. Make up a story to tell the class about a boy or girl who carried through successfully some hard task like that of Bor, the shepherd girl.

8. NO-MOON

MARY MAYNARD

Use your eyes as if they were the lens of a camera, and make several pictures as you read this story.

No-Moon got her name because she was ugly. Her father said, "The moon is as beautiful as a woman's face, but this child is no more beautiful than the moon when it is not." So they called her No-Moon.

Her father mourned when she was little, and said, "Always will this child be upon our hands, for no man will want her for his wife." No-Moon mourned, too, and when the other maidens beaded and wove for their bridal wigwams, she said, "If I am not to have another lodge to work for, why should I learn to make this one beautiful?"

No-Moon's home was bare, and without a decoration. She stayed much in the lodge alone. Sometimes when she met passers in the village street, they looked away to something more beautiful. This hardened No-Moon's heart and brought a frown to her face. She grew to turn away from the passers-by, for they hated her and she hated them.

One day, when she went to the spring, she stumbled beside the path, and in rising, brushed some leaves from the flowers that hid there. A fragrance rose to her face. Then No-Moon felt strange in her

heart, and said, "Little flowers, you are not beautiful as the daisy and the rose, but you are sweet. You are hidden where no one knows your sweetness. I will plant you beside the spring, where all shall see you when they come to draw water."

When she returned to the lodge, her father coughed as he sat by his door, for the dust blew up in his face. Then No-Moon brought some of her flowers and cool grass and green vines, and planted them by the door, that there might be no more dust, and that the lodge might be beautiful without. No-Moon looked within to see if the inside of the lodge might be more beautiful, too. She felt strange again, for something softened her heart. The frown was gone from her face.

Once at the spring she found an old, old woman and her lame daughter trying to fill their jar with water, and she carried it for them. Then once more she felt strange within, for something fell away from the heart of No-Moon, and she was smiling. After that she watched for the woman who was old and the daughter who was lame, and carried the water for them.

No-Moon grew to love the flowers she had found under the leaves; often their fragrance seemed near her. Many moons rolled over the camp, and after a while she was grown to be a woman. Then came a time when the son of a neighboring chief visited the camp in search of a wife. "She must be beautiful,"

the old chief said when he sent his son. The maidens tanned fine doe skin, and beaded and wove to complete their dowries before the young chief's coming. No-Moon helped the maidens, then went to the chief's wigwam where the young chief was to lodge, and left there pieces of her handiwork to make the wigwam beautiful.

When the maidens stood in line for the young chief to make his choice, he looked at the first and saw that she was beautiful, but that her face was cross. He looked at the next, but her face was cruel. The face of the third was not cruel, but he saw no patience there. And the young chief looked all along the line, and then he said, "I will not choose to-day."

When the maidens had gone, he said, "Oh, chief, who made your lodge so beautiful?" And the chief said, "No-Moon, but she was not here to-day, for she is not beautiful."

When they led him through the village, the young chief said, "Why is your camp so green with grass and vines while other camps are bare?" And they said, "Because No-Moon planted them to make the camp more beautiful." The young chief said, "I will take this path for I am weary from travel, and the path is smooth. What makes it so straight and smooth?" They said, "The feet of No-Moon made it smooth bringing water for her mother and for the old and sick."

"HER NAME IS NO LONGER NO-MOON"

When they reached the spring, it was sweet with the flowers that No-Moon had planted, and beside the spring stood No-Moon. The young chief lifted his eyes and saw her, and he said, "Oh, she is beautiful." She had been growing beautiful for a long time.

The young chief said, "Her name is no longer No-Moon, for in her face are patience and kindness and all that makes a woman's face as beautiful as the full moon."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Tell the most interesting picture that you took as you read the story.
2. How did No-Moon get her name? Why did people dislike her at first?
3. What changed No-Moon's expression and her heart?
4. What do you think the young chief called No-Moon?

ARRANGING SENTENCES

Copy and number the following sentences in the order in which the events are told in the story.

No-Moon planted flowers beside the spring.
No-Moon did not keep her father's lodge clean.
The young chief said, "Oh, she is beautiful."
No-Moon carried the water for the old woman
The young chief looked at the maidens standing in line.
No-Moon had a frown always on her face.

9. DUST UNDER THE RUG

MAUD LINDSAY

What was really under the rug? Why was it there?

There was once a mother who had two small daughters. As her husband was dead and she was very poor, the mother worked diligently all the time that the two children might be well fed and clothed. A skilled worker, she found employment away from home. Her two girls were so good and so helpful that they kept the house as neat and as bright as a pin.

One of the girls, who was lame and could not run about the house, sat still in her chair and sewed. Minnie, her sister, washed the dishes, swept the floor, and made the home beautiful.

The home of the family was on the edge of a great forest. After their tasks were finished, the girls would sit at the window and watch the tall trees as they bent in the wind. The trees seemed to be real persons, nodding and bending and bowing to each other.

In the Spring there were the birds, in the Summer the wild flowers, in the Autumn the bright leaves, and in Winter great drifts of snow. The whole year was a round of delight to the two happy children.

But one day the mother come home sick; then they were very sad. It was Winter, and they needed to buy

many things. The two girls sat by the fire and talked over their problems. At last Minnie said:

"Sister, I must go out to find work, before the food gives out." Kissing her mother, she wrapped herself up and started from home. A narrow path led through the forest, which she determined to follow until she reached some place where she might find work.

As Minnie hurried on, the shadows grew deeper. Night had almost fallen when she saw before her a very small house. She made haste to reach it and to knock at the door.

Nobody came in answer to her knock. After she had tried again and again with no response, she concluded that nobody lived there. Opening the door she walked in, thinking that she would stay all night.

As she stepped into the house, she started back in surprise. Before her were twelve little beds with the bedclothes tumbled about, twelve dirty plates on a very dusty table, and a floor that was so dusty that one could have drawn a picture upon it.

"Dear me!" said Minnie, "this will never do!" And, quickly warming her hands, she set to work to make the room tidy.

She washed the plates, made up the beds, swept the floor, straightened the great rug in front of the fireplace, and set the twelve little chairs in a half circle before the fire. Just as she finished, the door

opened and in walked twelve of the queerest tiny people she had ever seen. They were just about as tall as a carpenter's rule, and all wore yellow clothes. As soon as she saw them Minnie knew that they must be the dwarfs who kept the gold in the heart of the mountain.

"Well!" said the dwarfs all together, for they always spoke together and in rhyme:

Now isn't this a sweet surprise?
We really can't believe our eyes!

Then they spied Minnie, and cried in great astonishment:

Who can this be, so fair and mild?
Our helper is a stranger child.

Minnie now stepped forward to meet the dwarfs. "If you please," she said, "I'm Minnie Gray. I'm looking for work because my mother is sick. I came in here when the night drew near, and—" Here the dwarfs all laughed, and called out merrily:

You found our room a sorry sight,
But you have made it clean and bright.

They were such funny dwarfs! After they had thanked Minnie for her trouble, they took white bread and honey from the closet and asked her to sup with them. While they sat at supper, they told

her that their housekeeper had taken a holiday, and their house was not well kept because she was away.

They sighed deeply as they said this. After supper, when Minnie washed the dishes and set them carefully away, they looked at her often and talked among themselves. When the last plate was in its place, they called her to them and said:

> Dear mortal maiden, will you stay
> All through our fairy's holiday?
> And if you faithful prove, and good,
> We will reward you as we should.

Minnie was pleased. She liked the dwarfs, and wanted to help them; so she thanked them and went to bed to dream happy dreams.

The next morning she was awake as early as the chickens. She cooked a good breakfast for the dwarfs, and, after they left, cleaned up the room and mended their clothes. In the evening, when the dwarfs came home, they found a bright fire and a warm supper waiting for them. Every day Minnie worked faithfully until the last day of the fairy housekeeper's holiday.

That morning, as Minnie looked out of the window to watch the dwarfs go to their work, she saw on one of the window panes the most beautiful picture she had ever seen. It was a picture of fairy palaces, with towers of silver and frosted pinnacles, so wonderful

"OH! OH! OH!" SHE CRIED, IN SURPRISE

and beautiful that as she looked she forgot that work was to be done, until the clock on the mantel struck twelve.

Then she ran in haste to make up the beds, and wash the dishes. But because she was in a hurry she could not work quickly nor well. When she took the

broom to sweep the floor, it was almost time for the dwarfs to come home.

"I believe,' she said to herself, "that I will not sweep under the rug to-day. After all, it makes no difference for dust to be where it can't be seen!" So she hurried to the supper and left the rug unturned.

Before long the dwarfs came home. Since the rooms looked as neat as usual, they said nothing, and Minnie thought no more of the dust until she went to her room and the stars peeped through the window.

Then she thought of the dust, for it seemed to her that she could hear the stars saying:

"There is the little girl who is so faithful and good." Minnie turned away from the window, for a voice, in her own heart said:

"Dust under the rug! Dust under the rug!"

"There is the little girl," cried the stars, "who keeps the home as bright as star-shine."

"Dust under the rug! Dust under the rug!" said the voice in Minnie's heart.

"We see her! We see her!" called all the stars joyfully.

"Dust under the rug! Dust under the rug!" said the voice in Minnie's heart, until she could bear it no longer. She hurried out of her room, took the broom in her hand and swept the dust away. As she did so, she saw under the dust twelve shining gold pieces, as round and bright as the moon!

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she cried, in surprise. All the dwarfs came running to see what was the matter.

Minnie told them all about the dust. When she had ended her story, the dwarfs gathered around her and said:

Dear child, the gold is all for you,
For faithful you have proved and true;
But had you left the rug unturned,
A groat was all you would have earned.
Our love goes with the gold we give,
And oh, forget not while you live,
That in the smallest duty done
Lies wealth of joy for every one.

Minnie thanked the dwarfs for their kindness. Early next morning she hastened home with her treasure, which bought many good things for the mother and sister. Although she never saw the dwarfs again, she never forgot to sweep under the rug.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Make another title for this story. Among the titles suggested choose the best by vote.
2. Read aloud sentences from the story that show that Minnie was faithful to her duty.
3. Tell about a time when you left "dust under the rug." Did you ever find any "gold pieces" when sweeping "under a rug"? Explain.

DRAMATIZATION

1. *Planning the play.*—You will find below the titles for five scenes in the story. Reread the story to find the part belonging in each scene. Talk over these parts in class.

   Scene I. Minnie finds the dwarf's house.

   Scene II. Minnie tidies the house and is found by the dwarfs.

   Scene III. Minnie takes the housekeeper's place.

   Scene IV. Minnie hears what the stars say.

   Scene V. Minnie finds the gold pieces.

   Choose a different committee to plan a dramatization for each of the five scenes. Each committee should meet, reread the scene assigned it, plan the stage setting, make up the speeches when they are not given, and select pupils to take the character parts.

2. *Giving the play.*—(1) The committees take turns in presenting the scenes to the class. (2) After all scenes have been presented, suggest improvements which might be made. (3) Committees make the changes suggested and give the play for another class or for an assembly programme.

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF FAITHFULNESS

1. *Motion-picture paragraph.*—Follow the examples given on pages 322 and 356, and make a motion-picture paragraph of any of the stories in this unit.
2. We usually think of a fairy as one who has the magic power to make people happy, by rewarding people who do right. Fairies make wishes come true, if people deserve to have them come true. In this unit, Being Faithful, you have read three such *fairy* stories. Name them.

In this unit also you have read several *true* stories. These are stories which tell parts of the lives of real characters, not imagined characters as in fairy stories. Name the true stories in this unit.

3. Write a letter to the author of the poem or story you like best in this unit. Tell him two reasons why you enjoyed his poem or story. Choose a committee to make a book of the letters and show the book to your school principal.

4. Number the lines on your paper up to 10, and write *yes* for each true statement and *no* for each false statement in the following list:

   1. Minnie did not sweep the dust from under the rug.
   2. The horse "Royal" carried his wounded master to safety.
   3. The sun did not like to shine, nor the moon to glimmer.
   4. An engineer let people sit with him in the engine cab.
   5. The Chief of the Monkeys saved his troop by frightening the King.
   6. Long Ears saved the two babies from the Crow Indians.
   7. The grass cheered the children at play and the grown people at work.
   8. Bor became tired when carrying the lamb and left it behind.
   9. No-Moon was a selfish person who thought only of herself.

5. *Finding things and putting them where they belong.*—Make four columns on a sheet of paper, as shown on p. 420. In the first column write the name of a *character* from one of the stories in this unit; in the second, write one sentence telling to whom the character was faithful; in the third, tell what he did; and in the fourth, name his reward if he received any.

1. THE CHARACTER	2. TO WHOM OR WHAT FAITHFUL?	3. WHAT DID HE DO?	4. HIS REWARD, IF HE RECEIVED ANY
Royal	He was faithful to Sam, his owner.	He ran to Sam's friends to tell of his danger.	He seemed to know that he had saved Sam.

6. Give a floor-talk on the best example of faithfulness you found in the reading you did from the Read-a-Book list (page 360).
7. Name six selections in other units of this book that might have been placed under Being Faithful. Be able to show how faithfulness is shown in each of the selections you mention.

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF THE UNITS OF THE BOOK

1. What have you liked in this book? Find as quickly as you can the selections which belong after the statements given below. Number a sheet of paper 1–10 and write page numbers after each item.
   1. The selection that seemed the dullest and least interesting.
   2. The selection that told the most thrilling adventure.
   3. The selection that described the most lovable character.
   4. The selection that contained most fun.

5. The selection that told of the bravest man or woman.
6. The selection that described a person who did the most good for others.
7. The selection that told of the meanest person.
8. The selection that was the hardest to read.
9. The selection that gave the most useful information.
10. The selection that proved most interesting.

2. Name selections in this book which illustrate the meaning of these proverbs:
   a. Birds of a feather flock together.
   b. Walk with wise men, and thou shalt be wise.
   c. The companion of fools shall smart for it.
   d. A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.
   e. A soft answer turneth away wrath.
   f. Pride goeth before destruction.
   g. He that is slow to anger is greater than the mighty.
   h. An ounce of pluck is worth a pound of luck.
   i. Speech is silver; silence is golden.
   j. He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.

3. *Motion-picture plays.*
   a. Read the paragraphs which follow and decide under which unit of this book each paragraph belongs. Copy the names of the units, which are given below, on your paper. After each name, place the number of the paragraphs which belong under that title:

      Discovering
      Being Reliable
      Friendliness and Kindness
      Fun and Fancy
      Keeping Well and Strong
      Pluck
      Being Faithful

1. James went whistling along the street. A crowd of little children attracted his attention; he paused to watch them. Suddenly he realized what was interesting them. A telephone wire had been broken and had fallen across the street. John dashed into the street and pushed the children back. He spoke quietly to one of the larger boys instructing him to go for help, while he motioned the other children back. He then stationed himself in the center of the street and stood guard until help came.
2. Jack entered the room which was lighted only by the light from the fireplace. Seeing Tom, his pet cat, lying before the fire, he went over and picked up the cat. Passing his hand over the Tom's back, he got a shock. Fire flew from the fur with a crackling sound. Jack was puzzled. He pushed Tom away from him. But he sat studying a moment as he gazed into the fire. What did the sparks mean? He then picked Tom up again and again passed his hands over his fur. This time the sparks were even brighter than before.
3. Mary looked at the shabby old coat. The tears were near; she bit her lips to keep them back. Just then she heard her mother's step at the door. She turned her back quickly; mother must never know how badly she felt. Picking up the coat, Mary put it on as she smiled, waved good-bye to her mother, and hastened away to school.
4. Jane stood looking at the broken pitcher. What made it break? Last night she had filled the pitcher with water; this morning she found, not her pitcher of water, but a broken pitcher and a lump of ice larger even than the pitcher had been. Jane pondered just a moment, then turned sadly away to

find her mother and tell what she had learned about frozen water.

5. John was reading when he heard his father's voice. He started up, but sat back with a puzzled look as he heard his father's words. His father was praising John for his faithful work in the garden. But John had not been in the garden. How had the work been done? John liked his father's praise. He sat thinking. Why not let his father think that he had done the work? After a moment, he hastily shut the book, laid it on the table, and started to find his father to tell the truth.
6. Emily stood looking out of the window. A few birds lighted near and began scratching in the snow. Emily turned quickly, ran to the cupboard, and found some bread which she crumbled. Running out on the porch, she scattered the crumbs where the birds could find them.
7. John was fishing on the bank of the river, when he heard his brother's cry for help. Dropping his line, he ran and looked anxiously into the swimming hole. Then he suddenly threw off his coat, and stood ready to plunge into the water.
8. Harry was walking through the woods when he saw a bird fluttering about in the weeds. He followed it cautiously and found that the poor bird had broken its leg. Harry picked it up and carried it in his hands while he searched for a piece of wood for a splint. He then sat down, tore his handkerchief into strips, and bound the injured leg to the splint.
9. Fanny threw open the window, stretched up her arms, and breathed deeply three or four times. Then she closed the window and went back to her sewing.

10. William sat down on the bank of the pond and quickly strapped on his skates. Then with a smooth, gliding motion, and a call to his comrades already on the ice, he was off.
11. Tom ran the mower back and forth across the lawn. He paused after a few trips, and looked at the tall grass close to the flower beds. He could not cut that with the mower. "O, well," he thought, "it doesn't look so bad, and will never be noticed." He took hold of the mower again and hurried on with the mowing. He looked at his watch as he finished the last row of grass. He was hurrying into his coat, when his eye again caught sight of the grass in the flower beds. He couldn't leave that. Mrs. Brown had trusted him to do good work. He ran over to the flower beds and was soon busily pulling up the grass.
12. Sally started out the door. Then she came back into the room, ran to the closet, and got her rubbers. Sitting down on the floor she pulled them on quickly. She said nothing, but gave her mother a smile as she ran on out to play.

4. Choose one of the paragraphs given above and reread it carefully so that you can act it for the class.
5. Take turns in acting the scenes in the paragraphs. After each scene is presented, discuss (1) which paragraph was acted, (2) which unit it should be placed under, (3) whether any parts of the scene have been omitted, (4) whether the pupil gave the correct ideas in his acting.
6. *An assembly programme.*—Choose a committee to copy on the blackboard the titles of the favorite selection of the class for each unit in this book. (Votes were taken after each unit. These may be tabulated for this report.) Select committees to dramatize the favorite stories and recite the favorite poems for an assembly programme.

GLOSSARY

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā as in māte	ä as in färm	ĭ as in ĭt	ū as in mūte
ă as in căt	ē as in ēv	ō as in mōte	ŭ as in cŭt
â as in câre	ĕ as in lĕt	ŏ as in nŏt	o͞o as in fo͞od
à as in àsk	ī as in mīnd	ô as in ôr	o͝o as in fo͝ot

absent-mindedly (ăb′sĕnt-mīnd″ĕd-lĭ): without thinking
absurd (ăb sûrd′): foolish, silly
abundance (à bŭn′dăns): a large amount
accompanied (ă kŭm′pà nĭd): joined with; going with
accomplished (ă kŏm′plĭsht): carried out, finished
adjoining (ă join′ĭng): lying next to
affect (à fĕkt′): have an influence on
affectionately (à fĕk′shŭn āt lĭ): lovingly
Alameda (ă là mā′dà): name of Southern city
Albanian (ăl bā′nĭ ăn): belonging to Albania, a country in southeastern Europe
allurement (ă lūr′mĕnt): that which tempts or attracts
amateur (ăm″ā tūr′): an expert who does not receive pay
Amerigo Vespucci (ă mĕr′ĭ gō vĕs-po͞ot′chē): the explorer for whom America is named
amply (ăm′plĭ): fully, completely
ancestors (ăn′sĕs terz): forefathers
antelope (ăn′tē lōp): an animal with very long hind legs
antennæ (ăn tĕn′ē): hair-like feelers on the heads of insects
anthems (ăn′thĕms): songs of praise
appearance (ă pēr′ăns): the way a person looks to others
applied (ă plīd′): to work hard at
apprenticeship (ă prĕn′tĭs shĭp): a time given to learning a trade
approved (ă pro͞ovd′): justified by
archers (är′chers): bowmen; men who shoot arrows with bows
association (à sō″sĭ ā′shŭn): acts of being together with others
astonished (ăs tŏn′ĭsht): surprised; startled
athletic (ăth lĕt′ĭk): pertaining to physical sports or games
avail (à vāl′): value; use
avenger (ā vĕn′jr): one who punishes

balance (băl′ăns): steadiness, poise
Barnum (bärn′ŭm): the founder of a famous circus
bawled (bôld): cried out loudly
baying (bā′ĭng): the deep barking of dogs
benefactor (bĕn ē făk′ter): one who helps another
bewildered (bē wĭl′derd): confused; all mixed up
bleated (blē′tĕd): made a cry
blustered (blŭs′terd): talked noisily
branding (brăn′dĭng): marking with red hot irons
bray (brā): noise made by a donkey
breast works (brĕst wûrkz): a hackily-built wall used in warfare
bridal (brī′dl): pertaining to a marriage
buck-rabbit (bŭk′răb″ĭt): a male rabbit
Bureau of Ethnology (bū′rō of ĕth-nŏl′ō jĭ): a department in Washington, D. C., which preserves curious things

campaign (kăm pān′): a plan of battle or of warfare
caper (kā′per): to dance around

caravan (kăr'ȧ văn): a number of people traveling together
cardinal (kär'dĭ năl): a bright red bird
care-environed (kâr'-ĕn vī''rŭnd): surrounded by sorrow or trouble
casket (kȧs'kĕt): a small box or chest
caterpillar (kăt'er pĭl''er): a worm which turns into a butterfly
causeway (kôz'wā): a paved road built over shallow water
cautiously (kô'shŭs lĭ): with great care
ceiling (sēl'ĭng): the overhead covering of a room
certificate (sur tĭf'ĭ kāt): a statement signed in writing
chemicals (kĕm'ĭ kălz): materials used in chemistry
Cher ami (shâr'ȧ mē): a French expression for "dear friend"
chirpers (chŭr'perz): creatures which chirp
civil (sĭv'ĭl): polite; kind
clang (klăng): a loud sharp noise
clatter (klăt'r): a great noise
clearance (klēr'ăns): orders that tell an engineer the road ahead is clear
cocoon (kō kōōn'): a silky case spun for protection
cogwheels (kŏg'hwēls): wheels with teeth in their rims
comb (kōm): wax cells made by bees to hold honey
commander (kŏ măn'dĕr): a chief or leader
community (kŏ mū'nĭ tĭ): people living in a group
complaining (kŏm plān'ĭng): finding fault
complaints (kŏm plāntz'): fault-findings
concealed (cŏn sēld'): hidden
conductor (kŏn dŭc'tôr): an officer in charge of a railway train
confided (kŏn fī'dĕd): trusted; told about in confidence
confusion (kŏn fū'zhŭn): noise and disorder
connection (kŏ nĕk'shŭn): a joining together; making it possible for two people to talk over the telephone
consented (kŏn sĕnt'ĕd): agreed to
considering (kŏn sĭd'er ĭng): thinking about
constitution (kŏn stĭ tū'shŭn): a group of laws or principles on which a state is founded
contempt (kŏn tĕmpt'): scorn; dislike
contemptible (kŏn tĕmp'tĭ bl): mean; vile
contentment (kŏn tĕnt'mĕnt): satisfaction
contestants (kŏn tĕs'tănts): people who compete with others
continent (kŏn'tĭ nĕnt): one of the great main land divisions of the earth
cornflower (kôrn'flou''ĕr): a plant with blue, pink or white flowers
corporal (kôr'pō răl): an army officer of the lowest rank
coughed (kôft): made a noise with his throat
courteous (kŭr'tē ŭs): polite
cramped (krămpt): in a painful position
crib (krĭb): a place built in the lake to house the intake of a city's water supply
criticism (krĭt'ĭ sĭzm): expression of judgment
curator (kū rā'ter): one who has charge of a museum
curiosity (kū rĭ ŏs'ĭ tĭ): an eagerness to find out
curious (kū'rĭ ŭs): strange, queer, funny
cylinders (sĭl'ĭn derz): parts of an engine in which pistons move back and forth

Damon and Pythias (dā'mŏn and pĭ'thĭ ȧs): two famous friends of Syracuse
dawdle (dô'dl): waste time
dazzling (dăz'lĭng): very brilliant
deceit (dē sēt'): a lie; a dishonest act
decorations (dĕ'kō rā shŭnz): ornaments
delicious (dē lĭsh'ŭs): pleasing to the taste

demons (dē′mŏnz): devils, bad spirits
descent (dē sĕnt′): one's line of birth from his forefathers
desert (dē zurt′): to run away from, to forsake
deserted (dē zur′tĕd): forsaken; left behind
deserting (dē zurt′ĭng): running away from
despise (dĕ spīz′): to scorn; to look down on
detained (dē tānd′): held back; delayed
development (dē vĕl′ŏp mĕnt): growth; time of growing
developments (dē vĕl′ŏp mĕnts): happenings, events
diameter (dī ăm′ē ter): the length of a straight line through a circle
Diego (dē ā′gō): a boy's name
dimpling (dĭm′plĭng): forming dimples
dismounting (dĭs mount′ĭng): getting off from something
dispatcher (dĭs păch′er): a railway officer who orders trains when to move
displaying (dĭs plā′ĭng): showing; making known
dissatisfied (dĭs săt′ĭs fīd): to be displeased or unhappy
distinguished service cross (dĭs tĭng′gwĭsht sĕr′vĕs crôs): a mark of honor given by the American army for bravery
distressed (dĭs trĕst′): filled with grief
disuse (dĭs ūs′): a ceasing to make use of
doe (dō): a female deer
domesticated (dō mĕs′tĭ kā tĕd): taught to live with men and women
dormouse (dôr′mous): a small animal about the size of a squirrel
doweries (dou′er ēz): settlements made by or for women when they are married
dragon (drăg′ŭn): a fierce monster
drained (drānd): the water taken away
draw-bridge (dräw′brĭj): a bridge that opens up or lifts up to allow ships to pass
drought (drouth): a long period of time without rain

edging (ĕj′ĭng): making way along little by little
elastic (ē lăs′tĭk): able of being stretched and contracted
electricity (ē lĕk trĭs′ĭ tĭ): a current which makes light, heat, or power
ell (ĕl): a distance of about 30 inches
embarrassed (ĕm băr′ăst): ashamed; troubled
embarrassing (ĕm băr′ăs ĭng): making one feel ashamed
emphasis (ĕm′fă sĭs): force; strength
encouraging (ĕn kŭr′āj ĭng): cheering; comforting
engraved (ĕn grāvd′): with words or signs cut in
enthusiasm (ĕn thū′zĭ ăzm): very great interest and feeling
enthusiastic (ĕn thū′zĭ ăz tĭk): filled with eagerness
entrance (ĕn′trans): a door; a way into a building
envelopes (ĕn′vē lōpz): coverings
equipment (ē kwĭp′mĕnt): supplies
Eskimo (ĕs′kĭ mō): belonging to the people who live in the polar region
establishing (ĕs tăb′lĭsh ĭng): fixing firmly; making firm
evaporated (ē văp′ō rāt ĕd): turned into steam
evidences (ĕv′ĭ dĕn sĕs): signs; that which helps one learn the truth
execution (ĕk″sē kū′shŭn): the act of putting some one to death
exhibitors (ĕg zĭb′ĭt ers): people who show their possessions in public
expedition (ĕks pē dĭsh′ŭn): a voyage by a group of people
experiment (ĕks pĕr′ĭ mĕnt): an attempt to find out something
exposure (ĕks pō′zhūr): danger and hardship
expression (ĕks prĕsh′ŭn): a thought put into words

faltered (fäl′tĕrd): shook timidly
faucets (fô′sĕts): something at the end of a pipe to draw off water
felling (fĕl′ĭng): cutting down

Ferdinand (fĕr′dĭ nănd): a King of Spain
ferret (fĕr′ĕt): a little animal which goes into holes to drive out rabbits
festival (fĕs′tĭ văl): a happy time in memory of something
fetch (fĕch): to go after and bring something
fibres (fī bĕrz): very slender threads
filters (fĭl′tĕrz): a device to purify water by straining
fleecy (flē′sĭ): like wool
flint (flĭnt): a hard metal used to strike fire
flipper (flĭp′ĕr): a fin used in swimming
floundered (floun′dĕrd): struggled on awkwardly
flourishes (flŭr′ĭsh ĕs): wavings about
fluffed (flŭfd): spread out
flushing (flŭsh′ĭng): washing with water
footman (fo͝ot′măn): a servant
footsore (fo͝ot′sōr): with tired, sore feet
foresters (fŏr′ĕst ers): men who work or hunt in forests
foretold (fōr tōld′): told before hand
fragrance (frā′grăns): sweet smell; pleasing odor
fragrant (frā′grănt): having a sweet smell
frantic (frăn′tĭk): greatly frightened
freezing (frē′zĭng): standing without moving
freshening (frĕsh′ĕn ĭng): making clean and fresh
frisk (frĭsk): jump lightly about
frolicking (frŏl′ĭk ĭng): playing, laughing, having a good time
furrows (fŭr′ōz): trenches ploughed in the soil in which to plant grain
fustian (fŭs′chăn): a coarse cloth

gambol (găm′bl): play happily
gaping (gāp′ĭng): standing with mouth open
Gelosh (gā′lŏsh): a boy's name
generous (jĕn′ĕr ŭs): willing to treat kindly
genius (jēn′yŭs): great skill
genuinely (jĕn′ū ĭn lĭ): truly, purely
glimmer (glĭm′er): to shine faintly
gorgeous (gôr′jŭs): very beautiful in many colors
grandeur (grăn′dūr): greatness; display
gratitude (grȧ′tĭ tūd): thankfulness
grazing (grā′zĭng): grain to eat; pasturage
greenback (grēn′băk): a piece of green paper money
grudge (grŭj): ill will held against some one
gulping (gŭlp′ĭng): eating rapidly
Gustava (gŭs tā′vă): a girl's name
gymnasium (jĭm nā′zĭ ŭm): a place indoors where games are played

handiwork (hăn′dĭ wurk): that which is made by hand
harbors (här′bĕrz): keeps tight hold of
harpoon (här po͞on′): a long spear for killing fish
Hatter (hăt′ĕr): one who deals in hats
hawthorn (hô′thôrn): a small tree bearing red berries
helter-skelter (hĕl′tĕr-skĕl″tĕr): in haste and without good order
hickory (hĭk′ō rĭ): a tree of hard tough wood
hobbled (hŏb′ld): walked painfully
Hollywood (hŏ′lĭ wŭd): place in California where motion pictures are made
Hoolahan (ho͞o′lă hăn): a man's name
horizon (hō rī′zŭn): the line where the sky and sea seem to meet
hospitable (hŏs′pĭ tă bl): friendly; kind
huddled (hŭd′dld): crowded together; drew into a heap
humbug (hŭm′bŭg): a fraud; a sham
hydrants (hī′drănts): standpipes through which water can be drawn from water mains

impatiently (ĭm pā′shĕnt lĭ): with lack of patience; restlessly
incident (ĭn′cĭ dĕnt): a happening; something that occurs

independence (ĭn dē pĕn'dĕns): freedom
Indies (ĭn'dĭz): the southeastern part of Asia
indigestion (ĭn dī jĕs'chŭn): sickness when one cannot digest his food
indignant (ĭn dĭg'nănt): angry; mad
indignation (ĭn dĭg nā'shŭn): anger
industrious (ĭn dŭs'trĭ ŭs): hard working; faithful
inflammation (ĭn flă mā'shŭn): a sickness in any part of the body shown by swelling, redness, pain
ingratitude (ĭn grăt'ĭ tūd): lack of thanks for
instructive (ĭn strŭk'tĭv): tending to give information
interfere (ĭn ter fēr'): to oppose; to enter into the affairs of others
interfering (ĭn tĕr fēr'ĭng): meddling, interrupting, breaking into a conversation
intruder (ĭn trū'der): one who goes where he does not belong

jabbering (jăb'er ĭng): talking rapidly
jiffy (jĭ'fĭ): a very short time
Jiu Jitsu (Jo͞o jĭt'so͞o): Japanese wrestling
jowl (joul): jaw; cheek

kimonos (kĭ mō'nōz): dressing garments

lampwick (lămp'wĭk): the part of an oil lamp that carries the flame
landscape (lănd'skāp): a section of the land and sky seen in one view
lapsed (lăpst): passed slowly; slipped
legislature (lĕj'ĭs lā tūr): the law-making body of a state
leisure (lē'zhūr): ease; freedom from work
littered (lĭt'erd): covered with small pieces
loom (lo͞om): a machine by which cloth is woven
Lost Battalion (lôst bă tal'yŭn): a troop of American soldiers who were cut off from their comrades in the World War
lowing (lō'ĭng): the sound made by cattle
lumbered (lŭm'brd): moved awkwardly
lumbering (lŭm'ber ĭng): very heavily moving

Macaw (mȧ'kô): a long-tailed American parrot
malaria (mȧ lā'rĭ ȧ): a sickness caused by the bite of a mosquito
manage (măn'ăj): carry out; control
mane (mān): hair growing on the neck of a horse or lion
mango-tree (măn'gō-trē): tree of evergreen family bearing a fruit
mantelpiece (măn'tl pēs): a piece of wood above a fireplace
mantle (măn'tl): a loose coat or cloak
Marco Polo (mär'kō pō'lō): a famous explorer in China
marigold (măr'ĭ gōld): a sweet-smelling flower
marvellous (mär'vĕl ŭs): causing wonder
mascot (măs'kŏt): an animal or object supposed to bring good luck
maze (māz): something that is all mixed up
measurements (mĕzh'ŭr mĕnts): marks of size or length
Meckinkshee (mĕk ĭnk'shē): an Indian word meaning "My sons"
mellow (mĕl'ō): soft; pleasing
Mercury (mer'kū rĭ): a god which guarded rivers
meters (mē'terz): things which measure the amount of water used
Meuse: a river in France, Belgium, and Holland
midges (mĭ'jĕs): small flies or gnats
midshipman (mĭd shĭp'măn): an officer of low rank in the navy
misjudged (mĭs jŭjd'): wrongly judged
mission (mĭsh'ŭn): a duty on which one is sent
modelled (mŏd'ld): made or fashioned
Monmouth (mŏn'mŭth): a city in New Jersey
Morgan (môr'găn): a famous family of horses

morsel (môr'sĕl): a small piece of anything
mosquito (mŏs kē'tō): a little insect which stings
museum (mū zē'ŭm): a place where curious things are kept
mushrooms (mŭsh'rōōmz): wild plants that are good to eat
muster (mŭs'tr): call up; gather up
mysterious (mĭs tēr'ĭ ŭs): strange; startling
myth (mĭth): an imaginative story

nectar (nĕk'tär): a sweet food or drink
Newmarket (nĕw'mär kĕt): a famous racing course in England
nightingale (nī'tĭn gāl): a thrush known for its beautiful song
nubbins (nŭb'ĭns): little lumps
nuzzling (nŭz'lĭng): pushing with the nose

obedient (ō bē'dĭ ĕnt): willing to obey orders
O'Callaghan (ō căl'ă hăn): the name of a man
ocelot (ō'sĕ lŏt): a reddish-gray cat
offend (ŏ fĕnd'): to displease; insult
Olifant's swamp (ŏ'lĭ fănts swämp): swamp owned by man named Olifant
operator (ŏ'pē rā tôr): one who manages or runs something
ornaments (ôr'nă mĕntz): beautiful things to hang on something
outskirts (out'skŭrtz): the outer edge of a place
outwitting (out wĭt'ĭng): to get the better of some one
overwhelmed (ō vĕr whĕlm'd): overcome by
oxygen (ŏk'sĭ jĕn): a colorless gas in the air

passport (pȧs'pōrt): a paper giving permission to travel in a country
pastimes (pȧs'tīmz): games; amusements
patriotic (pā trĭ ŏ'tĭk): faithful to one's country
pedigrees (pĕd'ĭ grēs): a known line of ancestors
pell-mell (pĕl mĕl'): hastily; in bad order
pelted (pĕl'tĕd): threw at
pendulum (pĕn'dū lŭm): a weight that swings back and forth in a clock
Pershing (pŭr'shĭng): John Joseph Pershing, commander of American armies in France, 1917–18
perspiration (pur''spĭrā'shŭn): sweat; the fluid which comes from the skin when one is hot
Phœnicians (fē nĭsh'yănz): an ancient people who lived by the Mediterranean Sea
piercing (pēr'sĭng): sharp; shrill
Pietro (pē ā'trō): a boy's name
Pilgrims (pĭl'grĭms): the first settlers in New England
pine (pīn): a pine tree
pioneer (pī'ō nēr): one who first settles in a new country; one who wants to find out about something
piping (pīp'ĭng): playing on a pipe, a sort of horn
plight (plīt): a time of greatest danger
plodded (plŏd'ĕd): walked on slowly
plowboy (plou'boi): a boy who holds the handles of a plow
plumes (plōōmz): long tufts like feathers worn for their beauty
Polynesia (pŏl ĭ nē'sĭ ȧ): name of a parrot
Potomac (pō tō'măk): a river in Virginia
preparation (prĕp''ȧ rā'shŭn): a getting ready for some event
pretended (prē tĕn'dĕd): made a false show of
prevented (prē vĕnt'ĕd): stopped; made it impossible to
primitive (prĭm'ĭ tĭv): simple or crude or uncivilized
programme (prō'grăm): a plan of action
protection (prō tĕk'shŭn): that which keeps something safe, especially the weak or old
pupa (pū'pȧ): the stage in which a moth is changing into a butterfly

purified (pū'rĭ fīd): made clean or made pure
pyramid (pĭr'ȧ mĭd): a pile of objects reaching up to a point

quaint (quānt): queer; strange

Raggylug (răg'ĭ lŭg): name of a rabbit
rankled (răng'kld): remained as a hurt in
rat-tat-too (răt tăt to͞o'): a rattling noise made by sticks
raven (rāv'n): a large glossy black bird
recorded (rĕk ôr'dĕd): written down
redcoats (rĕd'kōtz): soldiers of the British army
refuse (rĕf'ūs): waste material; rubbish; trash
regulations (rĕ gū lā'shŭns): rules; laws
released (rē lēsd'): loosened; let go
relic (rĕl'ĭk): something that is left; a curiosity
Rembrandt (rĕm'bränt): a famous Dutch painter
removal (rē mo͞ov'ăl): a taking away
reservoir (rĕz'er vwôr): a place where water is stored
responsible (rē spŏn'sĭ bl): involving a duty or trust
reverse lever (rē vûrs' lēv'er): the lever which starts a locomotive to run backward
rhymes (rīmz): lines of poetry that end in words of like sound
roly-poly (rō'lĭ-pō'lĭ): round and fat
romping (rŏm'pĭng): playing noisily
rootlet (ro͞ot'lĕt): a small root of a plant or tree
round-up (round'-ŭp): the gathering together of cattle in one large herd
rungs (rŭngs): cross-pieces of a ladder

scamp (skămp): a careless, good-for-nothing fellow
scanty (skăn'tĭ): very poor or small
scheduled (skĕd'ūld): instructed to: ordered to
scrambled (skrăm'bld): hurried hastily
scraped (skrāpt): just barely moved past
securely (sē kūr'lĭ): tightly; solidly
Sedan (sē dän'): a city in France
seriously (sē'rĭ ŭs lĭ): solemnly; without laughing or joking
Shannon (shăn'ŭn): a river in Ireland
shattered (shă'terd): badly broken
shelter (shĕl'tĕr): a place of safety
Shun Kaska (shūn'käs kä): name of a war chief
shuttle (shŭt'l): an instrument to carry the thread in weaving
signature (sĭg'nȧ tūr): the name of a person written by himself
similar (sĭ'mĭ lăr): very much like something else
sizzled (sĭz'ld): made a hissing sound
skirmish (skĭr'mĭsh): a small battle
skulk (skŭlk): to sneak out of the way
sleight (slīt): trick; something done with skill
slicker (slĭk'er): an oilskin rain coat
sloop (slo͞op): a vessel with one mast
sloth (slŏth): laziness
sparred (spärd): boxed with gloves
spat (spăt): quarrel; fight
spavins (spăv'ĭnz): a disease that makes horses lame
specimens (spĕs'ĭ mĕnz): samples; examples
spectacles (spĕk'tȧ klz): eye glasses
spick and span (spĭk and spăn): very clean and fresh
sputters (spŭt'erz): flutters up and down
statues (stăt'ūz): figures made like men or animals
stout-hearted (stout'-härt" ĕd): brave; courageous
strainers (strān'erz): anything through which water is passed to take out solid matter
strut (strŭt): a stiff walk
superintendent (sū"pĕr ĭn tĕn'dĕnt): one who manages a school
swamp (swämp): to turn over in the water; to be filled with water
swerved (swervd): turned very quickly
Syracuse (sĭr'ȧ kūs): a city in Sicily

tallow (tăl′ō): fat of beef or mutton
teepees (tē′pēs): tents made of skins or cloth used by Indians
temperamental (tĕm″pĕr ą mĕn′tăl): easily disturbed
thermometer (ther mŏm′ē ter): an instrument for measuring cold and heat
thicket (thĭk′ĕt): a group of small trees growing close together
thoroughbred (thur′ō brĕd): pure-blooded
throttle (thrŏt′l): a lever by which steam is let into the cylinder of an engine
thud (thŭd): a dull heavy sound
thump (thŭmp): a beat; a throb of the heart
timepiece (tīm′pēs): something that keeps time; a clock
tinder (tĭn′der): any dry material used to make a fire
tollgate (tōl′gāt): a gate on a bridge or road at which travelers pay to cross
Tories (tō′rĭz): Americans who were loyal to Great Britain during the War of Independence
tortoise (tôr′tŭs): a turtle
towed (tōd): pulled; dragged
trace (trās): sign; mark of
treacle (trē′kl): a syrup
trifle (trī′fl): a thing of little value
tunnels (tŭn′ĕlz): underground passages through which trains pass
turpentine (tur′pĕn tīn): a liquid used to mix with paints
twit (twĭt): to make fun of
typhoid (tī′foid): a dangerous sickness often caused by impure water
tyrant (tī′rănt): a ruler; a King

unconscious (ŭn kŏn′shŭs): out of one's mind
undertones (ŭn′der tōnz): sounds of low tones
unmanageable (ŭn măn′āj ą bl): not obedient; disobedient to orders or control
untiring (ŭn tīr′ĭng): not growing tired

vanished (văn′ĭsht): disappeared from sight
velvety (vĕl′vĕt ĭ): soft to the touch
vigorously (vĭg′ōr ŭs lĭ): with great strength

waddled (wä′dĕld): walked awkwardly
wailed (wāld): cried out sorrowfully
wallaby (wäl′ą bĭ): a small kangaroo
wanderer (wän′der er): one who goes far from home
whinnying (whĭn′ĭ ĭng): a gentle neighing of a horse
wicker (wĭk′er): made of twigs or small branches woven together
wigwam (wĭg′wäm): tent made of skins or bark of trees
wood-thrush (wo͝od′-thrŭsh): a North American bird which sings beautifully

yen (yĕn): a Japanese coin worth about a penny

zoos (zūz): parks in which animals are kept.